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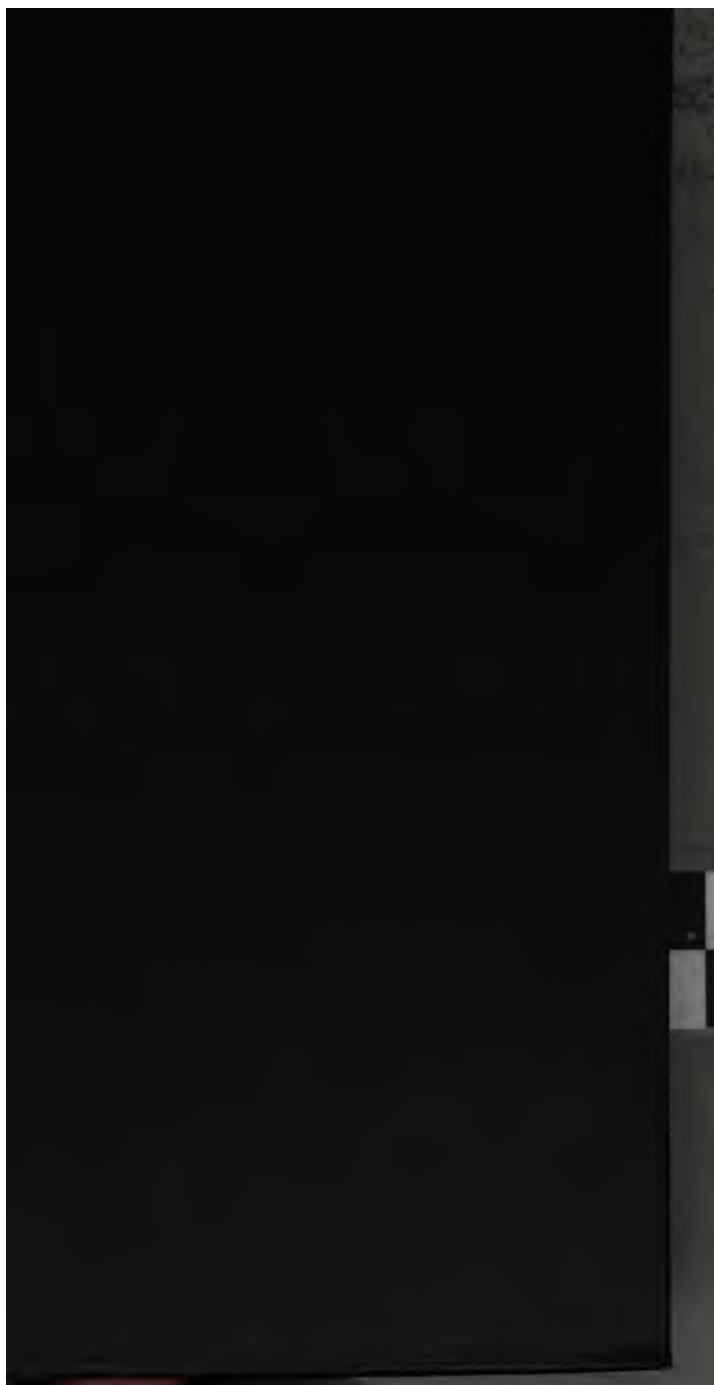
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A COLLECTION

or

HYMNS

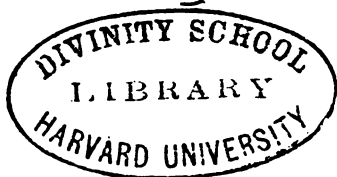
FOR

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

COMPILED

BY

JOHN R. BEARD.



LONDON:

JOHN GREEN, 121, NEWGATE-STREET.

MANCHESTER: FORREST AND FOGG, MARKET-STREET.

1837.





PREFACE.

The compiler was led to undertake the preparation of this work under a feeling of regret that Unitarian Christians, though confessedly ranking in their numbers persons of high general cultivation and of poetical ability, were accustomed to employ in their psalmody the compositions of Trinitarian and Calvinistic writers. It seemed a sort of reflexion on either the talent or the devotional feelings of a large and influential section of the Christian church, that they were in themselves destitute of the resources for a due celebration of this most important and interesting part of public worship.

Poverty, however, even of devotional poetry, might be excused; but when it appeared that its wants were supplied by the appropriation of others' thoughts in an altered if not a mutilated shape, the compiler felt convinced that the laws of literary justice required the attempt in which he entered.

Two views of the same religion can scarcely be greater than those which we find between the opinions held by believers in the personal unity and proper fatherhood of God, and those which Trinitarians and Calvinists set forth

as the sole way of life. Hence the changes which compilers have been compelled to make in adapting Trinitarian compositions to Unitarian worship, were frequently matters of high doctrinal importance. The circumstance of the case tended also to create in the minds of Unitarian compilers a certain jealousy which, in pruning away the exuberance of orthodoxy, destroyed sometimes the richness of scriptural truth. Certainly, all changes but such as are made by the author himself, are to be earnestly deprecated, since no other person can enter into the exact train and complexion of his feelings, nor, consequently, find language entirely congruous with the tenor of his composition. Often, in consequence, has it happened that changes have been made alien from the original spirit of the hymn; and as, how few persons soever can write, almost any can alter devotional poetry, variations are found not only numerous, but in many cases repugnant to taste and feeling.

A considerable pleasure has been experienced by the compiler in having been free from the necessity of making alterations in the hymns, with a view to bring them into accordance with a doctrinal system. Authors who may have composed hymns for particular purposes, will not find them converted, in this volume, to uses foreign to either their convictions or their feelings. The integrity of the compositions is preserved; and none but a few slight verbal changes, or an occasional curtailment, have been permitted.

The work consists exclusively of compositions by persons to whom there is 'one God, the father, and one Lord Jesus Christ.' (2 Cor. viii. 6.) No volume, however, can be less of a sectarian character. The religion of the

testament, not of a party, the compiler has laboured to have embodied in his book; and he cannot but do so by shewing how free Unitarian Christianity is from what is peculiar, and how much it comprises of the eternal and the everlasting in the Christian faith, it may do some service in disabusing the public mind, and in sending a purer form of the gospel of Christ.

The Editor has in any degree succeeded in compiling a volume free from sectarian peculiarities, he cannot however have failed in giving to it a devotional and practical character. The fervors of fanaticism are indeed to be found in the volume;—but he trusts it will not prove deficient in the warmth of the true Christian life. He has been equally desirous that the volume should be of a character to meet all the wants of the heart, and bear on all the great duties of individual and relative existence.

Domestic religion is in danger of suffering neglect in the numerous and severe competitions of our present social condition. More than usual attention has, therefore, been given to aid families in the cultivation of the religious affections. Were the time (which the compiler trusts is coming) happily arrived, when the cultivation of simple and refining tastes, the means of spiritual enjoyment shall be generally diffused through several classes of society, Sunday might be made a happier and a far more useful day than it is, or can be at present. Compositions will be found in this compilation, designed to assist families in attuning the domestic, the melody of the sacred lyre, and thus in blending harmoniously together the love of kindred with the love of God and man.

Though the definition may want something of comprehensiveness, which declares a hymn to be 'a prayer in verse,' yet the Editor is of opinion that hymns generally should contain an invocation. This view would not be found to narrow the range of sacred lyrics. With care in the construction of them, hymns might—as they ought to do—comprise every topic of individual, domestic, and social religion. It is the invocation that distinguishes a hymn from a sacred poem. And while the Editor readily acknowledges that the union of harmony with any moral or religious theme, may be beneficial, he cannot but think that the peculiar advantages of sacred song cannot be fully enjoyed apart from a direct appeal to the great and good Father of the universe. He is not ignorant that he is now laying down a rule which, if universally and severely applied, would condemn some of the compositions found in his own compilation. But he may plead that he has not been forgetful of the definition he has given, and hopes it will be found carried out into practice at least not less than in most similar compilations.

Second in importance only to the religious tone and spirit of a hymn book, is the character of its verse. A hymn requires, in no ordinary degree, the union of sublimity and simplicity. In so short a piece, the smallest defect assumes unusual magnitude, and perfection in its kind is, therefore, earnestly to be desired. Few are the hymns, however, in the whole range of the English language, which rigidly conform to this standard; and what the Editor ventures to hope, is, that the reader will find at least that simplicity which in compositions designed to be sung in a mixed audience, is an indispensable

sable requisite. It affords him sincere gratification, that in the case both of originals and reprints, the volume is enriched with contributions from writers whose names are a guarantee of excellence.

While making his grateful acknowledgements—the only return in his power—to the many kind friends who have assisted him in the work, he cannot be satisfied without a special allusion to one of the Ministers of Cross-street Chapel, Manchester, who has not only supplied a large proportion of the original compositions, but afforded the Editor the privilege of taking counsel of his cultivated judgement and poetical taste.

The hymns which have asterisks affixed to the authors' names are originals, composed for the most part expressly for the volume. Several others, it is believed, appear now for the first time in this country, as parts of a compilation for public worship.

It is not without something like a feeling of regret that the compiler dismisses from his hands a volume, the arrangements for which have brought him into intimate intercourse with many old and some new friends; yielded most pleasant hours of at least innocent recreation, and afforded his mind a resource and a solace amid painful and sometimes distressing anxieties.

*Stony Knolls, near Manchester,
September 12th, 1837.*

. This work may be had, *of the Compiler*, or of *Mr. John Armstrong*, No. 9, Market-street, Manchester, at a charge of 3s. bound, if the order be for not less than 20 copies.

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HYMNS.

BOOK I.

HYMNS OF DEVOTION.

1

L. M.

ROSCOE.

God's existence shown in the universe.

- 1 WHO gave the sun his noonday light ?
Who taught the moon to shine by night ?
Whose hands the sheet of heaven unrolled,
All set with stars like drops of gold ?
- 2 Who gave the winds their course to know ?
The ocean-tides to ebb and flow ?
And day and night preserve their bounds,
And changing seasons know their rounds ?
- 3 Could man conceive the vast design ?
Could he the grand machine combine,
Stretch his weak hands from pole to pole,
And bid them on their centre roll ?
- 4 'Twas God who gave creation birth,
God formed this wondrous globe of earth,
And breathed throughout the mighty whole,
The likeness of a living soul.
- 5 Bow then to God, O all that live !
To God eternal praises give ;
Who fashioned by his mighty hand
Sun, moon, and stars, and sea, and land.

The one God.

- 1 ETERNAL God ! almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown !
All things are subject to thy laws ;
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possess ;
By none controlled in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blest.
- 3 Worship to thee alone belongs ;
Worship to thee alone we give ;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.
- 4 Spread thy great name through every land ;
In every heart erect thy throne ;
Subdue the world to thy command,
And reign unrivalled, God alone !

Creation.

- 1 NATURE slumbered in the tomb ;
Silence reigned, and waste and gloom,
When Jehovah gave decree
And commanded light to be.
- 2 Chaos to the fiat bends !
East and west the mandate tends,
North and south the summons hear ;
Order, beauty, grace appear.
- 3 Nature lives ! for all is thine ;
Suns, with chequered light to shine ;
Summer, blazing in the zone ;
Winter on its icy throne.
- 4 All is thine ! the flower, the blade ;
Joy of harvest, wintry shade ;
All is thine ! the rolling sphere,
Thine the ever-changing year.

God's dominion.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns : let every nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear ;
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim.
- 2 He rules with wide and absolute command
O'er the broad ocean and the steadfast land :
Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs upon his throne.
- 3 This mighty world, with all its fair array,
Though built by God's right hand, must pass away ;
And dark oblivion creep o'er mortal things—
The power of empires and the pride of kings.
- 4 The sun himself, with weary clouds oppressed,
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest ;
His golden turn shall break, and useless lie
Amidst the common ruins of the sky.
- 5 But fixed, O God, for ever stands thy throne ;
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone :
Cease, *cease* your songs, the daring flight control,
Revere him in the stillness of the soul.

'Thou art great, and doest wondrous things.'

- 1 BEFORE thee, Lord, thy creatures bow,
All nature one glad offering brings,
For thou art God alone, and thou
Art great, and doest wondrous things !
- 2 Kindled by thee, with vivid gleam
Obedient, light its course began ;
God of creation, Lord supreme,
'Twas thou alone didst fashion man !
- 3 Thou didst create earth, air, and sea,
The burning and the freezing zone :
Nature's vast frame was raised by thee,
For thou, O Lord, art God alone !

- 4 Almighty power, alone to thee,
Exhaustless mercy, boundless love
Belong ; and through eternity
Thou art in all, and all above !
- 5 On thee we call, to thee we bow,
Friend, Father, Sovereign, King of kings !
For thou art God alone, and thou
Art great, and doest wondrous things !

6 L. M. J. JOHNS.*

The Lord's arm not shortened that he cannot save.

- 1 ARM of the Lord ! thy people know
Thou wert not shortened in those days,
To which, while faith is found below,
Men shall look back with awe and praise.
- 2 Arm of the Lord ! thy people trust
Thou art no less unshortened still,
That thou canst stretch thee forth o'er dust,
And work thy whole majestic will.
- 3 When man's frail elemental clay
Returns back to its kindred grave,
The mourner's solitary stay
Is in the arm which thence can save.
- 4 When kings and nations seem to run
Madly to guilt and misery,
By turns undoing and undone,
Arm of the Lord, we look to thee !
- 5 Strong with all power, O give man strength
To battle for himself with thee,
That earth renewed may prove at length,
Whose arm hath won the victory !

7 P. M. BOWRING.*

The God of glory thundereth.

- 1 GIVE unto the Lord, ye mighty !
Strength and glory give the Lord !
In the beauty of devotion
Praise his name and bless his word !

2 Hear ! the God of glory thundereth—
 Thundereth on the stormy sea ;
 Awful is that voice of thunder,
 Full of might and majesty !

3 Lo ! that voice the cedar breaketh
 On the brow of Lebanon ;
 And the wilderness of Kadesh
 Shakes before the eternal One !

4 Now he maketh bare the forests,
 And above the lofty storm
 Sitteth in eternal glory,
 Veiled in dazzling light his form.

5 There he sitteth—king for ever,
 Lord of all the heavenly powers ;
 Peace and joy and glory-giver,
 Let his peace and joy be ours !

'When I consider thy heavens.'

1 WHEN to thy sun I turn my wondering gaze,
 And sight is darkened by its noon-tide blaze,
 Or to thy milder moon that rules the night,
 And stars that o'er me roll their orbs of fire,
 Those shining miracles of living light
 That through all ages burn and ne'er expire ;—

2 Man seems too mean—too humble far to share,
 Midst worlds like these, the great Creator's care ;
 Yet hast thou stamped thine image on his face,
 And given him majesty and wide control,
 Hast clothed his form with angels' power and grace,
 And placed within him an immortal soul.

3 How excellent thy works, O God of love !
 Informed by thee man seeks a heaven above ;
 Heir of the world, he asks a nobler clime,
 Unsatisfied, desires a loftier doom ;
 Looks through the portals dim of future time,
 And sees an endless life beyond the tomb.

9

P. M.

BRETTTELL.*

The earth is the Lord's.

- 1 THE earth is the Lord's, with its fields and its woods,
The world and the tribes that are held in its fold;
He has girded it round with the seas and the floods,
And through ages its pillars his hand doth uphold:
In this temple sublime of his power and his grace,
May we stand unreprieved and behold his bright face!
- 2 Lift up your wide portals, ye heavens above,
And your golden laced curtains, ye clouds, draw aside,
Ye mountains and rocks, your high bulwarks remove,
Roll backward, ye oceans, the waves of your pride;
Make way for the Lord, who descending in might,
Shall enter his temple refulgent in light.
- 3 He toucheth the hills, and they smoke at his touch,
He steps on the earth, and it shakes at his tread;
He looks on the sun, and his glory is such
That it hides from his presence in darkness its head;
He comes with a host that proclaims round his throne—
'Jehovah is God—adore him alone.'

10

P. M.

*Christian Register.**'They shall perish, but thou remainest.'*

- 1 SUNS and planets—every orb,
Spark of thee, who shimest ever,
Time shall quench, and age absorb—
These shall fade; but thou shalt—never!
- 2 Wealth and beauty, pride and power—
Ties which only death could sever—
Every fruit of earth and flower—
These shall fade; but thou shalt—never!
- 3 Emerald isles on ocean sleeping—
Skies that seem to spread for ever—
Links of life through nature creeping—
These shall fade; but thou shalt—never!
- 4 Every grace of human art
Time's unsparing scythe shall sever—
Dreams of fancy—spells of art—
These shall fade; but thou shalt—never!

- 5 All the range of nature's reign—
 Sunny landscapes, smiling ever—
 Silver moons, and starry train—
 These shall fade ; but thou shalt—never !
- 6 All shall fade from earth and sea,
 Oceans dry, and mountains sever ;
 Tide and time shall cease to bē—
 Thou alone remainest ever.

11

C. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Omniscience.

- 1 THE night is dark—but he who made
 The darkness and the night,
 Pervades the deepest midnight shade
 With his essential light.
- 2 The heart is dark—but he who strung
 Its chords of mystery,
 Sees through all vain deceptions flung
 Between it and his eye.
- 3 The future's dark—but he who drew
 Time's fountains from their cave,
 Foreknows the course, the taste, the hue,
 And fate of every wave.
- 4 And dark the grave—but he who stamps
 On all that lives its doom,
 Sees life amid the charnel damps,
 And glory in the tomb.
- 5 The night, the heart, the future join
 Dim voices with the grave,
 To praise the Omniscience divine,
 Which all o'erlooks, to save.

12

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

God, searcher of hearts.

- 1 MY God ! thy spirit reads me through :
 Unveiled before thy searching view,
 The deepest feeling of my breast
 Stands in its real form confessed.

- 2 Before thy cloudless glance appears
 All I have been through all my years,
 Each deed, each passion, wish, and thought,
 Distinctly to thy presence brought.
- 3 Alas ! how much of sin is there !
 How much to fill me with despair,
 Wert not thou ready to forgive,
 And bid the contrite spirit live.
- 4 In lowly penitence I mourn
 The past which never may return ;
 And humbly for thy grace would pray
 To keep me in the better way.
- 5 O let this truth before my sight
 Still written be in lines of light,
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 ' Remember thou, God seeth thee !'

13

P. M.

W. GASKELL.

All things present with God.

- 1 MIGHTY God ! the first, the last !
 What are ages in thy sight ?
 But as yesterday when past,
 Or a watch within the night.
- 2 All that being ever knew,
 Down, far down, e'er time had birth,
 Stands as clear within thy view
 As the present things of earth.
- 3 All that being e'er shall know
 On, still on, through furthest years,
 All eternity can show,
 Bright before thee now appears.
- 4 In thine all-embracing sight
 Every change its purpose meets,
 Every cloud floats into light,
 Every woe its glory greets.
- 5 Whatsoe'er our lot may be,
 Calmly in this thought we'll rest,
 Could we see as thou dost see,
 We should choose it as the best.

14

P. M.

BARBAULD.

God seen in all, and all in God.

- 1 I READ thy name, O God, emblazoned high
In golden letters on the illumined sky,
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze—
I hear thy voice, my God, amongst the trees.
- 2 With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk ;
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.
- 2 O may I rest unmoved by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms ;
Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

15

L. M.

J. R. WRETFORD.*

God seen in his works.

- 1 God of the ocean, earth, and sky,
In thy bright presence we rejoice—
We feel thee— see thee ever nigh,
And gladly hear thy gracious voice.
- 2 We feel thee in the sunny beam—
We see thee walk the mountain waves ;
We hear thee in the murmuring stream,
And when the tempest wildly raves.
- 3 God, on the lonely hills we meet !
God, in the vale and fragrant grove !
While birds and whispering winds repeat,
That God is there—the God of love !
- 4 We meet thee in the pensive hour
When wearied nature sinks to rest—
When dies the breeze, and sleeps the flower,
And peace is given to every breast.
- 5 We see thee, when at eve, afar
We upward lift our wondering sight,
We see thee in each silent star
That beautifies the gloom of night.

- 6 But better still—and still more clear,
 Thee in the sacred page we see;
 There thy own glorious words we hear,
 And learn the way to heaven and thee.

16

C. M.

J. C. WALLACE.

God seen in every thing.

- 1 THERE's not a place in earth's vast round,
 In ocean deep, or air,
 Where skill and wisdom are not found,
 For God is every where.
- 2 There's not of grass a simple blade,
 Or leaf of lowliest mien,
 Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
 Or heavenly wisdom seen.
- 3 There's not a tempest dark and dread,
 Or storm that rends the air,
 Or blast that sweeps o'er ocean's bed,
 But heaven's own voice is there.
- 4 There's not a star, whose twinkling light
 Illumes the distant earth,
 And cheers the silent gloom of night,
 But mercy gave it birth.
- 5 Around, beneath, below, above,
 Wherever space extends,
 There heaven displays its boundless love,
 And power with mercy blends.
- 7 Then rise, my soul, and sing his name,
 And all his praise rehearse,
 Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
 And built the universe.

17

L. M.

BRYANT.*

All things speak of God.

- 1 ALL that in this wide world we see,
 Almighty Father, speaks of thee;
 And in the darkness, or the day,
 Thy monitors surround our way.

- 2 The winds, the lightnings of the sky,
The maladies by which we die,
The pangs that make the guilty groan,
Are angels from thy awful throne.
- 3 Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each blessing of the winged hour,
All we enjoy, and all we love,
Bring with them blessings from above.
-

18

L. M.

BOWRING.

The omnipresence of God.

- 1 FATHER and friend ! thy light, thy love
Beaming through all thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.
- 2 Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds—invisible,
Reignest, the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be ;
But this we know, where'er thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with thee.
- 4 And through the various maze of time,
And through the infinity of space,
We follow thy career sublime,
And all thy wondrous footsteps trace.
- 5 Thy children shall not faint or fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought ;
Since thou, their God, art every where,
They cannot be where thou art not.
-

19

L. M.

*Christian Register.**The present power.*

- 1 THERE is an unseen power around
Existing in the silent air ;
Where treadeth man, where space is found,
Unheard, unknown that power is there.

- 2 And not when bright and busy day
Is round us with its crowds and cares,
And not when night with solemn sway
Bids awe-hushed souls breathe forth in prayers;
- 3 Not when on sickness' weary couch
He writhes with pain's deep heavy groan,
Not when his steps in freedom touch
The fresh green turf—is man alone.
- 4 When sinks the pious christian's soul,
And scenes of horror daunt his eye,
He hears it whispered through the air,
'A power of mercy still is nigh.'
- 5 The power that watches, guides, defends,
Till man becomes a lifeless sod,
Till earth is nought—nought, earthly friends—
That omnipresent power—is God.

20

C. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

God dwells not in temples made with hands.

- 1 God dwells not in the lofty dome,
In temples made with hands;
The wide creation is his home,
And there his altar stands!
- 2 Nor does he need his creatures' aid,
Who worship in his courts;
He who ten thousand worlds has made,
Ten thousand worlds supports!
- 3 In him we live, in him we move,
From him our being flows;
Each living thing partakes his love;
Each rising thought he knows!
- 4 He giveth life and breath to all;
All have, all need his aid;
Let all mankind before him fall,
For all mankind he made!
- 5 Then kneel before him, and adore,
While life's brief moments last;
Soon shall its pleasures tempt no more,
And earth and time be past!

- 6 Soon shall appear the awful day
 When God our judge shall be :
 Then sinners, while on earth ye stay,
 Think of eternity !
-

21

C. M.

H. WARE, JUN.

The dwelling place of God.

- 1 GOD dwells in heaven, he rules above
 In everlasting might,
 Beyond where stars their courses move
 In uncreated light.
- 2 God dwells on earth ; and all around
 We view his wondrous power ;
 His terrors in the thunder-sound,
 His mercies in the shower.
- 3 Where man erects a house of prayer,
 Lo ! God resides within,
 To witness every feeling there,
 And pardon every sin.
- 4 But, most of all, the Lord resides
 Within a humble mind ;
 The worth that modest merit hides,
 His grace is sure to find.
- 5 By pious men he may be found
 And every where adored ;
 Where'er they tread is holy ground,
 A temple to the Lord.
- 6 O let me find thee every where !
 Around me and within !
 Be every day a day of prayer,
 And pure from every sin.
-

22

C. M.

J. R. WREFFORD.*

God seen in the ocean.

- 1 GOD of the mighty ocean ! thee
 In all thy works we own,
 Upon the wave thy love we see,
 And there thy power is known.

- 2 When the blue seas in silence sleep,
And look so bright the while ;—
When sunshine dwells upon the deep,
And the glad waters smile,—
- 3 Lord ! 'tis thy blessed spirit there,
Does peace and joy impart,
Bid all things beautiful appear,
And tranquillize the heart.
- 4 But oft in solemn majesty,
When tempests wildly rave,
Thou walkest amid the stormy sea,
Upon the mountain wave:—
- 5 And man upon the trackless path
Of ocean, hears the roar
Of waters rising in their wrath,
To dash him on the shore.
- 6 Ah ! who in that appalling hour
With peace his heart shall fill ?
What hand but thine, Almighty Power,
Can bid the waves be still ?
- 7 God of the ocean, strong to save !
Thy awful voice we'll hear,
When horror frowns upon the wave,
And danger hovers near.—
- 8 When sky and sea alike serene,
Reflect thy perfect love,
Our souls amid the peaceful scene
Shall rise to heaven above.

23

C. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

God's spirit on the hills.

- 1 WHEN roaming on the sunny hills,
I lift to heaven mine eye,
What peace, O God, my bosom fills,—
For thou alone art nigh.

- 2 The fragrant turf, the herb and flower
 Perfume the morning air,
 While the blue sky sheds down a power
 Whose beams I love to share.
- 3 The wild bird from beneath my feet
 Wings to the heavens his way,
 The flocks upon the mountains bleat,
 Or sportive round me play.
- 4 Glad forms of life I only see,
 Sweet sounds alone I hear,—
 I commune, O my God, with thee,—
 And feel that thou art near !
- 5 Still freely on the hills to rove,
 To me the joy be given ;—
 There let me cherish thoughts of love,
 Of beauty, peace, and heaven.
- 6 Still let me on the breeze's wing
 Soar upward, Lord ! to thee,
 And feel it is a blessed thing
 In thine own world to be !

24

P. M.

BOWRING.

His greatness is unsearchable.

- 1 EXTINGUISHED now is the last, lone star,
 The shadows of night are gone ;
 And lo ! in the east, day's golden car
 Is filled by the glorious sun :
 And hark ! for a thousand voices call,—
 The spirits of life and love :—
 Attune your hymns to the Father of all,
 The Sovereign who reigns above.
- 2 'Tis he who opens the eastern gates,
 Who kindles the morning's ray ;
 His spirit all nature animates,
 And the darkness and the day :
 The field and its glories, all are his,
 And the music of the sky ;
 The light of hope, and the smile of bliss,
 And the bursting song of joy.

- 3 His temple is yonder arch sublime ;
 Its pillars the eternal hills ;
 His chorus, the solemn voice of time,
 Which the wide creation fills :
 His worshippers are the countless train
 Which the lap of nature bears—
 The boisterous wind, and the raging main,
 And the silence of the spheres.
- 4 He rides unseen on the hurrying storm ;
 He sits in the whirlwind's car ;
 He wraps in the clouds his awful form,
 And travels from star to star :
 A thousand messengers wait his will,
 And a million heralds fly,
 And their Sovereign's high behests fulfil,
 Through a vast eternity.
- 5 He smiles,—and new worlds spring forth to birth,
 And suns in new glory rise ;
 He frowns,—and darkness covers the earth,
 And mantles the frightened skies ;
 He speaks in the thunder's dreadful roar ;
 He shines in the lightning's beam :—
 But oh ! no mortal thought can soar
 To any conception of him.

25

L. M.

*Anon.**God is good. —*

- 1 YES ! God is good ! each perfumed flower,
 The smiling fields, the dark green wood,
 The insect fluttering for an hour,—
 All things proclaim that God is good !
- 2 I hear it in the rushing wind ;
 The hills that have for ages stood,
 And clouds with gold and silver lined,
 All still repeat that God is good !
- 3 Each little rill, which many a year
 Has the same verdant course pursued :
 And every bird, in accents clear,
 Joins in the song that God is good.

- 4 Ten thousand hosts of living stars,
Which e'en the keenest sight elude,—
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of light, that God is good !
- 5 The restless main, with haughty roar,
Calms each wild wave and billow rude ;
Retreats submissive from the shore,
And swells the chorus, ' God is good.'
- 6 The moon that walks in brightness, says,
That God is good ; and man endued
With power to speak his Maker's praise,
Should still repeat that God is good.

26

P. M.

BOWRING.

God is wisdom—God is love.

- 1 GOD is love : his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens :
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Time and change are busy ever ;
Man decays and ages move ;
But his mercy waneth never ;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove ;
From the mist his brightness streameth ;
God is wisdom, God is love !
- 4 He with earthly care entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Every where his glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

27

C. M.

J. R. WREFORD.*

The unvarying love of God.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy and of hope,
Whom have we else but thee ?
In all thy works, in all thy ways,
A father's love we see.

- 2 Thy mercy makes each scene appear
 More beautiful and bright ;
 It beams upon our longing souls,
 And fills them with delight.
- 3 The mother may forsake her child,
 And all forgetful prove ;
 But thou, O Lord, wilt ne'er forget
 The children of thy love.
-

28 L. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Support derived from the love of God.

- 1 WHEN through tempestuous oceans driven,
 The wanderer finds no glimpse of heaven ;
 How fade his joys, how sinks his soul,
 To see the threatening billows roll !
- 2 And what were life's uncertain sea,
 Celestial love, bereft of thee !
 No bright horizon would appear,
 The sinking soul of man to cheer.
- 3 But, thanks to God, no clouds are seen
 Man and his Maker's love between !
 And should the day be dark or fair,
 No storms of gloom concentrate there !
- 4 Then let love's holy influence rest
 In every faithful christian's breast !
 And on this dreary desert throw
 Its brightest beam, its purest glow !
-

29 P. M. W. GASKELL.*

The changeless glory and love of God.

- 1 GOD ! what glory circles thee !
 All the shining worlds we see,
 All which thought ne'er glanced upon,
 All are thine—the boundless One !
- 2 Mute from man were every hymn,
 Hushed the songs of seraphim,
 Silent all around thy throne,
 Thou wouldst change not—changeless One !

- 3 Worlds may kindle into light,
 Worlds may sink again to night,
 Still the same, thou shinest on,
 Boundless, changeless, perfect One !
- 4 Yet thou makest us thy care,
 Bendest to our lowly prayer,
 Circlest us where'er we move,
 With a father's watchful love.
- 5 Poor must be the noblest praise,
 We for grace like this can raise ;
 All we can to thee we'll give—
 Love increasing while we live.
-

30

P. M.

J. L.*

Our Father.

- 1 O most high and holy One !
 Reigning on thy glorious throne !
 By what name shall mortal tongues
 Praise thee in their humble songs ?
- 2 Thee ! the sovereign Lord of all !
 Thee ! may we ' our Father ' call ;—
 We who tread this vale of death,—
 We whose life is but a breath.
- 3 May we by that name of love
 Worship him who rules above ;
 And the burthen of our woes,
 On a father's care repose.
- 4 In that name the drooping mind
 Shall its surest refuge find !
 In that name of hope we trust,
 Though we slumber in the dust.
-

31

C. M.

S. BROWNE.

Confidence in God our father.

- 1 O GOD ! on thee we all depend,
 On thy paternal care ;
 Thou wilt the father and the friend
 In every act appear.

- 2 With open hand and liberal heart,
Thou wilt our wants supply ;
Thy heavenly blessings still impart ;
And no good thing deny.
 - 3 Our Father knows what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides his love ;
To thine appointment we submit,
And every choice approve.
 - 4 In thy paternal love and care
With cheerful hearts we trust ;
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all thy thoughts are just.
 - 5 We cannot want while God provides,
What he allots is best ;
And heaven, whate'er we want besides,
Will give eternal rest.
-

32

C. M.

J. C. WALLAC

'The Lord is faithful.'

- 1 THE Lord is faithful ; he alone
Shall guide the doubting heart ;
And from his high eternal throne
Unceasing aid impart.
- 2 The Lord is faithful ; he shall keep
His flock with tender care ;
And lead his weak and wandering sheep
To pastures rich and fair.
- 3 The Lord is faithful ; those who trust
In him, shall never fall ;
He is the Guardian of the just ;
The righteous King of all.
- 4 Then bow before his sacred throne,
And humbly seek his face ;
Trust in his sovereign power alone,
And bless him for his grace.

In thy light shall we see light.

- 1 LORD, where thy radiant beams are shed,
The stars are brighter o'er our head ;
And brighter is the sunny glow,
O'er all above—around—below.
 - 2 And every stream more gently flows ;
And every breeze more softly blows ;
And every flower more freshly smells ;
And every note more sweetly swells.
 - 3 Even darkness has a cheering smile,
Each heart-felt sorrow to beguile ;
Visions of Eden round us play,
And darkness kindles into day.
-

The universal providence of God.

- 1 THE mighty God who rolls the spheres,
And storm, and fire, and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine ;—
His powerful hand our life sustains,
And scatters all those joys and pains,
Which fill this chequered scene.
- 2 His piercing eye at once surveys
Where thousand suns and systems blaze,
And where the sparrow falls ;
While seraphs tune their harps on high,
His ear attends the softest cry
When human misery calls.
- 3 Eternal God ! who shall not fear,
And trust, and love, with soul sincere
Thine awful, glorious name !
While man, thy creature, swift decays,
Time has no measure for thy days—
Thou ever art the same,

35

P. M.

J. TAYLOR,

*The constant presence and providence of God, a source of
gratitude and trust.*

- 1 FATHER divine ! before thy view
All worlds, all creatures lie ;
No distance can elude thy search,
No action 'scape thine eye :
Hear, gracious Lord ! our mingled praises hear ;
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.
- 2 From thee our vital breath we drew ;
Our childhood was thy care ;
And vigorous youth, and feeble age,
Thy kind protection share :
Hear, gracious Lord ! our mingled praises hear ;
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;
Oppressed with woe, when nature faints,
Thy arm is our repose :
Hear, gracious Lord ! our mingled praises hear ;
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.
- 4 To thee we look, thou power supreme !
Oh ! still our wants supply !
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favour die :
Hear, gracious Lord ! our mingled praises hear ;
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

36

C. M.

JERVIS.

Consolatory views of providence.

- 1 THE God of heaven is kind and just,
Oh ! let not man complain,
His righteous providence distrust,
His high decrees arraign !
- 2 Though clouds shall darken all the scene,
Be this thy steadfast aim,
Still to preserve a mind serene,
And free from guilt and shame.

- 3 The lowliest flowers that deck the field,
 Thy mute instructors are,
 And wholesome admonition yield
 Against corroding care.
- 4 Oh! listen to kind nature's voice,
 To heaven direct thine eyes,
 There nobler objects claim thy choice,
 And brighter prospects rise.
- 5 Far from anxiety and care,
 Still seek that blissful shore,
 Where discontent and dark despair
 Shall rend thy heart no more.

37

L. M.

BOWRING.

Our times are in thy hand.

- 1 OUR times are in thy hand, and thou
 Wilt guide our footsteps at thy will :
 Lord ! to thy purposes we bow :
 Do thou thy purposes fulfil !
- 2 Life's mighty waters roll along :
 Thy spirit guides them as they roll :
 And waves on waves impetuous throng
 At thy command, at thy control.
- 3 Lord ! we, thy children, look to thee,
 And with an humbled, prostrate will,
 Find in thine all-sufficiency,
 A claim to love and serve thee still.

38

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

God's providence in the lilies of the field.

- 1 THE stately lilies of the field
 Know neither toil nor care ;
 In calm and quiet loveliness,
 Their Maker's seal they bear.
- 2 And yet the pomp and majesty
 Of glorious kings may fade
 Before the beauty of the flowers
 Which for a day are made.

- 3 Oh, weary one, cast thou away
 Each troubling, anxious thought ;
 He watcheth o'er thee with his love,
 By whom those flowers were wrought.
- 4 If he so much hath cared for them,
 How shall he care for thee !
 Dry up thy tears, dispel thy doubts,
 Let God thy comfort be.
-

39

P. M.

BOWRING.*

Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 LORD ! in the unbeginning years,
 Whose course is wrapt in trackless night,
 'Ere thou hadst launched the heavenly spheres,
 Or waked this wandering world to light ;
 What were thy words, thy works,—and how
 Didst thou thy glorious march record ?
 For thou wert great and good, as now,
 Of love the source, of light the Lord ?
- 2 And in the unending ages, far
 Beyond the utmost reach of mind,
 When all that is, and all that are,
 Shall leave not e'en a wreck behind :
 Oh ! what shall be thy bright career,
 Lord of the eternal, changeless will ?
 Thou wilt be there supreme, as here—
 All wise,—all good,—almighty still !
- 3 Yes ! shrouded in the mystery,
 The past,—the future's dark abyss,
 Bright clouds of splendour circle thee,
 And light thy path from bliss to bliss.
 This is our faith, our hope, our trust,
 Through thought's immeasurable range,
 Time is a dream, and man is dust—
 But thou—but thou canst never change !

40

P. M.

BRETTTELL.*

The Lord is my shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord is my shepherd, my wants he supplies,
And where the green pastures are pleasant and fair,
Beside the still waters that mirror the skies,
He bids me repose free from sorrow and care :
From the fountains of life, when I'm sick and in pain,
He restoreth my soul to enjoyment again.
- 2 Though I walk through the valley of death, where the
gloom
Is darker than midnight enveloped in cloud ;
Though I tread the dim path of the shadowy tomb,
The worm my companion, my garment the shroud ;
My soul shall not fear in that desolate way,
For his word is my guide, and his arm is my stay.
- 3 He spreadeth my board, and he filleth my cup,
Driveth famine and thirst from my humble abode ;
In the path of my pilgrimage holdeth me up,
When fainting with toil I should drop on the road :
I'll devote to the service of God all my days,
And my life shall to him be an offering of praise.

41

P. M.

BOWRING.

Futurity wisely concealed.

- 1 OH, how wise that God hath hidden
All the future from our view !
Oh, how well that 'tis forbidden
Coming darkness to look through !
- 2 If time's page of hurrying fleetness
Were unveil'd to readers here,
Joy itself would lose its sweetness,
Sorrow would become despair.
- 3 Now if storms the ocean cover,
Hope declares a calm is near !
And when discord's tones are over,
Softened music meets the ear.
- 4 If the shadows of affliction
Round us gather as we go,
Soon some heavenly benediction
Wakens peace from slumbering woe.

42

C. M.

DEAN.*

The harmony of the divine attributes.

- 1 O THOU that fillest heaven and earth,
Whose nature none can know,
Before thy veiled eternity
Our souls would meekly bow.
- 2 'Tis not our bright or troubled thought
That can reflect thy form ;
There thou art mercy in the calm,
And vengeance in the storm.
- 3 Let us behold thee as thou art,
E'en as the seraphim ;
Let us not mar thy perfectness,
And make thy brightness dim.
- 4 Thou art not being, thought, or power,
Wisdom or truth alone,
Nor justice, mercy, love,—but all
Harmoniously in One.
- 5 So thine own bow which spans the heavens,
Doth all the hues display ;
Which, blended by thy hand, unite
To form one peerless ray.

43

P. M.

MIRIAM.*

Harmony of nature and providence.

- 1 WHEN the spirit walks abroad
Through the garden of the Lord,
Earth's fair dwelling planted by
Him who fills eternity :
- 2 While each form, and sight, and sound
Tells us this is holy ground ;
Tones of music and of love
Bear us to his courts above.
- 3 In the morning's fragrant hour,
When the dew is on the flower,
And the lark is soaring high
Towards the rosy-tinted sky :—

- 4 On the leaves of nature's book,
Freshly opened, let us look,
And in every varied line
Trace the harmony divine ;—
 - 5 In the lightning's vivid flash,
In the roaring torrent's dash,
As when sunbeams kiss the wave
Slumbering in the coral cave.
 - 6 Thrill of pleasure, throb of pain,
All, in one connected chain,
Vibrates to the self same string,
Touched by heaven's eternal King.
 - 7 And when evening's closing page
Casts the shadows of our age ;
Softly shall its latest sigh
Whisper,—love in all is nigh.
-

44

C. M.

BOWRING.

Childlike confidence in God.

- 1 As gentle children fondly press
Around a mother's knee,
So in our spirit's helplessness,
We fly, O God, to thee !
- 2 And as a mother's cares protect
Her offspring from alarm,
Do thou preserve, do thou direct
Thy children, Lord, from harm.
- 3 'Tis sweet beneath thy love to be
In safe and silent rest,
As sleeps an infant on the knee
Of her who loves it best.
- 4 Thy love is wiser, kinder far,
Than any earthly tie,
Thou knowest all we want and are ;
And knowing, wilt supply.

45

C. M. W. GASKELL.*
Looking to God.

- 1 O GOD ! when smiles each happy hour,
May we its brightness share,
With hearts still mindful, thine's the power
Which maketh all things fair.
 - 2 When sin with golden lures would bind
Our spirits to its sway ;
Strength may we seek from thee, and find,
To spurn them all away.
 - 3 When thorny seems the path of right,
And faint our footsteps grow,
Leaning upon thine arm of might,
Still onward may we go.
 - 4 When round us glooms the cloud of fear,
May in our souls still be
A light to comfort and to cheer,
The light of trust in thee.
-

46

L. M. *Christian Register.*
God the spirit's resting place.

- 1 OUR God and Father ! far from thee
Full oft thy erring children rove ;
And plunged in care's tumultuous sea,
Forget thy mercy and thy love.
 - 2 But can a changing world afford
Peace to the longing, restless mind ?
Ah no ! we seek thy temple, Lord,
And there our hope and comfort find.
 - 3 So the lone dove forsook her nest,
And spread her wandering wing to roam ;
But weary, stooping to her rest,
Turned to the ark and found a home.
-

47

L. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Confidence in God amid the trials of the world.

- 1 GOD of the heavens ! creation's King !
From whom all earthly comforts spring,—
To whom shall helpless mortals flee
When sorrow wrings the heart,—but thee ?

- 2 For though thy throne is raised on high,
Above yon azure canopy,
And all the realms of boundless space,
O Lord, are thine abiding-place ;
- 3 Though the most distant orb we see,
Lends not its light to trace out thee,
And far beyond the farthest sphere
Thy glories and thyself appear ;
- 4 Yet down to us extends thy care,
And all a Father's love we share :—
Yet are we thine, whate'er our lot,
Nor can we go where thou art not !
- 5 Awake, asleep, at noon, or night—
'Mid darkness drear, or mid-day light,—
O'erwhelmed with sin, or worn with care,
Or plunged in misery, or despair ;—
- 6 Whate'er we are, where'er we flee,—
Oh, who shall help us, Lord but thee !—
Shed o'er our hearts thy love divine ;
All yet is well, if we are thine !

48

C. M.

JERVIS.

God's power in affliction,

- 1 To calm the sorrows of the mind,
Our heavenly friend is nigh,
To wipe the anxious tear that starts,
Or trembles in the eye.
- 2 Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart,
The secret woe control ;
The inward malady canst heal—
The sickness of the soul.
- 3 Thou canst repress the rising sigh,
Canst soothe each mortal care ;
And every deep and heartfelt groan
Is wafted to thine ear.
- 4 Thy gracious eye is watchful still,
Thy potent arm can save
From threatening danger and disease,
And the devouring grave.

- 5 Eternal source of life and health,
And every bliss we feel !
In sorrow and in joy, to thee
Our grateful hearts appeal.
-

49

P. M.

BARBAULD.

God's condescension to human weakness.

- 1 God, our kind Father, merciful as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust ;
His ear is open to the softest cry ;
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye.
- 2 He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere :
He marks the dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
- 3 O God ! from earthly bondage set me free ;
Still every wish that centres not in thee ;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain desires cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.
-

50

C. M. J. R. WRETFORD.*

'If God be for us—who shall be against us.'

- 1 If God be for us—who shall dare
Our enemy to be—
Whose arm against us shall prevail,
While, Lord, we lean on thee ?
- 2 If God be for us—nought on earth
Shall fill us with alarm,
We'll fearless mark the wreck of time,
And smile amid the storm.
- 3 If God be for us,—then at last
E'en with our parting breath,
We'll cheerful meet our latest foe,
And triumph over death.

51

P. M.

C.*

Trust in God in adversity as well as prosperity.

- 1 GOD of heaven ! whose works harmonious,
Tell of thought, and power, and love ;
God of Christ ! whose mission glorious,
Peace imparts from thee above :
- 2 We, thy grateful children, meet thee,
Bending low before thy throne,
And with trusting hearts we greet thee
As our Father,—God alone.
- 3 Whilst the lamp of life burns brightly,
And the light of love is ours,
Every voice, in praises nightly,
From the heart its tribute pours.
- 4 But when sorrow overtakes us,
And affliction's storm comes on,
All our confidence forsakes us,
And our hope in thee is gone.
- 5 Gracious God ! thy children erring,
Strengthen, succour, and sustain ;
May they to thy love recurring,
Faith and hope in thee retain.
- 6 Teach them, Father, firm believing
In the message of thy Son,
To declare and feel, though grieving,
Not our will, but thine be done.

52

C. M.

DRUMMOND.

God our refuge.

- 1 WHEN 'reft of all—and hopeless care
Would sink us to the tomb, .
Oh, what can save us from despair—
What dissipate the gloom ?
- 2 No balm that earthly plants distil
Can soothe the mourner's smart ;
No mortal hand with lenient skill
Bind up the broken heart.

- 3 But One alone, who reigns above,
 Our woe to joy can turn,
 And light the lamp of joy and love,
 That long has ceased to burn.
- 4 Then, O my soul, to that One flee,
 To God thy woes reveal,
 His eye alone thy wounds can see,
 His hand alone can heal.
-

53

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

God, man's only steadfast trust.

- 1 O God ! but thee, we have no trust
 Which rests not on a breath ;
 All objects else are powerless dust,
 Slaves at the beck of death.
- 2 They every one may fail to bless,
 And pall upon the sight ;
 But never shall thy power grow less
 To kindle pure delight.
- 3 They all are fading fast away,
 And soon must vanished be ;
 But thou wilt be the eternal stay
 Of those who lean on thee.
- 4 Oh ! let thy grace still draw us near,
 Confirm each holy tie,
 And make thy love a thought more dear
 And precious, till we die.
-

54

C. M.

BULFINCH.

Succour implored of God.

- 1 LORD, in whose might the Saviour trod
 The dark and stormy wave,
 And trusted in his Father's arm,
 Omnipotent to save !
- 2 When darkly round our footsteps rise
 The floods and storms of life ;
 Send thou thy spirit down to still
 The elemental strife.

- 3 Strong in our trust, on thee reposed,
 The ocean-path we'll dare,
 Though waves around us rage and foam,
 Since thou art present there.

55

P. M.

S. Y. W.*

Divine aid implored.

- 1 GOD of mercy, God of power,
 Who beholdest from thy throne,
 All our weakness every hour,
 Leave us, leave us not alone !
- 2 If our lot on earth be bright,
 If or wealth, or power, we own,
 In that trial seeming light,
 Father ! leave us not alone.
- 3 If for us a thorny path,
 Is with care and anguish strown,
 Thou, the helper of our faith,
 Leave, O leave us not alone.
- 4 If temptation must assail,
 And the pangs of guilt be known,
 Not even then our hopes shall fail,
 If thou leave us not alone.
- 5 Call us to thy fold again,
 By affliction's fiercest tone ;
 Bring us back by keenest pain,
 Only leave us not alone.

56

P. M.

BOWRING.

Help sought from God.

- 1 LET thy gracious spirit reach us
 In this earthly solitude ;
 What we know not, do thou teach us,
 Thou who art all wise and good.
- 2 Left alone, we stray unheeding,
 Through a dangerous, darksome way,
 But when thy kind hand is leading,
 We can never, never stray.

- 3 All we do, or think of doing,
 Let thy providence control;
 Still our onward path pursuing,
 'Till we reach the appointed goal.
-

57

C. M.

Miss J. Roscoe.

Forgetting God.

- 1 HE who upon the world's vain shore
 Forgetteth thee, eternal One!
 Soon shall his dangerous race be o'er,
 His fatal course be run.
- 2 The heart that turneth cold from thee,—
 Thy great and glorious power,
 That feareth not thy majesty,
 Nor doth thy love adore :
- 3 That heart is dead, though warm in life,
 Is dark 'mid heaven's own light;
 Passions of earth there hold their strife,
 And shroud the soul in night.
- 4 Then pause in time, a moment pause,
 And ask if on thy soul
 Are graven deep God's holy laws,
 And felt his blest control.
- 5 Pray, in thy helplessness and trust,
 A Father's love will hear,
 And raise the perished heart from dust,
 To worship in his fear.
-

58

C. M. *New York Collection**Prayer for divine aid.*

- 1 FATHER in heaven, to whom my heart;
 Would lift itself in prayer,
 Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
 And show thy presence there.
- 2 Each moment of my life renews
 The mercies of the Lord;
 Each moment is itself a gift
 To bear me on to God.

- 3 Help me to break the galling chains
 This world has round me thrown ;
 Each passion of my heart subdue,
 Each darling sin disown.
- 4 O Father ! kindle in my breast
 A never-dying flame
 Of holy love, of grateful trust,
 In thine Almighty name.

59

C. M.

BOWRING.

' All thy works shall praise thee.'

- 1 UNNUMBERED systems, suns, and worlds,
 Unite to worship thee ;
 Whose uncreated glory fills
 Space,—time,—eternity.
- 2 Nature, a temple worthy thee,
 That beams with light and love—
 Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
 Whose stars rejoice above :
- 3 Whose altars are the mountain cliffs
 That rise along the shore,
 Whose anthems, the sublime accord
 Of storm and ocean's roar :
- 4 Her song of gratitude is sung
 By Spring's awakening hours ;
 Her Summer offers at thy shrine
 Its earliest, loveliest flowers.
- 5 Her Autumn brings its ripened fruits,
 In glorious luxury given :
 While Winter's silver heights reflect
 Thy brightness back to heaven.

60

P. M.

H. WARE, Junr.

Hymn to God.

- 1 AROUND the throne of God
 The host angelic throngs ;
 They spread their palms abroad,
 And shout perpetual songs :
 Him first they own, him last and best ;
 God ever blest, and God alone.

- 2 Their golden crowns they fling
 Before his throne of light,
 And strike the rapturous string,
 Unceasing day and night :
 Earth, heaven, and sea thy praise declare,
 For thine they are, and thine shall be.
- 3 O, holy, holy, Lord !
 Creation's sovereign King !
 Thy majesty adored,
 Let all creation sing :
 Who wast, and art, and art to be ;
 Nor time shall see thy sway depart.
- 4 Great are thy works of praise,
 O God of boundless might ;
 All just and true thy ways,
 Thou King of saints in light !
 Let all above, and all below,
 Conspire to show thy power and love.
- 5 Who shall not fear the Lord,
 And magnify thy name ;—
 Thy judgments send abroad ;
 Thy holiness proclaim ?
 Nations shall throng from every shore,
 And all adore in one loud song.
- 6 While thus the powers on high
 Their swelling chorus raise,
 Let earth and man reply,
 And echo back the praise :
 His glory own, first, last, and best,
 God ever blest, and God alone.

61

P. M. *Christian Examiner.**Hymn to God.*

- 1 NATURE owns thee for her God,
 Living plant, and flowering sod :
 Each fair thing thy power displays,
 Twilight hour or noontide rays :
 All we love from thee is given,
 Glorious God of earth and heaven.

- 2 Ocean's vast unequalled force
 Claims thee for its mighty source ;
 Thee the storm-clad Spirit hails,
 As he drives the racking sails :
 All we fear from thee is given,
 Save us, God of earth and heaven.
- 3 Thou hast formed some other sphere
 To reward our sufferings here ;
 World of light, receive us home ;
 Lasting pleasure, quickly come :
 All we hope from thee is given,
 Glorious God of earth and heaven.

62

L. M.

BRYANT.

'The earth is full of thy riches.'

- 1 ALMIGHTY ! listen while we raise
 Our hymn of thankfulness and praise,
 That thou hast given our erring race
 So bright, so fair a dwelling place :—
- 2 That when this orb of sea and land
 Was moulded in thy forming hand,
 Thy smile a beam of heaven impressed
 In beauty, on it ample breast :—
- 3 And raised the hills, and sunk between
 The vale's deep pathway, broad and green
 And stretched the plain to where the sky
 Stoops and shuts in the exploring eye :—
- 4 Made firm the soil for tread of feet ;
 Gave pleasant shades and waters sweet,
 And fanning airs, and freshening showers
 And sprinkled earth with fruits and flowers :—
- 5 And poured around the billowy plains
 Of the vast ocean,—nurse of rains ;
 Hung high the glorious sun, and set
 Night's cressets in her arch of jet.

- 6 Lord! teach us, while the unsated gaze
 Delighted, on thy works delays,
 To deem the forms of beauty here
 But shadows of a brighter sphere.

63

P. M.

H. WARE, Junr.

A thanksgiving hymn.

- 1 FATHER of earth and heaven,
 Whose arm upholds creation,
 To thee we raise the voice of praise,
 And bend in adoration.
 We praise the power that made us
 We praise the love that blesses;
 While every day that rolls away,
 Thy gracious care confesses.
- 2 Life is from thee, blest Father!
 From thee our breathing spirits;
 And thou dost give to all that live,
 The bliss that each inherits.
 Day, night, and rolling seasons,
 And all that life embraces,
 With bliss are crowned, with joy abound,
 And claim our thankful praises.
- 3 Though trial and affliction,
 May cast their dark shade o'er us,
 Thy love doth throw a heavenly glow
 Of light on all before us.
 That love has smiled from heaven,
 To cheer our path of sadness,
 And lead the way through earth's dull day,
 To realms of endless gladness.
- 4 That light of love and glory
 Has shone through Christ, the Saviour,—
 The holy guide, who lived and died,
 That we might live for ever.
 And since thy great compassion,
 Thus brings thy children near thee,
 May we to praise devote our days,
 And love, as well as fear thee.

- [5 And when death's final summons,
 From earth's dear scenes shall move us,—
 From friends, from foes,—from joys, from woes,
 From all that know and love us:
 Oh, then let hope attend us!
 Thy peace to us be given!
 That we may rise above the skies,
 And sing thy praise in heaven! —

64

P. M.

J. TAYLOR.

The God of mercy adored.

- 1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
 Bounteous source of every joy;
 Him whose hand upholds all nature,
 Him whose word can all destroy!
 Saints, with pious zeal attending,
 Now the grateful tribute raise,
 Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
 Join the universal praise.
- 2 Round his awful footstool kneeling,
 Lowly bend with contrite souls,
 Here his milder grace revealing,
 Here no awful thunder rolls:
 Lo! the eternal page before us
 Bears the covenant of his love,
 Full of mercy to restore us,
 Mercy beaming from above.
- 3 Every secret fault confessing,
 Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
 Seize, oh, seize the proffered blessing,
 Grace from God, and peace within:
 Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
 Still the song of glory raise,
 On the theme immortal dwelling,
 Join the universal praise.

65

S. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

Praise to God for his never-failing love and mercy.

- 1 How gracious is the Lord!
 How good our heavenly King!
 Come, let our lips his love record,
 Our tongues his praises sing!

- He doth not close his ear
 Against the mourner's cry ;
 Before it falls, he marks the tear
 Stand trembling in his eye.
- 2 And when, with sorrow fraught,
 Or when, with pain oppressed,
 The heart is sad—God knows each thought
 That rises in the breast ;
 The prisoner in his cell
 Is noticed by his eye,
 He hears, and he remembers well
 His oft repeated sigh !
- 3 Though o'er the trackless wave
 His children roam distressed,—
 Though sleeping in the silent grave,—
 Beneath his eye they rest.
 And do not we partake
 God's universal love ?
 Does not a ray of glory break
 On us from heaven above ?
- 4 Yes : we his mercy share,
 And we his kindness own ;
 And we our Maker's image bear,
 Who bend around his throne.
 Then, till life's latest day,
 Our praise to God be given ;
 Beyond the grave, a sweeter lay
 Shall fill the vault of heaven.

- 1 I WILL praise thee, O God, with my heart and my voice,
 I will call on the earth and the heavens to rejoice,
 For there's nothing beneath, and there's nothing above,
 But declareth thy glory, and telleth thy love.
- 2 At the breath of thy spirit light broke on the deep,
 Where Chaos lay heaving in dark, troubled sleep ;
 At thy bidding bright order and beauty leapt forth,
 And unrolled from his bosom this life-teeming earth.

- 3 Thou hast girdled it round from that day to this hour,
 With the arms of thy mercy and safe-keeping power,
 And hast still borne it onward through shadow and shine,
 To a destiny nobler, and yet more divine.
- 4 To the myriads and myriads of gay living things
 Which keep revel around, there's no joy but it springs
 Straight from thee, the pure fountain of love and of light,
 The great author of all that is blessed and bright.
- 5 To the spirits of men, it is thou who hast given
 Every peace-breathing truth, and sweet promise of
 heaven ;
 Who dost shed on their path every beaming of bliss,
 And hast made for them worlds far more glorious than
 this.
- 6 I will praise thee, O God, with my heart and my voice,
 I will call on the earth and the heavens to rejoice ;
 For there's nothing beneath, and there's nothing above,
 But declareth thy glory, and telleth thy love.

67

L. M.

BRYANT.

Gratitude.

- 1 FATHER ! to thy kind love we owe
 All that is fair and good below ;
 Bestower of the health that lies
 On tearless cheeks, and cheerful eyes.
- 2 Giver of sunshine and of rain,
 Ripener of fruits on hill and plain ;
 Fountain of light, that, rayed afar,
 Fills the vast urns of sun and star.
- 3 Who sendst thy storms, and frosts to bind
 The plagues that rise to waste mankind ;
 Then breathe'st o'er the naked scene,
 Spring gales, and life, and tender green.
- 4 Yet deem we not that thus alone,
 Thy mercy and thy love are shown ;
 For we have learned, with highest praise,
 And holier names, to speak thy ways.

- 5 In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay ;
 Sole trust when life shall pass away ;
 Teacher of hopes, that light the gloom
 Of death, and consecrate the tomb.
- 6 Patient with headstrong guilt to bear,
 Slow to avenge, and kind to spare ;
 Listening to prayer, and reconciled,
 Full quickly, to thy erring child.
-

68

P. M.

W. S. ROSCÖE.

Sacrifice of praise.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God ! in prayer to thee,
 I bow the head, and bend the knee,
 With humble soul, and heart resigned :
 To thee with trembling lips, I raise
 The holy sacrifice of praise,—
 O Friend, and Father of mankind !
- 2 By thee informed, this mortal frame
 To being from oblivion came,
 Thy love and goodness to survey ;
 To view the glittering vault of night,
 To hail the sweet return of light,
 And all creation's blooming day !
- 3 And still unquenched, at thy behest
 The flame of being warms my breast ;
 But fleeting life must soon be o'er !
 Soon will thy hands again require
 This transient spark of heavenly fire,
 And this frail heart shall heave no more !
- 4 But thou, that dwellest enthroned on high !
 O God of heaven ! we shall not die ;
 Omnipotent, all wise, and just !
 Death shall resign his iron sway,
 And love that beams eternal day,
 Shall warm our ashes in the dust.
- 5 But how shall man abide with thee
 Through ages of eternity,
 When suns shall shed their beams no more
 With awe-struck soul I fear the birth,
 And sinking on my mother earth,
 I faint, I tremble, and adore !

Continual praise to God.

- 1 WE bless thee, Lord!—the matin skies .
Shall see our altar's incense rise,
The fragrance of the morning air
Shall mingle with the breath of prayer,—
- 2 And the first sound o'er earth and sea
Shall be the hymn of praise to thee !
We bless thee, Lord ! the mid-day sun
Our orisons shall look upon.
- 3 Amid the world's contending tide,
Our willing hearts shall turn aside
To worship thee—as He hath taught,
Who often such communion sought.
- 4 We bless thee, Lord ! the sunset dyes
Shall gild our evening sacrifice,
And night shall only close us o'er,
That we may bless thy goodness more.
- 5 So shall each day successive be
One long continued thought of thee ;
The light of peace around us shed,
And heaven begun ere life is fled.

Lowly praise.

- 1 LORD ! in heaven, thy dwelling place,
Hear the praises of our race,
And while hearing, let thy grace
Dews of sweet forgiveness pour !
While we know, benignant King !
That the praises which we bring
Are a worthless offering,
Till thy blessing makes it more.
- 2 More of truth and more of might,
More of love and more of light,
More of reason and of right,
From thy pardoning grace be given ;

It can make the humblest song,
 Sweet, acceptable, and strong
 As the strains the angels' throng
 Pour around the throne of heaven.

71

L. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Praise for ordinary blessings.

- 1 COME, let us bless the bounteous God,
 Who from the heavens, his high abode,
 Prepares for man life's varied treat,—
 The charm that makes existence sweet.
 - 2 For the consummate skill displayed,
 When in his image man was made ;
 For powers of high, exalted name,
 For reason's intellectual flame :
 - 3 For strong affection's mystic bands,
 And duty's sacred, high commands ;
 For science, liberty, and law,
 And the blest fruits which thence we draw :
 - 4 For the gay innocence of youth,
 And manhood's firm, undaunted truth ;
 For judgment in maturer years,
 And age withdrawn from earthly cares :
 - 5 What praise should warm the fervent soul,
 For pure religion's grave control !
 For all its comforts, hopes, and joys
 Which cheer our passage to the skies !
-

72

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Gratitude for the gifts of nature, providence, and grace.

- 1 FOR life, and all its pleasant scenes,
 For all it knows of good and fair ;
 For love, and hope, and tranquil joy,
 O God, to thee, our thanks we bear.
- 2 But with more grateful spirits still,
 Would we receive that gift divine,
 Which opes the door of endless life,
 And tells us we are sons of thine.

- 3 Oh! may the love which prompted this,
 Be daily speaking to our hearts,
 And bind us closer still to thee,
 Till life beneath thy smile departs.

— 73

P. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Glory to God.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky;
 Peace on earth to man forgiven,
 Man the well-beloved of heaven.
 Glory be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky.
- 2 Favoured mortals raise the song;
 Endless thanks to God belong;
 Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
 Join the hymns your voices raise.
 Glory be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky.
- 3 Call the tribes of being round,
 From creation's utmost bound;
 Where the Godhead shines confessed,
 There be solemn praise addressed.
 Glory be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky.
- 4 Mark the wonders of his hand!
 Power, no empire can withstand;
 Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
 Goodness, one eternal stream.
 Glory be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky.
- 5 Awful Being! from thy throne,
 Send thy promised blessings down:
 Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
 Bid our raging passions cease.
 Glory be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky.

74

P. M.

BOWRING.*

Preservation implored.

- 1 FROM all evil, all temptation
That besets our earthly path;
From thy final condemnation,
From thy transitory wrath,
God of goodness! us deliver!
And thy name be praised for ever!
- 2 From a heart of hate, and blindness,
From all envy, treachery, pride;
From all harshness, all unkindness,
All to sin, or shame allied,
God of goodness! us deliver!
And thy name be praised for ever.
- 3 From the world's deceitful pleasures,
From its soul-invading snares;
From the plotters' darkened measures;
Foolish thoughts, and trifling cares,
God of goodness! us deliver!
And thy name be praised for ever!
- 4 From the tempest and the lightning,
Thunder's rage and battle's breath;
Pestilence, plagues, famine's blighting,
Sudden and untimely death,
God of goodness! us deliver!
And thy name be praised for ever!
- 5 In the time of tribulation,
In the bright and prosperous way,
In the hour of life's prostration,
In the final judgment day,
God of goodness! us deliver!
And thy name be praised for ever!

75

P. M.

BOWRING.

'Father, glorify thy name.'

- 1 FATHER! glorify thy name!
Whatsoever our portion be,
Wheresoever led by thee,
If to glory—if to shame—
Father! glorify thy name!

- 2 Let thy name be glorified !
 If in doubt and darkness lost,
 Hope deceived and purpose crost ;
 Nought amiss can e'er betide—
 Let thy name be glorified !
- 3 Father ! glorify thy name !
 Vain and blind our wishes are :
 This can be no idle prayer,
 This can be no worthless claim,
 Father ! glorify thy name !
-

76

C. M.

BRYANT.

Imploring the compassion of God.

- 1 O GOD ! whose dread and dazzling brow,
 Love never yet forsook ;
 On those who seek thy presence now,
 In deep compassion look !
- 2 For many a frail and erring heart
 Is in thy holy sight,
 And feet too willing to depart
 From the plain way of right.
- 3 Yet pleased the humble prayer to hear,
 And kind to all that live ;
 Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear,
 Art ready to forgive.
- 4 Direct us, Lord, for we are blind,
 Uphold, for we are weak ;
 And guide our wavering steps to find
 The good we darkly seek.
-

77

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Christian desires.

- 1 WE ask not wealth, O God, from thee ;
 But may, whate'er thy goodness lends,
 Improved and consecrated be
 To worthy, pure, and noble ends.

- 2 We ask no place in worldly fame ;
 But grant, O God, that we may bear
 Unsullied still the Christian name,
 And make its glory all our care.
- 3 We ask not freedom from the pain
 And woe which thou ordainest here ;
 But may each trial work us gain,
 And make the hope of heaven more dear.
- 4 We ask not length of days to see ;
 Thou knowest best when death should come ;
 But while we live, Oh ! may it be
 The life that smiles above the tomb !
-

78

L. M.

PIERPONT.

Universal worship.

- 1 O THOU to whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung ;
 Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
 And prophets praised with glowing tongue :
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
 Thy favoured worshippers may dwell ;
 Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
 Sat weary, by the Patriarch's well :
- 3 From every place below the skies,
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer—
 The incense of the heart—may rise
 To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 To thee, shall age with snowy hair,
 And strength, and beauty, bend the knee
 And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
 It praises and its prayers to thee !
- 5 O thou to whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of prophet bards was strung,—
 To thee, at last, in every clime,
 Shall temples rise, and praise be sung !

79

C. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

Efficacy of Prayer.

- 1 Is there no balm to soften grief,
No antidote to care ?
The God of heaven will give relief,
If asked in holy prayer.
- 2 Is there no friend to soothe our woe,
Or check the ills we bear ?
Sufferer, look up from earth below,
And call on God in prayer.
- 3 Is there no cure for pain or want,
No refuge from despair ?
The eternal God release will grant,
If sought with fervent prayer.
- 4 Then, call on God, thou child of dust,
Flee from each earthly snare ;
Wait but his will, his mercy trust,
And he shall hear thy prayer.
- 5 No pain, no tears, no want, no strife,
(So doth his word declare)
Shall check the joys of endless life,
But all be praise and prayer !

80

S. M.

J. R. WREFORD.*

The hour of prayer.

- 1 IT is the hour of prayer,
And mortal labours cease ;
Let solemn thoughts our minds prepare,
And hush our souls to peace.
- 2 Father and God ! we fall
With awe before thy throne ;
But thou wilt hear us when we call
For aid on thee alone.
- 3 The bosom's softest sigh
Will reach thy listening ear,
And thou wilt mark with pitying eye
The penitential tear.

- 4 While in thy sacred house
We bend the suppliant knee,
Oh, may our silent thoughts and vows
Accepted rise to thee !
- 5 Our voices, too, shall pay
Glad homage while we live ;
Lord ! hear us when we humbly pray,
And, hearing, Oh forgive !
-

81

S. M. *Liverpool Rensh. Coll.*^x*Sanctus.**Invitations to the house of God.*

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,
O ye afflicted, come !
The God of peace shall meet you there,
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now !
In sweet accord your voices raise ;
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love !
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
What ! shall your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise ?
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hearest the mourner's call :—
- 6 Up to thy dwelling place,
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

82

P. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Come and pray.

- 1 THOU beset with doubt and sorrow,
Wandering in a sunless way,
Wouldst thou light and comfort borrow,
Child of misery, come and pray.
 - 2 Thou, the frail, the sin-o'ertaken,
Lost in guilt's distressful way,
Wouldst thou find the peace forsaken,
Child of earth, repent and pray.
 - 3 Thou, the feeble, fading, dying,
Wouldst thou chase thy fears away;
No more on mortal aid relying,
Child of death, look up and pray.
-

83

C. M.

J. R. WREFFORD.*

God's goodness attracting to devotion.

- 1 O GOD, so awful and so great,
How should we come to thee,
If through the cloud that veils thy throne,
Thy smile we could not see?
- 2 How should poor mortals dare to raise
To thee their timid songs—
Did not thy works and words declare,
That love to thee belongs.
- 3 The whispering breeze—the silent stars,
The flowers that deck the grove,
All tell us, in their own sweet way,
That thou, O Lord, art love.
- 4 But in the Gospel do we hear
Thine own all-gracious voice,
Which bids us ever trust in thee,
And in thy love rejoice.
- 5 No more we tremble when we look
Up to thy bright abode;
With filial gratitude we own
A father in our God.

84

L. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Thirsting after God.

- 1 As pants the hart, whose winding way
The hunter's eager foot hath trod,
Beside the crystal stream to stray,
So pants my soul for thee, O God !
- 2 My soul, O God, with pain oppressed
Still thirsts to love thee more and more !
When shall I reach my place of rest ?
When shall my days of grief be o'er ?
- 3 Tears,—tears of sorrow, night and day,
While anguish deep has worn my brow,—
Have been my food ; and sinners say—
' Where is the Lord, thy helper, now ?'
- 4 When I remember, mighty God !
How from thy path I dared depart,
While with the multitude I trod ;
Alas ! how sinks my beating heart !
- 5 But why, my soul, art thou cast down ?
Why thus does fear my bosom fill ?
Hope thou in God ; fear not his frown ;
For I will love, will praise him still,

85

L. M. *Liverpool Collection.**Approach to God.*

- 1 O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's doubtful way,
Nor fear, nor doubt, shall enter here,
All shall be thine at least to-day.
- 2 We will not bring divided hearts,
To worship at thy sacred shrine,
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple wholly thine.
- 3 O Father, God below, above,
Man's noblest work is praising thee,
Thy spirit o'er our hearts shall move,
And tune them all to harmony,

86

L. M.

BARBAULD.

Return of the Lord's day.

- 1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his maker, God,
What rites, what honours, shall he pay—
How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad ?
 - 2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise,
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice ?
 - 3 Vain, sinful man ! creation's Lord,
Thy golden offerings well may spare ;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find,
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.
-

87

C. M.

BARBAULD.

Affections suitable to the Lord's day.

- 1 SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born !
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.
 - 2 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control ;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The sabbath of my soul.
-

88

S. M.

BULFINCH.

The sabbath day.

- 1 HAIL to the sabbath day !
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.
- 2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

- 3 But thou art not alone
 In courts by mortals trod,
 Nor only is the day thine own,
 When man draws near to God :
- 4 Thy temple is the arch
 Of yon unmeasured sky ;
 Thy sabbath, the stupendous march
 Of grand eternity.
- 5 Lord ! may that holier day
 Dawn on thy servants' sight ;
 And grant us in those courts to pray
 Of pure, unclouded light.

89

L. M. *New York Collection**The christian sabbath.*

- 1 WE bless thee for this sacred day,
 Thee, who hast every blessing given,
 Which sends the dreams of earth away,
 And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.
- 2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest !
 May we improve thy loved repose,
 And in God's service truly blessed,
 Forget the world, its joys and woes.
- 3 Lord ! may thy truth upon the heart
 Now fall, and dwell, as heavenly dew,
 And flowers of grace in freshness start,
 Where once the weeds of error grew.
- 4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
 Contented with that aim alone,
 Which bears her to the King of kings,
 And rests her at his sheltering throne.

90

C. M.

BARBAULE

The Lord's day morning.

- AGAIN, the Lord of life and light,
 Awakes the kindling ray ;
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.

- 2 Oh! what a night was that which wrapped
The heathen world in gloom!
Oh! what a sun, which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

91

P. M.

BOWRING.

Acceptable worship.

- 1 THE hymn of praise, the breath of prayer,
To thy high mercy-seat I'll bear;
The song, the vow, shall sweetly blend,
And to thy holy presence soar;
And reverent shall my soul adore
Thee, Guardian, Saviour, Father, Friend!
- 2 From every spot of space or time,
In every tongue and every clime,
The orisons which calmly seek
Thy presence, to thy throne will reach;
The trembling hope, the imperfect speech,
Be welcome, as when angels speak.
- 3 The faintest breath of infant tongues,
Is sweet to thee as seraphs' songs;
The music of the highest sphere
Is less divine, less grateful far,
Than hymns of contrite mortals are,
When breaking on thy hallowed ear.

92

P. M.

J. TAYLOR.

The accepted offering.

- 1 LORD! what offering shall we bring
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow;

Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed ;
 Sympathy, at whose control
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast :—

- 2 Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
 Love embracing all our kind,
 Charity with liberal store.
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King !
 Thus to show our grateful mind,—
 Thus the accepted offering bring,
 Love to thee and all mankind.
-

93

P. M.

BOWRING.

Spiritual worship.

- 1 WHEN before thy throne we kneel,
 Filled with awe and holy fear,
 Teach us, O our God, to feel
 All thy sacred presence near :
 Check each proud and wandering thought
 When on thy great name we call ;
 Man is nought—is less than nought ;
 Thou our God, art all in all.
- 2 Weak, imperfect creatures, we
 In this vale of darkness dwell ;
 Yet presume to look to thee
 'Midst thy light ineffable :
 Oh ! forgive the praise that dares
 Seek thy heaven-exalted throne ;
 Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
 Infinite and Holy One !
-

94

L. M.

J. R. WRETFORD.*

Reverential worship required from man.

- 1 O THOU, whose chariot is the cloud,—
 Who walkest upon the wind's swift wing ;
 Around whose glorious dwelling-place,
 Myriads of blessed spirits sing :—

- 2 The trembling seraph veils his face,
And prostrate falls before thy throne ;
And angels cast their glittering crowns,
While thee, the Great Supreme, they own.
- 3 Lord God of hosts ! Oh ! may we bow
Before thy face with awe profound,
And feel where'er on thee we call,
The spot we tread is holy ground.
-

95

P. M.

BOWRING.*

Pious worship.

- 1 In thy courts let peace be found,
Be thy temple full of love ;
There we tread on holy ground,
All serene, around, above.
- 2 While the knee in prayer is bent,
While with praise the heart o'erflows,
Tranquillise the turbulent !
Give the weary one repose !
- 3 Be the place for worship meet,
Meet the worship for the place ;
Contemplation's best retreat,
Shrine of guilelessness and grace !
- 4 As an infant knows its home,
Lord ! may we thy temples know ;
Thither for instruction, come—
Thence by thee instructed go.
-

96

P. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Commencement of public worship.

- 1 At the portals of thy house,
Lord, we leave our mortal cares ;
Nobler thoughts our souls engage,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers :
Meek and contrite hearts alone,
Find acceptance at thy throne.

- 2 Hapless men, whose footsteps stray
 From the temple of the Lord ;—
 Teach them Zion's heavenly way,
 To their feet thy light afford :
 Let the world united join,
 To extol thy love divine.
-

97

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Commencement of worship.

- 1 UNTO thy temple, God of love,
 Once more we come with willing feet,
 To raise our thoughts this world above,
 And thy paternal blessing meet.
- 2 May all thy purest presence feel,
 And silent keep each vain desire ;
 With contrite hearts before thee kneel,
 And unto holier strength aspire.
- 3 May all be bound in bonds more true
 To thee who art our life and light,
 That through each path which we pursue,
 We still may keep thy love in sight.
- 4 And may we, when the day shall close,
 Review its course without a fear ;
 And, nearer heaven than when it rose,
 Feel it is good to have been here.
-

98

P. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Commencement of worship.

- 1 AT thy throne, eternal Father,
 Angel myriads now adore ;
 Countless worlds of countless creatures
 Glorify thee evermore.
- 2 Yet to us thine ear is open,
 Feeble though our praises be ;
 Not one pious thought, or feeling,
 Gracious God, is lost to thee.

- 3 Ever dost thou wait to bless us
 With the riches of thy grace;
 Never will thy love forsake us,
 If we truly seek thy face.
-

99

P. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Commencement of public worship.

- 1 LORD of creation ! God alone !
 Here suppliant, bending at thy throne,
 On this thy hallowed day ;
 Earth's cares and pleasures left behind,
 With heart sincere and soul resigned,
 Oh ! hear us while we pray !
- 2 Wean us from this vain world below !
 Thy spirit's heavenly aid bestow
 While we approach thy throne ;
 Thee may we serve, great God above !
 Thee reverence, Lord of life and love !
 Thee worship, God alone !
-

100

C. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

To be sung before the sermon.

- 1 Oh ! hear in heaven, thy dwelling place,
 The cry thy children sent,
 While at thy awful throne, great God,
 They reverently bent.
- 2 Oh ! hear us ; thee and only thee,
 We worship and adore ;
 To thee we give our hearts, our lives,
 Yet fain would love thee more.
- 3 Oh ! hear us,—for thou mighty art,
 And ever strong to save ;
 While we but dust and ashes—here
 Thine aid, thy pity crave.
- 4 Lord ! hear us—in our hour of need ;
 In thee alone we live ;
 We faint, we die, if thou dost fail,
 Oh ! hear us, and forgive !

101

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Close of the service.

- 1 NOT on this day, O God, alone,
Would we thy presence seek,
But fain its hallowing power would own
Through all the coming week.
- 2 If calm and bright its moments prove,
Untouched by pain or woe,
May they reflect a thankful love
To thee from whom they flow.
- 3 Or should they bring us griefs severe,
Still may we lean on thee,
And though our eyes let fall the tear,
At peace our spirits be.
- 4 In every scene, or dark, or bright,
Thy favour may we seek ;
And Oh ! do thou direct us right
Through all the coming week.

102

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Close of the evening service.

- 1 ANOTHER sacred day hath fled,
And brought us nearer to the dead ;
May it to all our souls have given
More of the thoughts that look to heaven.
- 2 If lengthened out our lives shall be,
Other such days of grace to see,
May each one find us stronger still,
To do and bear God's holy will !
- 3 Or if the closing hour draws nigh,
May we not dread the call to die ;
But with a calm and christian trust,
Give back our bodies to the dust !

103

P. M.

LAMPOR.*

Lord's prayer

- 1 O GOD, our Father ! hear,
In worlds beyond the sky,
While we, thy children, bear
Thy hallowed name on high.

Thy kingdom come
 With widening sway,
 Till earth like heaven
 Thy laws obey.

- 2 As daily wants return,
 Our daily bread bestow ;
 And when our sins we mourn,
 Thy promised mercy show ;
 So may we grant
 To others' prayer,
 The pardoning love
 We hope to share.
- 3 When dangerous snares abound,
 And mortal strength would yield,
 Do thou our souls surround
 With thy all powerful shield ;
 For worlds above,
 And realms unknown,
 Thy kingdom, power,
 And glory own.
-

DOXOLOGIES.

104 C. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

- 1 O GOD of heaven, thy kingdom come !
 Display thy love divine !
 Shed o'er man's heart thy Spirit's power !
 Subdue man's will to thine !
- 2 In every land the Saviour's word,
 The Saviour's law be given !
 Be every thought and act like his,
 And earth resemble heaven.
-

105 P. M. FAWCETT.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !
 Praise be thine from every tongue !
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song :

- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high !
-

106

C. M.

ESTLIN.

- 1 THOU art the first, and thou the last !
 Time centres all in thee !
 The Almighty God, who wast, and art,
 And evermore shalt be !
- 2 To thee, let every tongue be praise,
 And every heart be love ;
 All grateful honours paid on earth,
 And nobler songs above.
-

107

P. M.

ESTLIN.

- 1 GRACIOUS Source of every blessing !
 Guard our breasts from anxious fears :
 May we, still thy love possessing,
 Sink into the vale of years !
- 2 All our hopes on thee reclining,
 Peace companion of our way ;
 May our sun in smiles declining,
 Rise in everlasting day !
-

108

L. M.

J. C. WALLACE*

- 1 GLORY to God, the eternal King,
 Let the wide world triumphant sing !
 Immortal he, unseen, yet known,
 Glory and praise to God alone !
- 2 Glory to God, the Lord of heaven,
 In Christ the Saviour's name be given !
 His mercy praise ; his love adore :
 Glory to God for evermore !

109

S. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

- 1 GLORY to God on high,
Ascribe before his throne !
He framed the earth, he built the sky,
Glory to God alone !
 - 2 Glory to God all-wise,
By all the earth be given,
Who dwells unseen by mortal eyes,
Throned in the highest heaven !
 - 3 Glory to God above,
Immortal, not unknown !
Sovereign of nature, Lord of love,
Glory to God alone !
-

110

P. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

- 1 GLORY to the Lord of love,
Saints, ascribe in heaven above !
Glory to the King of heaven,
By the sons of earth be given !
 - 2 Glory to the Lord of all ;
At his throne for mercy call ;
Spread his praise on earth abroad :
Glory to the only God !
-

111

P. M.

W. GASKELL.*

- 1 To thee, the Lord Almighty,
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things last created,
And blassest all that live ;
- 2 Whose goodness never failing
Through countless ages gone,
For ever, and for ever
Shall still keep shining on.

1 FATHER! glory be to thee,
Source of all the good we see!
Glory for the blessed light
Rising on the ancient night;
Glory for the love divine,
Making all our interests thine;
Glory for the hopes that come
Streaming through the dreary tomb;
Glory for the counsel given,
Guiding us in peace to heaven.

BOOK II.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.

113

P. M.

BULFINCH.

The dawn of Judah's star.

- 1 TOILING through the live long night,
Faint, uncertain of his way,
How the traveller hails the light,
Herald of the coming day!
- 2 Thus when fraud and rapine threw
O'er the world their cloud afar,
On the good man's raptured view,
Broke the dawn of Judah's star.
- 3 Tears of joy and gratitude
Hailed the Baptist's natal morn,
For the heavenly light renewed,
For another prophet born :—
- 4 Born to go before the face
Of Judea's Saviour King ;
Tidings of celestial grace
To the mourning land to bring.
- 5 Thus began the song of praise
For the day-spring's earliest ray ;
How should we the anthem raise
For the Gospel's perfect day !

Jesus the day-star.

- 1 LONG had the darkness of ages surrounded
 Earth and its sons, when the day-star on high
 Broke from the mists, and with glory unbounded,
 Held its high course through the gratulant sky.
 Angels of peace, and of virtue attended,
 Blessing and blest, as it moved on its way;
 And in its glory that day-star ascended,
 Lighting and cheering the world with its ray.
- 2 O'er us it shines, and shall shine on for ever,
 Fixed like a sun in the centre of all;
 Never shall darkness o'ershadow us:—never
 Sorrow and sadness our hearts shall appal.
 Clouds may roll by—but they cannot conceal it,
 Tempests may frown—they shall break into light;
 Ages shall fly—but while flying shall hail it,
 Shining and smiling in glory and might.
-

The day-spring from on high.

- 1 DARKNESS o'er the world was brooding
 Sadder than Egyptian gloom;
 Souls by myriads lay in slumber
 Deep as of the sealed tomb.
- 2 Earth had lost the links which bound it
 To the throne of light above;
 Yet an eye was watching o'er it,
 And that eye was full of love.
- 3 Like a glorious beam of morning,
 Straight a ray pierced through the cloud,
 Spirits mightily awakening
 From their dark encircling shroud.
- 4 Still that ray shines on, and brightens,
 Chasing mist and gloom away;
 Happy they on whom it gathers
 With its full and perfect day.

Objects of Christ's advent.

- 1 OH, not to crush with abject fear
The burthened soul of man,
Did Jesus on the earth appear,
And open heaven's high plan :
He came to bid him find repose,
And God his Father know ;
And thus with love to raise up those
That erst were bowed low.
- 2 Oh, not in sanctimonious pride
His holy path he trod ;
'Twas his delight to turn aside
And win the lost to God :
And unto sorrowing guilt disclose
The fount whence peace should flow ;
And thus with love to raise up those
That ~~erst~~ were bowed low.
- 3 Oh, not with cold unfeeling eye
Did he the suffering view,
Not on the other side pass by
And deem their tears untrue ;
'Twas joy to him to heal their woes,
And heaven's sweet refuge show ;
And thus with love to raise up those
That ~~erst~~ were bowed low.
- 4 May we his spirit cherish well,
And make his work our own,
And many a fallen brother tell,
Before the judgment-throne,
How from our helping hand they rose,
And heaven to us they owe,
And prove us his, who raised up those
That erst were bowed low.

Jesus baptized by John.

- 1 AND shall I, of my strength secure,
Resist instruction's call,
When thou, the holy and the pure,
Didst condescend to all ?

- 2 Oh, let me meekly serve my God,
Nor think his service shame ;
And tread the path my Saviour trod,
And fearless own his name.
- 3 Unmoved, if mortals blame or praise,
My Maker's will perform ;
His love, my joy in prosperous days,
My shelter in the storm.
-

118

L. M.

BRETTELL*.

Christ.

- 1 HE lived as none but he has lived,
That wisest Teacher from above ;
He died as none but he has died :—
His every act an act of love.
- 2 His fervent piety was breathed
To the lone waste, the desert hill ;
And in the haunts of men he sought
To do his heavenly Father's will.
- 3 He preached the Gospel to the poor,
Beside the couch of anguish stood,
Consoled the sufferer, healed the sick,
And went about still doing good.
- 4 With sinners he conversed, and gave
Peace to the troubled, contrite mind ;
Yet free from stain till life's last hour—
In him his foes no fault could find.
- 5 Born midst the humblest sons of earth,
All earth's temptations he withstood ;
And e'en the meed of praise renounced,
Declaring God alone is good.
- 6 Bitter revilings he endured,
Bowling to the rude storm his head ;
And, as an uncomplaining lamb,
To cruel slaughter was he led.

- 7 Oh, Lamb of God ! thy steps may we
Trace through this world of woe and strife ;
And, blessed at length, repose with thee
In the green fields of endless life.

119

P. M.

BULFINCH.

'Hear ye him.'

- 1 THOU by pain and care oppressed,
Lift the eye with sorrow dim ;
In thy Saviour's love find rest,
Child of suffering, hear thou him !
- 2 Trifler of the passing hour,
Vain the pleasures earth can give ;
Stay thy course ; thy Saviour's power
Calls thee, hear and turn, and live !
- 3 Wanderer on the downward road,
Far from virtue's guiding ray ;
True to happiness, to God,
Jesus calls thee, turn and pray.
- 4 Hear ye him, your Lord, your friend,
Who to serve you lived and died ;
Hear him, and till life shall end,
In his holy word abide.
- 5 Fixing faith's bright gaze above,
Hear him while on earth ye tread :
Ye shall hear his tones of love,
When the trumpet wakes the dead.

120

L. M.

*Christian Register.**'Let not your hearts be troubled.'*

- 1 THE voice of Jesus ! what a calm,
When trouble like a torrent rolls ;
A powerful, soothing, healing balm
To broken, contrite, sinking souls.
- 2 The voice of Jesus ! how it charms
When death removes our dearest friends,
The tyrant's sting its power disarms,
And light, and hope, from heaven descends.

- 3 The voice of Jesus ! how it cheers
 When memory calls our sins to view ;
 ' Father, forgive,' dispels the fears
 Which conscience feels severely true.
- 4 The voice of Jesus ! what a light
 It throws around my dark retreat ;
 I bow before the splendor bright,
 And bathe with tears his hallowed feet.
-

121

L. M.

BOWRING.

Jesus teaching the people.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace !
 When listening thousands gathered round,
 And joy and reverence filled the place !
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way ;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 ' Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
 ' Come all ye weary ones and rest !'
 Yes ! sacred Teacher, we will come,
 Obey thee, love thee, and be blest !
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust !
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay !
 A nobler mansion waits the just,
 And Jesus has prepared the way.
-

122

L. M.

BULFINCH.

Christ's compassion for the sinful.

- 1 BENIGNANT Saviour ! 'twas not thine
 To spurn the erring from thy sight,
 Nor did thy smile of love divine
 Turn from the penitent its light.

- 2 Oh then, shall we who own thy name,
 A brother's fault too sternly view,
 Or think thy holy law can blame
 The tear, to human frailty due ?
- 3 May we, while human guilt awakes
 Upon our cheek the generous glow,
 Spare the offender's heart, that breaks
 Beneath its load of shame and woe.
- 4 Conscious of frailty, may we yield
 Forgiveness of the wrongs we bear ;
 And strive the penitent to shield
 From further sin or dark despair.
- 5 And when our own offences weigh
 Upon our hearts with anguish sore,
 Lord, let thy sparing mercy say,
 Like Jesus, ' Go and sin no more.'

123

L. M.

BOWRING.

' Jesus wept.'

- 1 HE wept as he approached the place
 Where the departed Lazarus slept ;
 The clouds of sorrow veiled his face,
 And in his anguish, ' Jesus wept.'
- 2 Yes ! sainted are affection's tears,
 And purified from sin or shame ;
 Each drop that's shed by virtue, bears
 The sanction of the Saviour's name.
- 3 Yet if ye weep, as wept your Lord
 Over his friend—now weep no more ;
 But hear his all-consoling word,
 And dry the tears he dried before.
- 4 ' I go before you to prepare
 ' A mansion of felicity ;
 ' And where my faithful servants are,
 ' There shall their Lord and Master be.

- 5 ' There shall eternal years renew
 ' The scenes of peace which death destroys,
 ' And God in me, and I in you,
 ' Dwell midst unutterable joys.'

124

C. M.

BULFINCH.

Miracle at the pool of Bethes'da.

- 1 THE aged sufferer waited long
 Upon Bethesda's brink ;
 Till hopes, once rising warm and strong,
 Began in fears to sink ;
 And heavy were the sighs he drew,
 And fervent was his prayer,
 For he, with safety full in view,
 Still languished helpless there.
- 2 His hope grew dim ; but One was nigh
 Who saw the sufferer's grief ;
 That gentle voice, that pitying eye
 Gave promise of relief.
 Each pang that human weakness knows
 Obeyed that powerful word ;
 He spake, and lo ! the sick arose,
 Rejoicing in his Lord.
- 2 Father of Jesus, when oppressed
 With grief and pain we lie,
 And longing for thy heavenly rest,
 Despair to look on high ;
 Oh may the Saviour's words of peace
 Within the wounded heart,
 Bid every doubt and suffering cease,
 And strength and joy impart !

125

P. M.

BULFINCH.

'He hath healed our sicknesses.'

- 1 WITH feeble pulse, and limbs whose power
 Had sunk through many a painful hour,
 The paralytic lay ;
 He heard of signs by Jesus wrought,
 And to his couch the tidings brought
 A gleam of cheerful day.

- 2 Hope came, and faith, though oft her wing
 Had soared in vain, dare upward spring
 To greet the rescue nigh;
 In vain the throng oppose the way,
 His faithful guides their burden lay
 Before the Saviour's eye.
- 3 Thus may we, Father, in each grief,
 Of thy rich mercy seek relief,
 And never seek in vain;
 And thus, when conscience wounded lies,
 Oh! bid the penitent arise
 To life and strength again.

126

P. M.

BOWRING.

He was there alone.

- 1 HE was there alone, when even
 Had round earth its mantle thrown,
 Holding intercourse with heaven:
 'He was there alone.'
- 2 There his inmost heart's emotion
 Made he to his Father known;
 In the spirit of devotion
 Musing there alone.
- 3 So let us from earth retiring,
 Seek our God and Father's throne;
 And, to other scenes aspiring,
 Train our hearts alone.

127

P. M.

J. R. WREFORD.*

Jesus stilling the tempest.

- 1 WHEN the waves in wild commotion
 Seemed to lash the lofty sky;
 Jesus calmed the troubled ocean,
 'Peace be still!' his gentle cry.
- 2 Lo! the storm his mandate heareth,
 Lo! the billows cease to roar;
 Tranquil all the sea appeareth,
 Sunshine sleeps upon the shore.

- 3 Thus, O man ! when anxious sorrow,
 Doubt, and dread, thy bosom fill,
 From thy Saviour comfort borrow,
 While he whispers—' Peace, be still !'

128

L. M.

SMITH.

' It is I, be not afraid.'

- 1 WHEN power divine in mortal form,
 Hushed with a word the raging storm ;
 In soothing accents, Jesus said,
 ' Lo it is I, be not afraid.'
- 2 So when in silence nature sleeps,
 And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
 One thought shall every pang remove ;—
 Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.
- 3 Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven,
 To every heart in sunder riven,
 When love, and joy, and hope are fled,—
 ' Lo it is I, be not afraid.'
- 4 When men with fiend-like passions rage,
 And foes yet fiercer foes engage ;
 Blest be the voice, though still and small,
 That whispers, ' God is over all.'
- 5 God calms the tumult and the storm ;
 He rules the seraph and the worm ;
 No creature is by him forgot,
 Of those who know, or know him not.
- 6 And when the last dread hour shall come,
 While shuddering nature waits her doom,
 This voice shall call the pious dead ;
 ' Lo it is I, be not afraid.'

129

L. M.

BULFINCH.

God's power in Christ.

- 1 WHAT power unseen by mortal eye,
 Wafted Messiah's high command ;
 Bade sickness from its victim fly,
 And the glad friends believing stand ?

- 2 Father ! 'twas thine ; the Saviour spoke
 The word confirmed by love divine ;
 The bonds of fell disease he broke,
 And in his power exalted thine.
- 3 Thy power, O Lord, is round us still,
 Though shrouded from our feebl' sight,
 To guard in danger's hour from ill,
 To lead us in the way of right.
- 4 Oh, if temptation's path we tread,
 Still may we feel that thou art near ;
 And in thy servants' bosom shed
 The spirit of thy love and fear.
- 5 Then, as of old, the hour which bears
 Thy word, shall see that word obeyed ;
 And rescued souls with grateful tears,
 Shall bless thy spirit's timely aid.
-

130

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

- 1 IN earth beneath and heaven above,
 Thy glory, God of all, we trace,
 But beaming brighter still, we love
 To read it in the Saviour's face.
- 2 We love to mark how fierce disease,
 And reason fallen from her throne,
 And suffering life, and silent death,
 Were subject to his lightest tone.
- 3 We love to linger by the bier
 Whereon the widow's son was borne,
 And catch the mild benignant look
 With which he bade her cease to mourn.
- 4 We love to stand beside the tomb
 Where Lazarus now four days had slept,
 And see the tender tears which fell,
 As Mary and her sister wept.
- 5 We love to view the deep concern
 Which for the erring e'en he bore ;
 To listen to his soft rebuke,
 Bidding them go and sin no more :—

- 6 To mark how still through every wrong
 His pity for our nature grew,
 Till rose his prayer upon the cross,
 'Forgive, they know not what they do!'
- 7 We love to think while all these beams
 Of power and mercy round us shine,
 They are but still an image faint,
 O God, of glories which are thine.

131

L. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Christ the image of God.

- 1 POWER, wisdom, love—seraphic themes!
 Infinite but in One on high,
 Which blend ineffably their beams
 Round Him that hath eternity!
- 2 Yet in all these, to such degree
 As mortal never reached before,
 Christ imaged forth the Deity,
 Whose laws he kept, whose will he bore.
- 3 Power from on high was given to him,
 To bless the darkened eye with sight,
 Give back to health the leprous limb,
 The insane to thought, the dead to light.
- 4 Wisdom to mortal minds unknown,
 With gracious words his lips supplied,
 Whether the warner's awful tone,
 Or teacher's gentle voice he tried.
- 5 But 'twas in love, that most and best,
 The Father in the Son was seen:
 There, chief, Almighty grace confessed
 Its image in a mortal's mien.
- 6 Teaching the truth, and doing good,
 His course of pitying love he ran;
 Where'er man suffered, Jesus stood,—
 The common Good Samaritan!

all in

- 7 In this, more than aught else, we trace
 The Father in the holy child :—
 He imaged most that Father's face,
 Who human misery most beguiled.

132

S. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Christ one with God.

- 1 IN Jesus we behold
 Heaven's perfect will made known;
 Aside the cloudy veil is rolled,
 And God's true image shown.
- 2 While following him in love,
 Faith's misty path grows clear;
 Our spirits fixed in peace above,
 No bigot judgment fear.
- 3 If he a little child
 Could but with favour view,
 As meet for dwellings undefiled,
 So must his Father too.
- 4 If he the contrite one
 Who sin's dark paths had trod,
 Was ready still to make his own,
 So ready, too, is God.
- 5 If those who humbly came,
 Ne'er went unblessed away,
 So must it be with all the same,
 To God who meekly pray.
- 6 As is the chosen Son,
 So must the Father be,
 In truth, and grace, and mercy one
 And rich benignity.

133

L. M.

BOWRING.*

The Saviour's lamentation over Jerusalem.

- 1 WITH heavy heart the Saviour turned
 Towards the loved city of his race;
 And o'er its sinful history mourned,
 Its coming ruin and disgrace.

- 2 ' How oft beneath the wings of love
 'Thy wandering children had I brought;
 ' But strongest pleadings fail to move,
 ' And heaven-sent warnings profit nought!
- 3 ' Oh, why so backward to discern
 'The lessons taught by years to years—
 ' They will not listen—will not learn !'
 The Saviour ceased—but ceased in tears.
- 4 That solemn voice is speaking yet,
 From age to age its echo flies—
 And still the lesson we forget;
 And still the warning we despise.
- 5 The scourge of desolation swept
 The holy city's holiest fane—
 In vain the Saviour prayed and wept—
 Still shall he weep and pray in vain?

134

C. M.

M. D.*

The Saviour's prayer.

- 1 ' THE hour is come,' the Saviour said,
 ' Father, my work is done,
 ' I go, death's gloomy paths to tread,
 ' Now glorify thy Son.
- 2 ' I have declared thy holy will,
 ' And magnified thy name;
 ' My death shall glorify thee still,
 ' Thy love and power proclaim.
- 3 ' Father! I come to thee, and leave
 ' These whom thou gavest me here,
 ' May they thy holy truth receive,
 ' And make that truth appear.
- 4 ' May they be one, as we are one,
 ' In purpose and design;
 ' They are the loved ones of thy Son,
 ' Oh! make them wholly thine.

- 5 ' I pray for them ; but not alone
 ' For them I breathe my prayer ;
 ' For, all to whom they make thee known,
 ' Partake my tender care.
- 6 ' Father, I would that where I go,
 ' There may my followers be,
 ' That all who serve thee here below,
 ' May there my glory see.'
- 7 Such was the Saviour's dying love ;
 Such was his parting prayer !
 Oh ! may we fix our hearts above,
 And hope to meet him there !
-

135

C. M.

BARBAULD.

Christ's last commands.

- 1 BEHOLD where, breathing love divine,
 Our dying Master stands !
 His weeping followers gathering round,
 Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild teacher's parting lips
 What tender accents fell !
 The gentle precept which he gave,
 Became its author well :—
- 3 ' Blest is the man whose softening heart
 ' Feels all another's pain ;
 ' To whom the supplicating eye
 ' Was never raised in vain :
- 4 ' Whose breast expands with generous warmth
 ' A stranger's woes to feel ;
 ' And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 He wants the power to heal.
- 5 ' He spreads his kind supporting arms
 ' To every child of grief ;
 ' His secret bounty largely flows,
 ' And brings unasked relief.

- 6 ' To gentle offices of love
 ' His feet are never slow ;
 ' He views through mercy's melting eye
 ' A brother in a foe.
- 7 ' Peace from the bosom of his God,
 ' My peace to him I give ;
 ' And when he kneels before the throne,
 ' His trembling soul shall live.
- 8 ' To him protection shall be shown,
 ' And mercy from above
 ' Descend on those who thus fulfil
 ' The perfect law of love.'
-

136

L. M. *Christian Disciple.**Gethsemane.*

- 1 FAINT not, poor traveller, though the way
 Be rough like that thy Saviour trod ;
 Though cold and stormy lower the day,
 This path of suffering leads to God.
- 2 Nay, sink not, though from every limb
 Are starting drops of toil and pain ;
 Thou dost but share the lot of Him,
 With whom his followers are to reign.
- 3 Christian ! thy friend, thy master prayed,
 While dread and anguish shook his frame,
 Then met his sufferings undismayed ;
 Wilt thou not strive to do the same ?
- 4 Oh, thinkest thou, that his Father's love
 Shone round him then with fainter rays,
 Than now, when throned all height above,
 Unceasing voices hymn his praise ?
- 5 Go, sufferer, calmly meet the woes
 Which God's own mercy bids thee bear ;
 Then rising as thy Saviour rose,
 Go, his eternal victory share.

137

P. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Gethsemane.

- 1 ON the ~~holy~~ city midnight slept,
And the watchers all were still,
But the Lord his ~~mournful~~ vigil kept
On the lone and silent hill.
- 2 Oh, how ~~darkly~~ rose the vision then,
Of the quickly-nearing hour,
When to death led forth by cruel men,
They should mock his ~~veiled~~ power !
- 3 Of the ~~chosen~~ few whom he had called,
There was none might share his grief :
From the doom ~~foretold~~ they shrank appalled,
And in wonder lost belief.
- 4 While his thoughts were bent on Calvary's hill,
Theirs were all on David's throne ;
While of sceptres they were dreaming still,
He had made the cross his own.
- 5 But he sought for strength from One on high,
And the strength he sought was given ;
And with calmness forth he walked to die,
Nor a doubt once glanced to heaven.
- 6 ~~Ever~~ thus may we, when sorrows lower,
To our Father's throne draw near,
And our spirits gird with holy power
To conquer the darkest fear.

138

L. M.

RUSSELL.

He had not where to lay his head.

- 1 ON the dark wave of Galilee,
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And o'er the waters heavily
Sweeps cold and drear the evening blast.
- 2 The weary bird hath left the air,
And sank into its sheltered nest ;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

- 3 Still near the lake, with weary tread,
 Leeters a form of human kind,
 And from his lone unsheltered head,
 Flows the chill night damp on the wind.
- 4 Why seeks not he a home of rest ?
 Why seeks not he the pillowed bed ?
 Beasts have their dens, and birds their nests,
 He hath not where to lay his head.
- 5 Such was the lot He freely chose,
 To bless, to save the human race ;
 And through his poverty there flows
 A rich full stream of heavenly grace.
-

139

P. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

Christ's agony and crucifixion.

- 1 WHEN my love to Christ grows weak,
 When for warmer faith I seek,—
 Then in thought I go to thee,
 Garden of Gethsemane !
- 2 There I walk amidst the shades,
 While the lingering twilight fades,
 Meet my Saviour, friendless, lone,
 See him weep, and hear him groan.
- 3 There I watch the agony,
 That he underwent for me ;
 And with pitying love confess,
 Ne'er was sorrow like to his.
- 4 When my love for Christ grows weak,
 When for stronger faith I seek,
 Hill of Calvary ! I go
 To thy scenes of fear and woe.
- 5 There with trembling awe I see
 Jesus tortured on the tree,
 Hear the scoffers' savage cries,
 While for them, for me, he dies.

- 6 Yes ! for ~~me~~ he toiled and bled,
 Bowed in death his gracious head ;
 And to him ~~my~~ soul shall give
 Love and reverence while I live.
-

140

C. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

The crucifixion.

- 1 THERE is a cloud on Calvary,
 Strange tumult fills the air ;
 Look forth—look forth, my soul ! and see
 What horrors muster there !
- 2 Clamour is there, and passions dire
 Malignant influence shed ;
 And power, and hate, and fraud conspire
 To crush a faultless head.
- 3 There, marked by many a ruthless foe,
 The Saviour meekly stands ;
 There amidst horror, pain, and woe,
 He dies by wicked hands.
- 4 The sun withdraws his golden beams,
 And day is turned to night ;
 The rocks are rent—all nature seems
 To shudder at the sight.
- 5 Remember, Oh my soul, for whom
 He bore that agony—
 To rescue from a fearful doom,
 That Saviour died for me !
-

141

P. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

'It is finished.'

- 1 'It is finished !' hear the Saviour,
 Bleeding, dying, now exclaim ;
 Mortals, list the glorious tidings,
 Sing the triumphs of his name.

- 2 'It is finished!' all his labours
 For the souls of men are o'er;
 All his sorrows, all his conflicts,
 Vanish to return no more.
- 3 'It is finished!' sin is conquered,
 Victory o'er the grave achieved;
 Hark! that parting groan declares it,
 Death is vanquished, man reprieved.
- 4 'It is finished!' God's high purpose
 Jesus with his blood has sealed;
 God to man abounds in mercy,
 Life eternal is revealed.
- 5 'It is finished!' tribulation
 With the dying Saviour dies;
 Angel bands in glorious concert,
 Hail his triumph in the skies.

142

P. M.

BULFINCH.

Death of Jesus.

- 1 IN the Saviour's hour of death,
 Bound upon the cross of fear,
 While his quick and struggling breath
 Spoke the fatal moment near;
 Then his glance a felon turned,
 Suffering at the Sufferer's side,
 And the grace which others spurned,
 Sought in prayer, and found, and died.
- 2 Sighs of parting anguish came
 From the Saviour's laboring breast;
 But though tortures thrilled his frame,
 He could yield the afflicted rest;
 And a transient heavenly smile
 Beamed upon his pallid face,
 As his anguish for a while
 Gave to love and pity place.
- 3 Matchless love, supreme in death!
 Pity in affliction shown!
 Be their praise on earth beneath,
 And through heavenly regions known,

Men their grateful songs shall swell
 For their Saviour's love divine ;
 In our hearts his spirit dwell,
 In our lives his influence shine.

143

S. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Christ died for us.

- 1 FOR us upon the tree,
 The man of sorrows died—
 The cross with all its agony,
 And all its shame defied.
 - 2 He died that he might break
 The crushing bonds of sin ;
 That we to righteousness might wake,
 And noblest freedom win.
 - 3 He died that he might seal
 The covenant of grace ;
 That we our Father's love might feel,—
 And trust in him might place.
 - 4 He died that he might give
 The soul-uplifting faith
 That we an endless life shall live
 Beyond the clouds of death.
 - 5 He died that he our hearts
 Might draw in cords of love,
 Along the path which peace imparts,
 And leads to bliss above.
 - 6 Oh, may we all receive
 The good for which he died ;
 To him with loving spirits cleave,
 As to a heavenly guide !
-

144

P. M.

BOWRING.

The cross of Christ.

- 1 IN the cross of Christ E glory !—
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers rounds its head sublime.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy ;
 Never shall the cross forsake me,
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy !
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way ;
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified ;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory !—
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
 All the light of sacred story,
 Gathers round its head sublime.

145

L. M.

BOWRING.

The resurrection.

- 1 HE lives ! he lives ! let joy again
 Take up its rest with ransomed men ;
 The grave is void—the victory his ;
 And his the glory—ours the bliss.
- 2 His tomb is bright with love and peace,
 And gladness springs from face to face ;
 For he has freed us from the yoke,
 And all death's heaviest fetters broke.
- 3 And doubts, and darkness now are fled :
 Ye mourners ! mourn not for the dead ;
 The dead have triumphed : come and see
 The trophies of their victory.
- 4 That glorious victory, all who bear
 The privileged name of man may share ;
 'Tis ours ! 'tis ours ! come join to sing
 The anthem of our conquering King.

146

P. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Christ is risen.

- 1 CHRIST is risen ! with joyful spirits,
Let us raise the cheering strain ;
Christ is risen ! and man inherits
Life without the sting of pain.
- 2 Christ is risen ! he lives immortal,
Where no vexing griefs can come ;
He hath made death but the portal
To the good man's perfect home.
- 3 Christ is risen ! temptation spurning,
Let the thought breathe holy power—
Feed in us the spirit's yearning
For a more exalted dower.
- 4 Christ is risen ! let all repining
O'er the darkest troubles cease ;
Heaven before our faith is shining,
Let that keep our souls in peace.

147

S. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

The Lord is risen indeed.

- 1 'THE Lord is risen indeed,'
And still hath power to save !
Short was man's triumph o'er the King
Who conquers now the grave !
- 2 'The Lord is risen indeed,'
Christian shake off your fears !
Now countless ages bound not life,
Once but a few short years !
- 3 'The Lord is risen indeed ;'
Glory to God be given !
He sent his Son the world to save,
He calls him now to heaven !
- 4 'The Lord is risen indeed ;'
Christians attend the strain !
Obey his word, and death is life,
Earth's loss eternal gain !

148

P. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

The ascension.

- 1 SEE the Lord of life ascending
From a world of toil and care ;
While angelic choirs attending,
Waft him through the fields of air.
- 2 See the mighty conqueror speeding
To the glorious throne on high,
Death and misery captive leading—
Lo ! he cleaves the azure sky.
- 3 Joyful now he gains the portals
Of his Father's bright abode,
Heaven and earth and ransomed mortals,
Sing the ascended Son of God !
- 4 O'er the foes of man victorious,
Bright rewards to him are given ;
Love like his, and triumphs glorious,
Merit all the bliss of heaven.
- 5 Now a crown of glory wearing,
Gifts for men he still supplies,—
Mansions of delight preparing
For his followers in the skies.

149

S. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

Come see the place where the Lord lay.

- 1 THE tomb where Jesus lay—
How holy is the scene !
There sheds the sun his purest ray,
With not a cloud between.
- 2 No tear bedews the place,
No sorrow lingers there ;
But Hope unveils her smiling face,
And banishes despair.
- 3 When grief our bosoms know,
And death invades our peace—
In faith, oh ! let us thither go,
And all our cares shall cease.

- 4 See how the tomb is rent !
 No prisoner it contains—
 Jesus, who lay there, lives again,
 And Lord of life he reigns !
- 5 List to the angels' voice—
 ' The Lord is risen indeed !'
 And let it all our hearts rejoice
 In every hour of need.
- 6 When deep distress and gloom
 Obscure the passing day,
 Oh ! let us view the empty tomb—
 The place where Jesus lay.

150

P. M.

BOWRING.

Jesus lives.

- 1 JESUS lives, and we in him ;
 Jesus from the grave is risen ;
 He hath burst the darkness dim
 Of his narrow earthly prison :
 See him, throned in light, ascend
 To the highest heaven of glory,
 See your brother, see your friend
 Tracing out your path before you.
- 2 Jesus lives—and he is gone,
 Blessed mansions to prepare us :
 Courage, christians ! travel on,
 Heaven and happiness are near us :
 Earth is not the christian's home,
 To a better country tending :
 Jesus hath subdued the tomb,
 See him o'er its clouds ascending.
- 3 Jesus lives—and we shall live ;
 Jesus sits enthroned in heaven ;
 He shall crowns of glory give,
 He hath crowns of glory given :
 Now the power of death is past ;
 Christians ! gird your armour one ye,
 To your friend, your brother haste ;
 See he waits—he smiles upon you.

151

C. M. J. R. WREFORD*

Christ's recompense.

- 1 WEEP not for him who weeping trod
A path of bitter woe ;
His griefs no more distress, for God
Has bid them cease to flow.
- 2 Weep not for him whose bleeding side
Dark Calvary shuddering saw ;
Mourn not for him who meekly died
'Midst agony and awe.
- 3 He lives ! he lives ! his triumphs sing,—
Tell of his bright rewards !
He lives ! he reigns a mighty King,
And heaven his praise records.
- 4 High on his glorious throne above,
He sits at God's right hand,
While countless angels round him move,
And do his high command.
- 5 No more the man of sorrows now,
No bitter tear he sheds ;
The victor's crown adorns his brow,—
The courts of heaven he treads.

152

P. M. W. GASKELL.*

*'In my Father's house are many mansions ; I go to
prepare a place for you.'*

- 1 HE hath gone before to the land of light ;
He hath gone to the mansions fair and bright,
Where the pains of sin and death are unknown,
And glory streams full from his Father's throne.
- 2 He hath gone before, to prepare a place
For all who seek here his footsteps to trace ;
And waiteth in graciousness there, and love,
To welcome each one to the realms above.
- 3 He hath gone before, and a glorious throng
Encircle him round with rejoicing song,
And tell of the heavenly strength which he gave
To vanquish the world, and to spurn the grave.

- 4 He hath gone before ; past the shores of death
 To him may we fly on the wings of faith,
 And arm our souls with a holier might,
 As oft as we faint in the christian fight.
- 5 He hath gone before : when the glimmering ray
 Of this earthly light is dying away,
 May hope stand forth and display to our sight,
 Him beckoning us on where there comes no night.
-

153

P. M.

E.*

Hail to the Saviour.

- 1 HAIL to the Saviour, the Saviour of man ;
 The world he has ransomed, and finished the plan
 Which wisdom constructed, and angels would scan :
 God's grace is to all !
 God's love over all !
 Sinners, no longer despairingly moan.
- 2 Hail to the Saviour ! the well-beloved Son,
 The will of the Father he wholly hath done ;
 The light of the skies on the nations hath shone :
 God's truth is to all !
 God's mercy for all !
 Cease, mortals, cease, in darkness to roam.
- 3 Hail to the Saviour ! the holy and kind ;
 The dead he hath quickened, uncurtained the blind,
 And goodness bestowed on the hungering mind :
 God's love seeketh all !
 God's peace shall crown all !
 Children, your Father is calling you home.
-

154

P. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Glory to the Saviour.

- 1 GLORY, glory to the Saviour,
 Who hath broke the power of sin ;
 Oped to guilt the way of pardon,
 Taught the contrite peace to win.

- 2 Glory, glory to the Saviour,
 Who hath plucked the sting of woe;
 Given to us a pitying Father,
 Shown us where for strength to go.
- 3 Glory, glory to the Saviour,
 Who hath dressed the grave in light,
 Brought to view scenes fair and blessed,
 Where before gloomed hideous night.
- 4 Glory, glory to the Saviour,
 By our hearts and lives be given,
 Still more truly, still more brightly,
 Till he call our souls to heaven.
-

155

L. M.

LAMPOR.

The Saviour.

- 1 SAVIOUR! be that expressive name
 Writ on my heart in lines of flame!
 All names in one—be that impressed,
 In life and death, upon my breast!
- 2 Thy fires, Oh conscience! passing thought—
 Thy worm, remorse! that dieth not,
 What wounded spirit could endure,
 Had Christ revealed no heavenly cure?
- 3 How deep that undissolving gloom
 Which nature spreads around the tomb,
 If Christ, the Saviour, from the skies,
 Call not to bid the just arise!
- 4 The Saviour not alone redeems
 From death and sin,—but living streams
 Of pure and ever new delight,
 Hath opened for 'the saints in light.'
- 5 Saviour! be that expressive name
 Writ on my heart in lines of flame!
 All names in one,—be that impressed,
 In life and death, upon my breast!

156

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Sympathy with the sufferings of Christ.

- 1 DARK were the paths our Master trod,
Yet he ne'er lost his trust in God :
Cruel and fierce the wrongs he bore,
Yet he but felt for man the more.
- 2 Unto the cross in faith he went,
His Father's willing instrument ;
Upon the cross his prayer arose
In pity for his ruthless foes.
- 3 Oh, may we all his kindred be,
By holy love and sympathy ;
Still pitying man through every ill,
And meekly sure of God's good-will.

157

L. M.

E.*

Christ's poverty, our riches.

- 1 IN knowledge rich was Christ the Lord,
From wisdom's noblest stores endowed ;
Yet with the ignorant he dwelt,
Their minds with thoughts of light to crowd.
- 2 In feeling rich was Christ the Lord—
Feeling benignant, holy, mild ;
Yet mingled he with men of strife,
To still the storm of passions wild.
- 3 In power most rich was Christ the Lord,
His voice thrilled through the lifeless frame ;
Yet scorn and death he underwent,
Man's sinful nature to reclaim.
- 4 For man, though rich, he poor was found,
Of penury suffered all the pain ;
For man, the Lord of glory died,
For man, the Son of God was slain.
- 5 Such was the grace of that dear friend,
So self-denying, tender, deep ;
While on the sacrifice we dwell,
Oh burn, our hearts ! our spirits, weep !

- 6 Such was the grace of that dear friend ;
 Not wholly different be our love,
 Followers of him, in act and thought,
 May we, O God and Father, prove !
-

158

L. M. Miss H. MARTINEAU.

Christ's legacy of peace.

- 1 WHAT hope was thine, O Christ ! when grace
 Its riches to thy soul made known !
 'Mid throngs that filled the holy place,
 Thy spirit rose to God alone.
- 2 What peace was thine, when thou didst pour
 Thy sorrows forth, and rest on God ;
 Though midnight tempests lashed the shore,
 And none the desert pathway trod.
- 3 What joy, to bid the tomb uncloze,
 And the long buried one arise !
 Though ready thine own grave, and foes
 Upreared the cross before thine eyes.
- 4 Jesus, we would not mourn for thee ;
 By love is life in bliss arrayed :
 Prayer makes the spirit light and free ;
 And who like thee has lived and prayed ?
- 5 Thy griefs, thy cares, we cannot know ;
 Our own are all that we can bear ;
 But thou thy peace hast left below,
 Thy hope, thy joy hast bid us share.
-

159

C. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Benefits of the death of Christ.

- 1 HAD Christ not died, his Father's word
 Had wanted its great seal ;
 And he who came to be our Lord,
 Had failed to help or heal.
- 2 But by that act the truth was shown
 Of all he taught before ;
 The Gospel's reign, the Saviour's throne
 Were fixed for evermore.

- 3 By that dread act, obedience paid
 Its final debt to heaven ;
 And God's high will by one obeyed,
 A light to all was given.
- 4 By that dread act his depth of love
 For human kind was tried :
 And we were taught our love to prove,
 Like his who for us died.
- 5 By that dread act he sealed his faith
 In Him who oped his grave :
 And nerved us all to lean in death
 On One who then can save.
- 6 May deepening love to him who gave
 Himself for us to die,
 Lead us to lives that from the grave
 Shall take the victory !
-

160

C. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Justified through redemption in Christ.

- 1 How shall imperfect man approach
 The Lord Jehovah's face ?
 In what shall he repose his trust,
 But God's redeeming grace ?
- 2 Christ is the way, the truth, the life,
 By him salvation came ;
 He lived, he suffered, and he died,
 God's mercy to proclaim.
- 3 Father divine, on all bestow
 The fulness of thy love !
 Thee may we seek on earth below,
 Thee find in heaven above !
-

161

P. M.

I. L.*

Who hath abolished death, and brought immortality to light.

- 1 CHRIST hath made known that bright abode,
 The glorious kingdom of our God,
 Whose joys no human tongue can tell ;
 And still his pleading voice we hear,
 That bids us seek a mansion there,
 Where all the pure in heart shall dwell.

- 2 The call is thine, O God of grace !
 Thy favor to our erring race,—
 To dying children of the earth ;
 To those thy gospel hath restored,
 Thy mercy gives in that sure word,
 The promise of a nobler birth :—
- 3 The hope of an enduring home,
 When he, our Lord, our life, shall come
 To bid the grave its dead restore.
 Oh, boundless depth of love divine !
 Almighty Lord, the gift is thine ;
 With humble hearts we thee adore.
-

162

L. M. *Christian Register.**The sorrows, joys, and friends of Christ.*

- 1 CHRIST had his sorrows :—when he shed
 His tears, Jerusalem ! for thee,
 When all but weeping females fled,
 In his dark hour of agony.
- 2 Christ had his sorrows :—so must thou,
 If thou wilt tread the path he trod ;
 Oh then, like him submissive bow,
 And love the sovereignty of God !
- 3 Christ had his joys :—but they were not
 The joys the son of pleasure boasts ;
 Oh no ! 'twas when his spirit sought
 Thy will, thy glory, God of hosts !
- 4 Christ had his joys :—and so hath he
 Who feels his spirit in his heart ;
 Who yields, O God, his all to thee,
 And loves thy name for what thou art !
- 5 Christ had his friends :—his eye could trace
 In the long train of coming years,
 The chosen children of his grace,
 The full reward of all his tears.
- 6 These are his friends—and these are thine,
 If thou to him hast bowed the knee ;
 And where the ransomed millions shine,
 Shall thy eternal mansion be.

163

P. M.

J. C. WALLACE.

Reverence of Christ.

- 1 How does the grateful bosom glow,
To trace the path of grief and woe
Through which the Saviour trod !
To see his pure and spotless mind
In every changing scene resigned
To suffering and to God !
 - 2 Soon might the energy divine
Which changed the crystal stream to wine,
Have stopped the tide of woe :
Soon might the power that awed the wave,
And spurned the bondage of the grave,
Have crushed each haughty foe.
 - 3 But still their envious taunts he bore,
Still loved and suffered more and more,
And checked the rising sigh ;
No murmur from his lips was heard,
No wished revenge his bosom stirred,
No tear bedewed his eye.
 - 4 And shall not we his love fulfil,
And yield obedience to his will,
And live like him before ?
Yes ;—in submission, Lord, we bow,
Thine may we be in spirit now,
And thine for evermore.
-

164

C. M.

J. R. WRETFORD.*

Love to Christ.

- 1 To Jesus, Oh ye sons of men,
Your love, your reverence give ;
He is the way, the truth, the life,
Oh ! cleave to him and live !
- 2 Light of the world ! when all is dark,
With joy we see his beams ;
Across our weary pilgrimage,
His ray of glory streams.

- 3 We tread the path he trod before,
His truth directs the way ;
It cheers the darkness, and affords
The light of endless day.
- 4 Saviour of men ! to us still be
The way, the truth, the light ;
Till in the heavens, we reign with thee,
Those regions of delight.
-

165

C. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

Confessing Christ before men.

- 1 Oh ! ne'er be mine the traitor's part,
The folly and the shame,
To quit my Saviour's righteous cause,
And fear to own his name.
- 2 Shall he who toiled and bled for me,
And sorrow felt, and pain,
Bid me defend his cross, and still
Appeal to me in vain !
- 3 Oh, no ! I'll make his cause my own
'Mid earthly grief and loss,
Confess his loved, his honoured name,
And glory in the cross !
- 4 Though the rude scorner should essay
My steady soul to move,
I'll boldly sing my Saviour's praise,
And tell of all his love.
- 5 Though tribulation may distress,
Though foes my life may seek,—
My Saviour ! thine shall be the name
My dying lips shall speak !
- 6 Then in the great decisive hour,
Before thy Father's throne,
Arrayed in glory there wilt thou,
Thy faithful follower own !

166

C. M.

BUTCHER.

To be ashamed of Jesus, absurd and dangerous.

- 1 Is there on earth a nobler name
Than Jesus to be found ?
Who can assert a higher claim,
Or more with truth abound ?
- 2 The Son of God, adorned with grace,
Commissioned from above,
He bears to our rebellious race
The messages of love.
- 3 Behold his gentle spirit feel
The sufferings of mankind,
And with a word, the sorrows heal
Of body and of mind.
- 4 How noble were the truths he taught,
How pure the life he led !
And shall another Lord be sought,
And we disown our Head ?
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus ! shall we let
Our heavenly prospects go,
And madly at defiance set
The threats of future woe ?
- 6 Forbid it, Lord ! nor let us yield
To this unworthy shame ;
But each with holy courage filled,
Rejoice in Jesus' name.

167

P. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Christ our life.

- 1 IN our hearts may Jesus live,
Live by faith and fervent love ;
Filling them with thoughts divine,
Fixing them on things above.
- 2 In the hour when sin allures,
May he speak with heavenly power,
Making every wish impure,
Down in shame and darkness cower.

- 3 In the hour when virtue faints,
 May we hear his strengthēning voice,
 Calling us to think how soon
 Goodness only shall rejoice.
- 4 In the midst of every scene,
 May he keep our spirits true ;—
 True to duty, true to God,
 True to brighter scenes in view.
-

168.

P. M.

H. WARE, JUNR.

Preaching peace by Jesus Christ.

- 1 How beautiful the feet of those
 Who publish peace from heaven !
 How glad the tidings they disclose
 From Him, to save us given !
 Glory to God, good will to men,
 And peace on earth attend his reign.
- 2 The world was dark with woe and strife,
 Pain, sin, and death bore sway,
 And souls ordained to nobler life
 In guilt and bondage lay :
 His word went forth, earth's evils ceased,
 And ransomed spirits rest in peace.
- 3 That peace which earth can never give,
 And never take away,
 Shall conquer time, and earth, and live
 Through heaven's eternal day.
 Praise to the Lord, whose boundless grace
 Redeems and saves our sinful race.
-

169

P. M.

J. L.*

'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.'

- 1 DOTH He who came the lost to seek,
 To save the soul benighted,—
 Doth he entreat with earnest voice,
 And shall his love be slighted ;—
 His call to every human heart,
 To bid unholy thoughts depart,
 And as its Lord receive him ?

- 2 Doth the great Teacher stand and call ?
 Shall we remain unheeding ?
 Doth he repeat his kind request,
 With hearts unwilling pleading ?
 That faithful Friend ! his life who gave
 From sin's dread bonds—from death to save,
 Oh let us turn and hear him !
- 3 He bids us all obey and live,
 God's word of love repeating ;
 Oh, let us not the call refuse !
 Our judge ! we yet shall meet him !
 Great source of good ! thy grace impart,
 That not in vain my wandering heart
 May for its Lord receive him !

170

P. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Second glorious appearance of Christ anticipated.

- 1 FAR off his coming shone—for God
 Not on an unwarned world bestowed
 His last best gift of love ;
 From age to age the rumor ran,
 That there was hope for suffering man,
 And light in store above.
- 2 At length he came, the Prince of peace !
 At length the Sun of righteousness,
 With healing in his wings,
 Arose—but with a clouded morn—
 For scarce the sacred light was born,
 Ere mists obscured its springs.
- 3 Sorrow was with the Saviour then ;
 Those eyes oft wept the sins of men,
 Which could not weep his own :—
 But when again he comes below,
 He comes in glory, not in woe,
 A conqueror on his throne !
- 4 Endowed with knowledge and with power
 To meet the wants of that great hour,
 Man's Judge and Saviour too ;
 Once more to vision will be given,
 Throned on the glory-clouds of heaven,
 He whom the sinful slew.

- 5 Tremendous, yet most glorious hour;
 When in the eternal Father's power
 The Son shall reappear,
 And sea, and land, shall yield their dead !
 Oh, may we think with saving dread,
 That hour may be too near !

171

P. M.

BOWRING.*

The new dispensation.

- 1 THE cloud, the whirlwind, and the wrath,
 The lightnings flashing round thy path,
 The arm laid bare, the withering frown,
 The thunder, and the fiery word,
 Were thine of old, terrific Lord !
 And inaccessible thy throne.
- 2 So inconceivably sublime
 And dreadful in the ancient time,
 Thou to thine Abraham's race wert shown ;
 In majesty and awful might,
 In unapproached and dazzling light,
 The dread, unutterable One !
- 3 But we thy name may breathe, O Lord !
 And language has no sweeter word,
 Nor thought a more delightful theme ;
 Since all that boundless love and light,
 Soul, sense, truth, beauty can unite,
 Are harmonized in Thee, Supreme !
- 4 It was the man of Nazareth
 Whose gentle hand and generous breath
 Taught nobler lessons from above ;
 Taught all his followers how to pray,
 And bade them, Abba, Father ! say—
 Their Father-God—the God of love.

172

P. M.

BRETTILL.*

Vanity of mere earthly good.

- 1 How idle, empty, and unblest,
 All the pursuits of man below ;—
 The world itself, though gaily dressed,
 Is but a vain unmeaning show,—
 If there be not beyond the tomb,
 An endless life—a brighter doom.

- 2 Pleasure is but the path to pain,
 Beauty a transient fading flower ;
 Music hath no enduring strain ;
 Love mourns the ruins of her bower ;
 Woe lurks within the sparkling bowl
 Which hath but ruin for the soul.
- 3 Knowledge, e'en on the loftiest height
 The far-aspiring mind can climb,
 Vainly attempts to stretch its sight
 Through the dim avenues of time :
 E'en in the temples of the wise,
 Man is the child of tears and sighs.
- 4 Virtue alone, a refuge yields
 From life's long heritage of care ;
 And only pure religion shields
 From the dark demon of despair,
 By opening to the heaven-lit eye,
 The realms of immortality.

173

C. M.

J. C. WALLACE.

The imperfection of our present knowledge.

- 1 How gloomy and obscure below
 The scenes of life appear !
 How little of ourselves we know,
 Or of our Maker here !
- 2 In vain we strive, with piercing ray,
 To chase the shades of night ;
 The glories of eternal day
 Are veiled from mortal sight.
- 3 As through a glass, obscure and dim,
 We gaze with feeble eyes ;
 Yet boldly strive to find out Him
 Who life and light supplies.
- 4 But vain our search ! it is not here
 Jehovah can be known :
 No mortal eye can reach the sphere
 Of his eternal throne.

- 5 But when the expanded soul of man
 Shall find its resting place ;
 Then shall we learn his gracious plan,
 And see him face to face.
-

174

P. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Pure and undefiled religion.

- 1 WHAT is religion pure and undefiled ?
 'Tis to protect the friendless orphan child ;
 To be the widow's trust, the mourner's stay ;
 To aid the lame, to show the blind the way.
- 2 'Tis to relieve the prisoner's mute distress ;
 To lighten for the wretch his wretchedness ;
 To give to those who need ; to seek for those
 Who ask not, e'en amidst severest woes.
- 3 'Tis with a brother's eye all lives to scan,
 And feel the common claims of men on man ;
 To be to human good benignly kind,
 To human ill compassionately blind.
- 4 'Tis to forgive all evil, and forget,
 In the poor debtor's misery, the debt ;
 'Tis to rejoice e'en in the stranger's joy,
 And sympathize with tears we cannot dry.
- 5 'Tis to do good to many, ill to none ;
 'Tis to forget our good, as soon as done !
 And leaving others' faults in darkness furled,
 To keep ourselves unspotted from the world.
- 6 'Tis to be rigid to ourselves alone,
 And to o'erlook all failings but our own ;—
 This is religion pure and undefiled,
 This is the faith taught by God's holy child.
-

175

P. M.

BOWRING.

Outward and inward virtue.

- 1 'Tis not the gift—but 'tis the spirit
 With which 'tis given,
 That on the gift confers a merit,
 As seen by heaven.

- 2 'Tis not the prayer—however boldly
It strikes the ear;
It mounts in vain, it falls but coldly,
If not sincere.
- 3 'Tis not the deeds the loudest lauded
That brightest shine !
There's many a virtue unapplauded,
And yet divine.
- 4 'Tis not the word that sounds the sweetest
That's soonest heard :
A sigh, when humbled thou retreatest,
May be preferred.
- 5 The outward show may be delusive,—
A cheating name :
The inner spirit is conclusive
Of worth or shame.
-

176

P. M.

BOWRING.

Thy word is truth.

- 1 THY word is truth—its sacred page
Throws splendor o'er the noon of youth,
Gives brightness to the eve of age ;
Father ! thy word is truth.
- 2 Thy word is truth—its influence
The bitterest pang of woe can soothe,
And the sweet rays of joy dispense :
Father ! thy word is truth.
- 3 Thy word is truth—when folly's sway
Rules all unchecked by fear or ruth,
That truth its raging flight can stay :
Father ! thy word is truth.
- 4 Thy word is truth—and truth is great,
And thou art mighty—this shall soothe
My spirit when 'tis desolate :
Father ! thy word is truth.

177

L. M.

BRYANT.

Preservation of gospel truth.

- 1 OH thou, whose love can ne'er forget
Its offspring, pure eternal mind!
We thank thee that thy truth is yet
A sojourner amongst mankind :
- 2 A light before whose brightness fall
The feet arrayed to tread it down ;
A voice whose strong and solemn call
The cry of nations cannot drown.
- 3 Thy servants, at this sacred hour,
With earnest prayer thy throne surround,
That here, in glory and in power,
That light may shine, that voice may sound :—
- 4 Till error's shades are driven away,
And Faith, descending from above,
Amid the pure and perfect day,
Shall bring her fairer sister, Love.

178

C. M.

J. R. WREFORD.*

Value of the scriptures.

- 1 THE Book of Life ! Oh in that name,
What hope, what joy, what peace !
From sin and death it gives relief,
And bids our sorrows cease.
- 2 Page of immortal life and light !
I garner up thy words,
And ponder o'er thy promises,
As heaven's own bright records.
- 3 When grief disturbs—when doubts perplex,
To thy blest truths I go ;—
And peace pervades my anxious heart,
My griefs forget to flow.
- 4 My Bible ! while I live, from thee
Be my best joys supplied,
And to the realms of endless day,
Oh, be my faithful guide !

179

P. M. *Christian Register.**'O every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.'*

- 1 WANDERER in a weary land,
Fainting 'neath the sunny ray,
Seek the fountain near at hand,
Toil no longer on the way :
Here are waters running o'er,
Drink of them and thirst no more !
- 2 Pleasure's votary, thirsting still
For delight unmixed with pain ;
Seeking yet some little rill
Where thou mayest refresh again :
See the fountain running o'er,
Drink its waters—thirst no more !
- 3 Mourner in this vale of tears,
Reaching after perfect peace ;
Looking on to future years,
Dark and desolate as these :
Here's a fountain running o'er,
Drink its waters—thirst no more !
- 4 Parent watching o'er thy child,
Giving every earthly thing ;
Lost in wishes vain and wild,
To this fount thy children bring :
And of waters running o'er,
Let them drink—and thirst no more !
- 5 Rosy youth and hoary age,
Journeying in the world of strife,
Youth and maiden—child and sage,
Freely drink the stream of life :
Here are waters running o'er,
Drink of them—and thirst no more !

180

P. M.

BARBAULD.

Gospel invitations.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice,
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

3 Ye who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise ;—

4 Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care—
Wounded spirits who can bear ?

5 Sinner come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure ;
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.



181

L. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

' This is life eternal.'

1 THEE may we know, all-wise, all-good,
Thee worship—the all-holy One,
Who wast before earth's mountains stood,
Or rose in heaven's broad arch the sun !

2 Framers of myriad worlds above,
Far in the depths of space thy throne,
Fountain of light, and life of love,—
Thee may we know as God alone !

3 And Him who came to save from woe
All tribes and tongues through earth's extent,
Jesus the Christ,—him may we know,
The Prince and Saviour thou hast sent.

4 Oh may we know him—know the power
His gospel to the soul supplies !
Think of his cross, his dying hour,
And see him conquering death, arise !

- 5 And when at last, a countless throng,
 All nations round their judge shall stand,
 Oh, may we find a place among
 Accepted saints, at thy right hand !

182

P. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Gratitude for the gospel.

- 1 THANKS, thanks unto God ! who in mercy hath spoken
 The truths which have pierced through the spirit's sad
 gloom ;
 Whose love with the light of its presence hath broken
 The darkness which hung o'er the desolate tomb.
- 2 What now shall affright us ? a Father Almighty
 Keeps watch round our footsteps wherever we go ;
 His mercy is sleepless—his wisdom unfailing,
 He knoweth each want and regardeth each woe.
- 3 What now are our troubles ? a life is before us
 Which soon in its light shall absorb these dark years ;
 Where fadeth no glory, where ceaseth no blessing,
 A life without suffering, a life without tears.
- 4 Where now is death's terror ? he comes as an angel
 To carry the holy away to their rest ;
 The gloom which he weareth is lost in the message
 He brings from the Being who loveth them best.
- 5 May we live ever true to the hopes he hath given ;
 May they shed o'er our path a still holier light ;
 Ever making us meeter and meeter for heaven,
 More pure our affections, our spirits more bright.

183

P. M.

J. L.*

Glad tidings.

- 1 'GLAD tidings of great joy'
 The herald angels sung ;
 That anthem of the skies
 Shall dwell upon my tongue :
 'Glory and praise
 To God on high,'
 Let all the sons
 Of men reply.

- 2 To us the tidings came,—
 To us the joy is given,
 'Peace from his God ! to man
 'A Saviour sent from heaven !'
 With power to bless
 And to forgive,
 To bid the dead
 Come forth and live.
- 3 The promised throne is his ;
 His kingdom shall remain
 Beyond the bounds of time,
 Till all things own his reign :—
 Till error's night,
 And sin's long sway,
 And death's dread power
 All pass away.
-

184

P. M.

J. C. WALLACE.

Blessings of the gospel.

- 1 ALAS ! how wretched were the span
 Of fleeting time allowed to man ;
 How mournful were his doom,
 Did not the gospel's cheering ray
 Point to an everlasting day
 Of bliss beyond the tomb !
- 2 That day whose glorious dawn began
 When Christ, the changeless friend of man,
 Dispelled the shades of night ;
 That day whose radiant sun shall roll
 Till all mankind, from pole to pole,
 Shall dwell in endless light !
- 3 But oh ! what grateful songs of praise
 Shall every age and climate raise
 For boundless love like this !
 Which, in one wide, one vast embrace,
 Encircles all the human race,
 With endless streams of bliss !

185

L. M.

J. TAYLOR.

The pearl of great price.

- 1 ONE pearl there is of richest price,
Worth all our seeking to obtain ;
'Tis the soul's wealth, its paradise,—
Which they who seek, seek not in vain.
- 2 Happy the man whose ardent soul
With joy this 'goodly pearl' hath found :
O'er him misfortune's wave may roll ;
He bends, but steadfast keeps his ground.
- 3 From every mouth let praise arise ;
Our grateful thanks to God be given,
Whose gospel is our richest prize,
Our light through life, our path to heaven.

186

L. M.

J. R. WREFORD.

The gospel our only guide, refuge, and support.

- 1 LORD ! thou the everlasting page
Of pardon, peace, and life hast given,
Whose words all mortal griefs assuage,
And lead the wanderer on to heaven.
- 2 Blest Teacher, Comforter, and Guide,
Should we regardless go away—
Oh, whither shall we go beside ?
What other friend shall be our stay ?
- 3 Lord, should the cloud and tempest lower,
Thy word shall our sure refuge be :
And whither else, in such an hour,
For help and safety, could we flee ?
- 4 With this companion ever nigh,
Our hearts shall know nor doubt nor gloom ;
In peace we'll breathe our latest sigh,
And smile in triumph at the tomb.

187

P. M.

EMILY TAYLOR.

Worth and power of the gospel.

- 1 THE gospel is the light
That, if all other lamps grow dim,
Shall never burn less purely bright,
Or lead astray from Him.

- 2 It is the golden key
 To treasures of celestial wealth—
 Joy to the sons of misery,
 And to the sick man health.
- 3 It is the blessed band
 That reaches from the eternal throne
 To him, whose'er he be, whose hand
 Will seize it for his own :—
- 4 The gently proffered aid
 Of one who knows us ;—and can best
 Supply the beings he hath made
 With what can make them blest.
- 5 It is the sweetest sound
 That infant ears delight to hear,
 Travelling across the holy ground,
 With God and angels near.
- 6 There rests the aching head—
 There age and sorrow love to go :—
 And how it soothes the dying bed,
 Oh, let the christian show !
-

188

P. M.

H. MOORE.

The unrivalled beauty and glory of the gospel.

- 1 Soft are the fruitful showers that bring
 The welcome promise of the spring,
 And soft the vernal gale ;
 Sweet the mild warblings of the grove,
 The voice of nature and of love,
 That gladdens every vale.
- 2 But softer in the mourner's ear
 Sounds the mild voice of Mercy near,
 That whispers sins forgiven ;
 And sweeter far the music swells,
 When to the raptured soul she tells
 Of peace and promised heaven.

- 3 Fair are the flowers that deck the ground ;
 And groves and gardens blooming round,
 Unnumbered charms unfold ;
 Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
 And bright the beams of setting day,
 That robe the clouds in gold.
- 4 But far more fair the pious breast,
 In richer robes of goodness dressed,
 Where heaven's own graces shine ;
 And brighter far the prospects rise
 That burst on Faith's delighted eyes
 From glories all divine.
- 5 All earthly charms, however dear,
 Howe'er they please the eye or ear,
 Will quickly fade and fly ;
 Of earthly glory faint the blaze,
 And soon the transitory rays
 In endless darkness die.
- 6 The nobler beauties of the just
 Shall never moulder in the dust,
 Or know a sad decay ;
 Their honors time and death defy,
 And round the throne of heaven on high
 Beam everlasting day.

189

L. M.

J. R. WREFORD.

The solace of the gospel.

- 1 WHEN in the still and sorrowing hour,
 We lift to heaven our tearful eyes,
 And mourn that time and death have power
 To rob us of each bliss we prize :
- 2 When memory wakes and whispering tells
 Of happy scenes gone swiftly by,
 And joy no longer with us dwells,
 And hope forgets to glad the eye :
- 3 When youth and health and pleasure fade,
 And friends are lost, our souls held dear,
 Oh, what shall gild the gloomy shade !
 Oh, what shall stay the bitter tear !

- 4 'Tis the blest thought that fairer skies
 Await our souls beyond the tomb,
 Where nothing good or happy dies,
 Where youth and joy for ever bloom.
- 5 There freed from every toil and woe,
 The mourner shall exulting meet
 With all he loved and lost below,
 And mingle in communion sweet.
- 6 Heart-cheering Gospel!—'tis to thee
 Our spirits cling for hope and power,
 And thou shalt our best comfort be
 Through life—and in its parting hour.
-

190

L. M.

PATTERSON.

Power of religion.

- 1 THERE is a power which soothes the soul
 When storms of care and anguish rise ;
 When lightnings flash and thunders roll,
 And clouds o'ercast the sunny skies.
- 2 It breaks the chains which care has bound,—
 It charms the heart by grief oppressed ;
 And sheds a blissful radiance round,
 A holy calm, a heavenly rest :—
- 3 'Tis blest religion—power divine !
 That dissipates the blackest gloom,
 And bids bright hopes of glory shine,
 To gild the darkness of the tomb.
- 4 Nor are its hopes of glory vain,
 Nor are they flattering—insecure ;
 They fade not, die not, but remain
 While endless ages shall endure.
-

191

L. M.

BOWRING.

Religious comfort.

- 1 A THOUSAND, thousand changing things
 Man's mortal pilgrimage befall,
 But virtue—but religion brings
 Sweet hopes and stedfast joys for all.

- 2 The restlessness that cannot sleep,
Secures a peaceful pillow there;
The woes that waste, the thoughts that weep,
May find a shelter from despair.
- 3 Disheartened hope and wearying care,
And dark distress its smiles control,
And like an angel, minister
To the bright sunshine of the soul:
- 4 And fears subside, and doubts depart,
And sorrows flit on speedy wing,
And gentle joy subdues the heart,
And wakes to peace each slumbering string.
- 5 Then calmed to silence, every thought
Brings comfort from vicissitude;
And the submissive soul is brought
To own that all is right and good.

192

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

The light of the gospel on the tomb.

- 1 DARK, dark indeed the grave would be,
Had we no light, O God, from thee,
If all we saw were all we knew,
Or hope from reason only grew.
- 2 But fearless now we rest in faith,
A holy life makes happy death;
'Tis but a change ordained of thee
To set the imprisoned spirit free.
- 3 Sad, sad indeed 'twould be to part
From those who long had shared our heart,
If thou hadst left us still to fear
Love's only heritage was here.
- 4 But calmly now we see them go
From out this world of pain and woe,
We follow to a home on high,
Where pure affections never die.

193

C. M.

J. C. WALLACE.

The gospel for all ranks and conditions.

- 1 IT is not rank, or power, or state,
That hope of heaven supplies,—
That makes the immortal spirit great,
And fits it for the skies.
- 2 The feeblest sons of want and woe,
Who own the Power Supreme,
Shall see the living waters flow,
And drink the sacred stream.
- 3 The meanest of our humble race,
Who breathe the contrite sigh,
Shall view Jehovah's glorious face
In fairer worlds on high.

—

194

C. M.

BUTCHER.

'All things are ours.'

- 1 WITH transport, Lord ! we view the page
Where all thy mercies shine ;
And joy to tell the rising age
What boundless grace is thine.
- 2 The world, with all its shifting schemes,—
Time, with its fleeting hours,—
Life, with its gay and flattering dreams,
Its hopes and fears, are ours.
- 3 Death, also, at our Father's word,
Lays all its terrors by ;
Gently divides the silver cord,
And calls us to the sky.
- 4 Fain would our hearts a tribute bring
Before our Father's throne ;
A tribute worthy of our King,
Whose mercies are unknown !

195

P. M.

J. C. WALLACE.

The grace of God extended to all mankind.

1 GREAT God ! and shall thy promised grace
 Extend through all creation ?
 And wilt thou show thy glorious face
 To every tribe and nation ?
 Shall all the wide extended isles
 Enjoy the sunshine of thy smiles,
 And pay thee adoration ?

2 Yes ! in thy changeless word we see
 Thy grace to all awarded ;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
 Shall find their names recorded.
 Earth's furthest sons—the East, the West,
 Like Abraham's seed, shall sink to rest,
 With heavenly joys rewarded.

196

C. M.

BUTCHER.

The strait gate.

- 1 STRAIT is the gate that leads to life,
 And few, alas ! are found
 Who dare maintain the moral strife,
 And walk the narrow ground.
- 2 But in the broad and downward way
 What multitudes appear,
 Though every step which leads astray,
 Brings awful sufferings near.
- 3 ' Deny thyself ;' this is the word
 That I would fain obey,
 And follow with my suffering Lord,
 The strait and narrow way.
- 4 From every base and selfish view,
 Great God ! my soul refine ;
 And while each virtue I pursue,
 Oh, make me wholly thine.

197

S. M.

J. TAYLOR.

'The Son shall make you free.'

- 1 YE slaves to time and sense,
Whose minds their bondage see ;
The gospel breaks your servile chain,
And sets the captive free.
- 2 Gross darkness shall no more
Enslave the trembling soul !
Before the cheering rays of truth
Its gloomy vapours roll.
- 3 Christ's hand removed the veil
Which hid the mercy-seat,
And leads the child of penitence
Before his Father's feet.
- 4 From soul enslaving vice
He frees the troubled mind ;
And such as bear his gentle yoke
True liberty shall find.
- 5 But Oh, triumphant thought !
He calms the fear of death ;
We view the Saviour's bursting tomb,
And meekly yield our breath.

198

C. M.

BULFINCH.

The messengers of God.

- 1 THY messengers, eternal God,
Are seen in earth and air ;
They spread thy glory far abroad,
Thy boundless might declare.
- 2 The thunders roll, the lightnings fly,
Thy mandates to perform ;
Thy name is written on the sky,
"Tis spoken in the storm.
- 3 But other messengers are thine—
Children of light and love—
To do on earth thy will divine,
Or waft our prayers above.

- 4 And in thy word a voice we hear
Of promised rest on high ;
It bids us to thy throne draw near,
And on thy strength rely.
- 5 Oh may that faith the Saviour knew,
Our inmost hearts possess,
That we may feel thy promise true,
And trust thy care to bless !
-

199

C. M.

BULFINCH.

Mission of the Apostles.

- 1 BEHOLD the apostolic band,
The servants of the Lord,
Convey to each remotest land
Their Master's heavenly word.
- 2 A holy charge on them was laid,
And well that charge they bore,
As trusting in their Father's aid,
They passed from shore to shore.
- 3 Fearless, when hostile men combined,
They stood in power and love,
And with the serpent's wisdom joined
The mildness of the dove.
- 4 And when disease, or sword, or flame,
From earth had set them free,
Their souls to heaven, from whence they came,
Sprang upward, Lord ! to thee.
-

200

P. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Welcome to the ambassadors of Christ.

- 1 ~~WELCOME~~, welcome, ye who came
In the Lord of glory's name ;
Ye who ^{on} the green earth trod,
But to teach the truth of God !
- 2 Ye, the great Apostles, first,
Who through life's endearments burst,
Following to the cross, and then
Leading to that cross again !

- 3 Ye, the next, who meekly poured
 Willing blood to serve the Lord !
 Ye who bore the racks of pain,
 Felon's axe, and captive's chain !
- 4 Ye, who roamed the nations o'er,
 Teaching error truth's own lore !
 Ye, who wrought for liberty
 When 'twas treason to be free !
- 5 Ye, who now in better days,
 Live to spread your Maker's praise ;
 Shedding each man's home around,
 Light that consecrates the ground !—
- 6 Whatsoever name ye bear,
 Church frequent, or vestments wear ;
 One your Lord, and one your call,—
 Christ's good servants, welcome all !
- Teachers of the word of light,
 Go forth in your Master's might !
 Speed your embassy, where'er
 Life has grief, or death as fear !
-

201

C. M.

BARBAULD.

'Ye are the salt of the earth.'

- 1 SALT of the earth ! ye virtuous few,
 Who season human kind ;
 Light of the world ! whose cheering ray
 Illumes the realms of mind :
- 2 Where misery spreads her deepest shade,
 Your strong compassion glows ;
 From your blessed lips the balm proceeds
 That softens human woes.
- 3 By dying beds, in prison glooms,
 Your frequent steps are found ;
 Angels of love ! you hover near,
 To bind the stranger's wound.

- 4 Where guilt her foul contagion breathes,
And golden spoils allure ;
Unspotted still your garments shine,
Your hands are ever pure.
- 5 You lift on high the warning voice
When public ills prevail ;
Your's is the writing on the wall,
That turns the tyrant pale.
- 6 Proceed ! your race of glory run,
Your virtuous toils endure !
You come commissioned from on high,
And your reward is sure.
-

202

L. M. Miss EMILY TAYLOR.

' Thy kingdom come.'

- 1 WHO that o'er many a barren part
Of earth, with thoughtful steps hath trod,
But with a fervent voice and heart
Will pray, ' thy kingdom come,' O God !
- 2 ' Thy kingdom come !' The heathen lands,
In error sunk, thy presence crave :
And victims bound by tyrant hands,
Implore thee, Father, come and save !
- 3 ' Thy kingdom come !' Each troubled mind
In doubt and darkness calls for thee ;
For thou hast eyes to give the blind,
And strength to set the captive free.
- 4 Thy reign of peace and love begin !
Too oft the christian's sacred name
Is stained by wrath and shamed by sin ;
Oh come, assert the gospel's claim.
- 5 Oh never in that righteous cause,
Our hearts be slow, our voices dumb,
Upon the glorious theme we pause,
And fervent pray, ' thy kingdom come !'

203

S. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Prayer for the kingdom of God.

- 1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love,
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign,
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine,
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blessed
With fruit from life's glad tree ;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, kingdom of our God,
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.

204

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

For the coming of Christ's kingdom.

- 1 O GOD ! the darkness roll away
Which clouds the human soul,
And let the bright, the moral day
Speed onward to its goal.
- 2 Let every hateful passion die,
Which makes of brethren foes :
And war no longer raise its cry,
To mar the world's repose.
- 3 Let faith, and hope, and charity
Go forth through all the earth ;
And man, in heavenly bearing, be
True to his heavenly birth.

- 4 Yea, let thy glorious kingdom come
 Of holiness and love,
 And make this world a portal meet
 For thy bright courts above.
-

205

S. M.

Miss MARTINEAU.

The coming of Christ.

- 1 LORD Jesus ! come ; for here
 Our path through wilds is laid ;
 We watch as for the day spring near
 Amid the breaking shade.
- 2 Lord Jesus ! come ; for hosts
 Meet on the battle plain :
 The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
 And tears are shed like rain.
- 3 Lord Jesus ! come ; for still
 Vice shouts her maniac mirth ;
 And poverty's a crushing ill,
 While teems the fruitful earth.
- 4 Hark ! herald-voices near
 Lead on thy happier day :
 Come, Lord ! and our hosannas hear !
 We wait to strew thy way.
-

206

L. M.

BOWRING*.

Progress of gospel truth.

- 1 UPON the gospel's sacred page
 The gathered beams of ages shine ;
 And as it hastens, every age
 But makes its brightness more divine.
- 2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
 From year to year doth knowledge soar ;
 And as it soars, the gospel light
 Adds to its influence more and more.
- 3 Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,
 Pours inexhaustible supplies,
 Whence sagest teachers may be taught,
 And wisdom's self become more wise.

- 4 More glorious still as centuries roll,
 New regions blessed, new powers unfurled,
 Expanding with the expanding soul,
 Its waters shall o'erflow the world ;—
- 5 Flow to restore—but not destroy ;
 As when the cloudless lamp of day,
 Pours out its floods of light and joy,
 And sweeps each lingering mist away.

207

L. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Glory and progress of the gospel.

- 1 ' LET there be light ! ' the Almighty said,
 And light, the great command obeyed :
 Like a vast glory-cloud it spanned
 The formless deep, the herbless land.
- 2 But light that shone with holier rays,
 Broke on the earth in after-days,—
 Light that should nobler joys inspire,
 And worthier an immortal's lyre.
- 3 It broke on those who long had sat
 In death's cold shadow, desolate ;
 It broke on those whose sins forgiven,
 The clouds rolled off and showed them heaven..
- 4 It will shine on, and break on all
 Who err and suffer round this ball ;
 Bless every tear, light every grave,
 And prove its boundless might to save.
- 5 How beautiful on earth's glad hills
 His feet who mercy's scheme fulfils,
 And with the bannered cross unfurled,
 Leads back to God a pardoned world !

208

P. M.

Mrs. T. JEVONS.

Final triumph of the gospel.

- 1 RAISED on devotion's lofty wing ,
 O God, each glowing thought we bring
 To celebrate thy praise ;
 To day let care and sorrow cease,
 And the blest hope of future peace
 Inspire our sacred lays.

- 2 Behold the happy earth rejoice ;
 Around the world a Saviour's voice
 Proclaims the word of love ;
 The reign of sin and pain is o'er,
 Warfare and strife can rage no more,
 Nor sin our virtue move.
- 3 Ambition droops her towering head,
 Revenge and Anger, captive led,
 Now cease to haunt our way ;
 Pride with pomp of state arrayed,
 And vile Oppression's triumphs fade,
 And show the light of day.
- 4 Heirs to a world of blissful rest,
 By tyrant-sway no more oppressed,
 We seek the immortal crown ;
 And bow before the throne of God,
 All fearless of the bigot's rod,
 Or Superstition's frown.
- 5 Father of heaven and earth ! whose eye
 Broods o'er the vast eternity,
 May thy blessed kingdom come ;
 While the sure promise thou hast given,
 Shall purify our souls for heaven,
 And guide our spirits home.

209

L. M. J. R WRETFORD.*

The spread of the gospel.

- 1 Oh, glorious hour ! when Christ shall reign,
 And make the world his wide domain ;
 When tribes that ne'er his name have heard,
 Shall love and venerate his word.
- 2 The banner of the cross shall fly
 O'er every land beneath the sky ;
 In Christ the deserts shall rejoice,
 And polar lands make him their choice.
- 3 With joy and peace he still shall reign,—
 Of superstition break the chain ;—
 ' Be free ! ' proclaim to every shore,
 And bid dark slavery be no more !

- 4 Go forth, O Saviour, conquering still,
And with thyself the nations fill,
Till all the earthly kingdoms be,
The kingdoms of the Lord and thee !
- 5 And oh ! while we thy triumphs sing,
Reign in our hearts, thou glorious King :
There may thy gentle spirit shine,
And prove us to be wholly thine.
-

BOOK III.

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

210

C. M.

H. MOORE.

Mortal instability.

- 1 As in the swiftly gliding stream,
A thousand sunbeams play;
Successive give a transient gleam,
And quickly glance away :
- 2 So in our eyes with rapid glare,
A thousand pleasures float;
Ere we have time to say ' they are,'
They vanish and ' are not.'
- 3 Unnumbered joys, illusive, vain,
Our eager wishes cheat;
Yet are we still allured again,
Nor will suspect deceit.
- 4 From shame to shame we wildly fly,
Nor let our passions rest;
Then grieve and weep, and wonder why
We cannot yet be blest.
- 5 The world, let pride and folly share;
It never was designed
To be the pleasure or the care
Of an immortal mind.

- 6 To thee, my God, my wishes tend ;
 In thee completely blest ;
 My present hope, my final end !
 And my eternal rest.
-

211

C. M.

H. MOORE.

The vanity of human life.

- 1 OUR life is but an idle play,
 And various as the wind ;
 We laugh and sport our hours away,
 Nor think of woes behind.
- 2 See the fair cheek of beauty fades,
 Frail glory of an hour ;
 And blooming youth with sickening head
 Droops like the dying flower.
- 3 Our pleasures like the morning sun,
 Diffuse a flattering light ;
 But gloomy clouds obscure their noon,
 And soon they sink in night.
- 4 One little moment can destroy
 Our vast laborious schemes,
 And all our heaps of sordid joy
 Are sweet deceitful dreams.
- 5 Then rise, my soul, and soar away
 Above the thoughtless crowd ;
 Above the pleasures of the gay,
 And splendors of the proud :
- 6 Up where eternal beauties bloom,
 And pleasures all divine ;
 Where wealth that never can consume,
 And endless glories shine.
-

212

P. M.

ROSCOE.

Life.

- 1 LORD, what is life ?—'tis like a flower
 That blossoms, and is gone :
 We see it flourish for an hour,
 With all its beauty on ;
 But death comes like a wintry day,
 And cuts the blooming flower away.

- 2 Lord, what is life ? 'tis like the bow
 That glistens in the sky :
 We love to see its colors glow,
 But while we look they die :
 Life fails as soon ; to-day 'tis here,
 To-night, perhaps, 'twill disappear.
- 3 Lord, what is life ? if spent with thee,
 In duty, praise, and prayer,
 However long, or short it be,
 We need but little care ;
 Because eternity will last
 When life, and death itself are past.

213

P M.

ROSCOE.

The day of life.

- 1 THE morning hours of cheerful light,
 Of all the hours are best ;
 But as they speed their hasty flight,
 If every hour is spent aright,
 We sweetly sink to sleep at night,
 And pleasant is our rest.
- 2 And life is like a summer's day,
 It seems so quickly past :
 Youth is the morning bright and gay,
 And if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,
 We meet old age without dismay,
 And death is sweet at last.

214

L. M.

BOWRING.

Life fleeting, yet wasted.

- 1 ON ! on ! our moments hurry by
 Like shadows of a passing cloud,
 Till general darkness wraps the sky,
 And man sleeps senseless in his shroud.
- 2 He sports, he trifles time away,
 Till time is his to waste no more ;
 Heedless he hears the surges play,
 And then is dashed upon the shore.

- 3 No thought has he of coming days,
 Though they alone deserve his thought;
 And so the heedless wanderer strays,
 And treasures nought and gathers nought.
- 4 Though wisdom speak—his ear is dull;
 Though virtue smile—he sees her not;
 His cup of vanity is full;
 And all besides foregone—forgot.
-

215

P. M. J. R. WRETFORD.*

Transitoriness of human life and earthly joy.

- 1 SILENT steal our years away,
 Quickly all our joys decay,—
 From the dust to thee we fly,
 Rock of ages! hear our cry!
- 2 One by one our treasures fade,
 All for death, for ruin made;
 Youth's gay roses,—beauty's bloom,
 Darkly wither in the tomb.
- 3 There our friends, our kindred dwell,
 Silent in that dreary cell;
 There, with them, our bodies must
 Quickly mingle,—dust to dust!
- 4 When we faint, o'erwhelmed with grief,
 When our spirits seek relief,—
 Everlasting God! be nigh,—
 Rock of ages! hear our cry!
- 5 Thou art good and ever kind,
 Thou our bleeding hearts wilt bind;
 Save, oh! save us from despair,
 Life eternal let us share!
-

216

L. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Vanity of long life.

- 1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
 Or clouds that roll successive on,
 Man's busy generations pass,
 And while we gaze their forms are gone.

- 2 Vain was the boast of lengthened years,
 The patriarch's full maturity;
 'Twas but a larger drop to swell
 The ocean of eternity.
- 3 'He lived,—he died:' behold the sum—
 The abstract of the historian's page!
 Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
 The infant's day, the patriarch's age.
- 4 O Father! in whose mighty hand
 The boundless years and ages lie;
 Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
 And use the moments as they fly:
- 5 To crowd the narrow span of life
 With wise designs and virtuous deeds;
 So shall we wake from death's dark night,
 To share the glory that succeeds.
-

217

C. M.

SMITH.

Decline, death, and immortality.

- 1 As twilight's gradual veil is spread
 Across the evening sky,
 So man's bright hours decline in shade,
 And mortal comforts die.
- 2 Fair summer's bloom, and autumn's glow,
 In vain dark winter brave;
 Nor youth, nor age, nor wisdom know
 A ransom from the grave.
- 3 But morning dawns, and spring revives,
 And genial hours return:
 So man's immortal spirit lives,
 And scorns the mouldering urn.
- 4 When this vain scene no longer charms,
 Or swiftly fades away,
 He sinks into his Father's arms,
 Nor dreads the coming day.

- 5 That day shall God's own promise bring
 To those who trust his word ;
 While saints in endless triumph sing
 The honors of the Lord.

218

P. M.

BOWRING.

Value of time.

- 1 THE days of mortal man
 Are vain and swiftly gone ;
 Yet virtuous thoughts and deeds
 May hallow every one :
 There's not a day
 Or hour but brings
 Or truth, or joy,
 Upon its wings.
- 2 We waste our fleeting lives,
 Indifferent to the thought
 That our eternal fate
 In this brief scene is wrought :
 The hours of earth
 Contain the doom—
 The awful doom
 Of time to come.
- 3 Then let us lose no more
 The precious moments given
 To pilgrims of the earth,
 To light their way to heaven :
 But sanctify
 Such hours as this,
 And fit our souls
 For heavenly bliss.

219

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Deploring talents wasted.

- 1 Too long, O God, to sin we've turned
 The talents thou hast given ;
 Too long to earth ungrateful burned
 The incense due to heaven.

- 2 Too long we've slighted precious hours
Which came with gifts divine ;
Too long devoted noble powers
On folly's tinselled shrine.
- 3 Wake now within our souls, we pray,
A yearning deep and strong,
To wipe out more and more each day,
The self-inflicted wrong.
- 4 May every thought and energy,
To this high end be true,
Till death without a fear we see,
And heaven with transport view.

220

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

The true account of life.

- 1 'Tis not the days, the years we've seen,
That make life's true account ;
Many, alas ! may these have been,
Yet nothing its amount.
- 2 It is the deeds to virtue given,
The growth of holy strength,
The graces garnered up for heaven,
That show its real length.
- 3 'Tis wasting life, and not to live,
To let it wing its flight,
And no bright hallowed memories give
To cheer the coming night.
- 4 Let each one pause, and think him well,
How thus his reckoning stands,
What are the gains which he can tell,
Snatched from Time's niggard hands.
- 5 Oh ! if too much the past hath been
An empty race to death ;
From this point be our wisdom seen,
In treasuring every breath.
- 6 And when our sum of years is gone,
May their rich fruit remain,
And heavenly hopes and graces won
Prove them not lent in vain.

221

C. M. J. C. WALLACE.

Go to, now, ye that say to-day or to-morrow.

- 1 AN hour, a day, a moment's lapse
May end this scene of woe ;
And e'er to-morrow's sun, perhaps
This heart may cease to glow.
- 2 The Lord alone can tell how soon
These eyes may end in death ;
Or he, whose mercy gave the boon,
Call back this fleeting breath.
- 3 Oh may this thought incline our hearts
His precepts to fulfil !
Before life's glimmering flame departs,
Oh may we learn his will !
- 4 Then, when his mandate from the skies
Shall burst upon the tomb,
Eternal love shall glad our eyes,
And all our souls illumine.

222

P. M. BOWRING.

Lessons of time for eternity.

- 1 MAN is not left untold, untaught,
Untrained by heaven to heavenly things ;
No ! every fleeting hour has brought
Lessons of wisdom on its wings ;
And every day bids solemn thought
Soar above earth's imaginings.
- 2 In life, in death, a voice is heard,
Speaking in heaven's own eloquence,
That calls on purposes deferred,
On wandering thought, on wildering sense,
And bids reflection, long interred,
Arouse from its indifference.
- 3 The present, future, and the past,
It offers to our thoughtless eye ;
That present is too short to last—
That past is gone for ever by ;
That future comes—a stormy blast
That sweeps us to eternity.

223

C. M.

BUTCHER.

All men mortal.

- 1 STRANGERS and pilgrims here below,
A fleeting restless train,
The human race incessant go
Like shadows o'er the plain.
 - 2 The graves are ready, all must die,—
None can preserve his breath ;
Nor at the appointed moment fly
The sure assault of death.
 - 3 Is this the lot of all mankind ?
Let every mind prepare,
By faith and holiness combined,
In future joys to share.
-

224

P. M.

BOWRING.

In the dust I'm doomed to sleep.

- 1 IN the dust I'm doomed to sleep,
But shall not sleep for ever ;
Fear may for a moment weep,
Christian courage—never !
Years in rapid course shall roll,
By time's chariot driven,
And my re-awakened soul
Wing its flight to heaven.
 - 2 What though o'er my mortal tomb
Clouds and mists be blending,
Sweetest hopes shall chase the gloom,
Hopes to heaven ascending ;
These shall be my stay, my trust,
Ever bright and vernal ;—
Life shall blossom out of dust,
Life and joy eternal.
-

225

P. M.

BRYANT.

Every thing perishing but the love of God.

- 1 ALL things that are on earth shall wholly pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye,
The forms of men shall be as they had never been ;
The blasted groves shall lose their fresh and tender green.

- 2 The birds of the thicket shall end their pleasant song,
And the nightingale shall cease to chant the evening
long;
The kine of the pasture shall feel the dart that kills,
And all the fair white flocks shall perish from the hills;—
- 3 And the great globe itself (so the holy writings tell,)
With the rolling firmament where the starry armies
dwell,
Shall melt with fervent heat—they all shall pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for
aye.

226

S. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Death and judgment.

- 1 WE know that we must die !
The hours are flying fast
That bring us surely to the grave,
And each may be our last.
- 2 We know that after death
The judgment day shall come,
When each as here his deeds have been,
Shall meet a fitting doom.
- 3 Kind Father ! may we not
Sleep o'er the knowledge given,
But strive to make the thought of death
Only a thought of heaven !

227

L. M.

BOWRING.*

Death's ravages in the house of prayer.

- 1 FROM time to time I look around,
And trace the ravage death hath made,
And in the peopled burial ground
Watch the still congregating dead.
- 2 With thoughtful eye the crowds I count,
Who in God's temple come to pray ;—
Of friends how dwindled the amount !
How many gone—how many grey !

- 3 Of those with whom my childhood prayed,
 Some scattered—and deserters some ;
 And many ! oh, how many ! laid
 In cold oblivion's narrow home.
- 4 The generations onward urge,
 Impatiently, as wave on wave ;
 And as the sea absorbs the surge,
 So sink the nations in the grave.
- 5 But what's the sea, and what the grave ?—
 What but the storehouse of the Lord,
 Who sows to reap, and smites to save,
 And guards his sons for their reward ?
-

228

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

After a death in congregation.

- 1 ANOTHER from our band is gone,
 No more to meet us here,
 And warns us all how, one by one,
 We too must disappear.
- 2 Who next shall leave a vacant place
 Where he was wont to dwell,—
 Whose next shall be the missing face,
 Thou, God, alone canst tell !
- 3 Or young, or old, not one can say
 That lot shall not be mine ;
 Not one declare another day
 Upon his path will shine.
- 4 Then may we all to wisdom give
 The moments as they fly,
 That we may be more meet to live,
 And yet prepared to die.
-

229

C. M.

SMITH.

Nature transitory : the soul immortal.

- 1 How glorious are those orbs of light,
 In all their bright array,
 That gem the ebon brow of night,
 Or pour the blaze of day.

- 2 See lovely nature raise her head,
In various graces dressed ;
Her lucid robe, by ocean spread ;
Her verdant flowery vest.
- 3 Unnumbered tribes obey her will ;
Her bounty each displays ;
She smiles, and every grove and hill
Is vocal in her praise.
- 4 One gem of purest ray divine,
Alone disclaims her power ;
Still brighter shall its glories shine,
When hers are seen no more.
- 5 Her pageants pass, nor leave a trace ;—
The soul no change shall fear ;
The God of nature and of grace
Has stamped his image there.
- 6 Nor life, nor death its trust shall move,
Nor powers nor worlds unknown ;
Responsive to its Maker's love,
And prostrate at his throne.

230

P. M.

BOWRING.

Death a blessing.

- 1 OH, could our heart or our desire,
Make mortal man immortal here,
And kindle an eternal fire
From life's vain sparks of hope and fear ;
How soon the restless soul would tire,
And envy death its sepulchre !
- 2 No ! life is long enough for all
That's worth a care, that's worth a thought ;
Soon pleasure's best attractions pall—
Soon weariness its work hath wrought ;
The ripened fruits unheeded fall,
And time's delusions leave us nought.

- 3 And then 'twere very sweet indeed
 To seek a grave—for who could bear
 To feel his heart's core bleed,—and bleed
 Unstaunch'd by hope—uncured by care—
 And find no resting-place in need,
 To shield him from his own despair ?
-

231

P. M.

BULFINCH.

Weep not for the dead, but the tempted and fallen.

- 1 WEEP not for those in Christ who sleep,
 Within the cold grave's dreamless bed ;
 Their rest is calm, and angels keep
 Watch o'er each heaven-beloved head :
 Their strife is closed, their crown is won,
 To realms of bliss their spirits soar ;
 And, near their heavenly Father's throne,
 Live in his smile, to die no more.
- 2 But weep for those who here below,
 Through trial's stormy ocean steer ;
 Who 'mid the mountain billows go,
 By hope misled, or driven by fear :
 And Oh, for him, in danger's hour,
 Whose heart hath sunk, whose faith is dim,
 Who falls before the tempter's power,
 Weep, child of frailty, weep for him !
- 3 Yet, in the hour of guilt and shame,
 Jesus, thy glance could bring relief,
 The wandering spirit could reclaim,
 And ope the source of hallowed grief :
 Thus, when we leave thy heavenly way,
 Lord, may the love, the thought of thee,
 Subdue each sinful passion's sway,
 And, in thy spirit, make us free.
-

232

C. M.

PEABODY.

The peaceful death of the christian.

- 1 BEHOLD the western evening light,
 It melts in deepning gloom ;
 So calmly christians sink away,
 Descending to the tomb.

- 2 The wind breathe low ;—the withering leaf
 Scarce whispers from the tree ;
 So gently flows the parting breath
 When good men cease to be.
- 3 How beautiful on all the hills
 The crimson light is shed !
 'Tis like the peace the christian gives
 To mourners round his bed.
- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
 The sunset beam is cast !
 'Tis like the memory left behind,
 When loved ones breathe their last.
- 5 And now above the dews of night
 The yellow star appears ;
 So faith springs in the hearts of those
 Whose eyes are bathed with tears.
- 6 But soon the morning's happier light
 Its glories shall restore ;
 And eyelids that are sealed in death
 Shall wake to close no more.

233

S. M.

W. GASKELL.*

All live to God.

- 1 WE die not, Lord, to thee,
 When broken is the chain
 Which binds us to this world of change,
 This world of grief and pain.
- 2 The grave hides not from thee,
 When, laid down low and deep,
 No human eye around our bed
 Its loving watch doth keep.
- 3 We ne'er are lost to thee ;
 The soul is thy great care,
 And that through shades of life or death,
 Thou wilt to glory bear.

234

P. M.

BOWRING.

The grave no terror to the virtuous.

- 1 THERE is no terror in the grave
For him who in its gloominess
Perceives thy hand, outstretched to save,
Thy welcome smile that waits to bless ;
For him who knows and feels that he
Is born for immortality ;
- 2 And keeping stedfast in his view,
That bright, sublime, and awful goal,
Moves all life's course serenely through,
With humble heart and grateful soul,
And gathers from vicissitude,
Virtue and strength, and joy and good.
- 3 The grave to him is but the door
Where angels wait and say ' All hail !
' Welcome where grief afflicts no more :
' Come ! thou hast passed life's tearful vale ;
' Now enter on eternity,
' For we are sent to welcome thee.'

235

L. M.

BOWRING.

Rest of the righteous.

- 1 OH, sweet and sacred is the rest
Round the departed christian's breast ;
Serene the pillow of his head,
And sanctified his funeral bed.
- 2 Upon his grave the moonlight beam
Shines smiling—and the dews on him
Fall soft as on the loveliest flower
That decks the field or crowns the bower.
- 3 And if the sad and sorrowing tear
Be sometimes shed in silence there ;
Religion's ray that tear shall light,
And make it as a dew-drop bright.
- 4 Then on the earth's maternal breast,
In peaceful hope and joy we'll rest ;
And yield us to death's slumber deep.
As infants calmly sink to sleep.

236

P. M.

BOWRING.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

- 1 BLESSED, blessed are the dead,
 In the Lord who die ;
 Rest the pillow of their head
 While they slumbering lie ;
 All their earthly labours done,
 Stilled each mortal pain
 'Till the Lord, the Almighty One,
 Calls them forth again.
- 2 Blessed, blessed are the dead
 In the Lord who die ;
 Radiant is the path they tread
 Upwards to the sky -
 All the deeds of virtue done,
 Deeds of peace and love,
 Now are stars of glory strown,
 Lighting them above.
-

237

S. M.

BOWRING.

' Oh death ! where is thy sting ?'

- 1 WHERE is thy sting, oh death !
 Grave ! where thy victory ?
 The clod may sleep in dust beneath,
 The spirit will be free !
- 2 Both man and time have power
 O'er suffering, dying men ;
 But death arrives, and in that hour
 The soul is freed again.
- 3 'Tis comforting to think,
 When sufferings tire us most,
 In the rough stream the bark will sink,
 And suffering's power is lost.
- 4 Then death, where is thy sting ?
 And where thy victory, grave ?
 O'er your dark bourn the soul will spring
 To Him who loves to save.

238

P. M. *Christian Examiner.**He hath gone to his God.*

HE hath gone to his God—he hath gone to his home ;
 No more amidst peril and error to roam ;

His eyes are no longer dim :
 His feet shall no more falter ;
 No grief e'er may follow him,
 No pang his cheek can alter.

There are paleness and sighs, and weeping below ;
 For faint is our faith, and our tear-drops will flow ;

But angel harps are ringing ;
 Glad spirits come to greet him,
 And hymns of joy are singing,
 While old friends press to meet him.

Oh, honored and beloved ! to earth unconfined,
 Thou hast soared on high, and hast left us behind ;
 But we part not for ever,
 We will tread thy path to light,
 Where the grave cannot sever
 The souls which God will unite.

239

P. M.

BRETTELL.*

*The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised
 incorruptible.*

1 As seed long buried in the ground
 Springs up at length more green and fair,
 So at the trumpet's waking sound
 Shall man his form repair.

2 Not flesh and blood shall clothe him then,
 Nor perishable garb of clay ;
 But when he springs to life again,
 From time's obscure decay :

3 His mortal form enrobed in light,
 Shall immortality assume,
 And bursting from the grave's dark night,
 An angel leave the tomb.

- 4 Then shall the seraph hierarchy,
 'Vanquished is death,' exulting sing,
 'Oh grave! where is thy victory?
 'Oh death! where is thy sting?'
- 5 Joy through the universe shall reign,
 Sorrow and sin exist no more;
 An end be put to toil and pain,
 And all earth's ills be o'er.
- 6 Then to the One Supreme alone,
 Shall Christ his power resign, and fall
 Prostrate before his Father's throne,
 And God be all in all.
-

240

P. M.

BOWRING.*

God mighty to save.

- 1 Who shall roll away the stone
 From the sepulchre?
 God, the Almighty God alone
 Is almighty here.
- 2 Who re-mould the mortal earth
 Wrapt in cold decay?
 Who shall call to second birth
 That forgotten clay?
- 3 Millions sleep of mortal men
 'Neath the senseless sod—
 Who shall call them forth again,
 But the Almighty God!
- 4 He who heavenly angels sent,
 Clad in snowy vest,
 Radiant and beneficent
 To the Saviour's rest;
- 5 He who from that rest awoke
 Our triumphant Lord,
 He who in the silence spoke
 The majestic word:—

- 6 'I from death the soul will save,—
 'I, the Almighty One,
 'Build upon man's mortal grave,
 'Heaven's immortal throne.'

241

C. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

Come forth, ye dead, and live.

- 1 WHEN to the grave the Saviour went,
 Where Lazarus sleeping lay,
 And with the mourning kindred bent
 In sorrow o'er the clay ;
- 2 What glorious accents then were those
 The weeping Mary heard,
 While from the dead her brother rose,
 Obedient to his word !
- 3 'Come forth !' the Saviour cries, and lo !
 The tomb yields up its prey ;
 The tears of Mary ceased to flow—
 And grief has passed away.
- 4 Oh mortal, faint not with the fear
 That hovers round the grave—
 To his great promise lend thine ear,
 Whose arm is strong to save.
- 5 Again that voice shall fill the sky,
 And spread to every shore ;
 And far and wide the tidings fly,
 That death shall be no more !
- 6 Yes, the same voice that Mary heard
 The mandate high shall give—
 And sleeping worlds obey the word,
 'Come forth, ye dead, and live !'

242

P. M.

BOWRING.

They are not dead.

- 1 THEY are not gone—whom death's dark shroud
 Hath curtained from our mortal eye ;
 They are not gone :
 Down to their bed of rest they bowed—
 It was their portal to the sky,
 Their pathway to their throne.

- 2 They cannot die—whose being here
Is by its worth immortal made ;
They cannot die,
Though the time-wasted sepulchre
In which their vestiges are laid,
Crumbled in dust may lie.
- 3 They are not dead—whose ashes fill
That melancholy house of clay ;
They are not dead :
They live in brighter glory still,
Than ever cheered their earthly way,
Full beaming round their head.
-

243

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

After death cometh the judgment.

- 1 THE judgment comes ! the hour draws near,
When, earth's brief journey trod,
We all in trembling hope or fear,
Must stand before our God !
- 2 Each sin long tombed within the soul,
And covered o'er from thought,
Shall then its cerements all unrol,
And forth to light be brought.
- 3 Each idle word to darkness fled,
Each feeling wrong and vain,
Long sheltered with the heedless dead,
Must wake to life again.
- 4 All we have been, from first to last,
In conduct, heart, and mind,
Shall gather from the cloudy past,
Its bliss or woe to find.
- 5 Oh, teach us all, great God, to keep,
This awful hour still near,
That we may ne'er to duty sleep,
But watch with holy fear.

244

P. M.

H. MOORE.

The Day of Judgment.

- 1 HEAR, Oh ye dead, awake ! arise !
The sounding clarion shakes the skies,
The awful Judge is near :
Angelic guards attend him down,
And flaming round his fiery throne,
A thousand terrors glare.
- 2 Pale guilt looks upward with amaze,
She trembles while the terrors blaze,
And conscience tells her doom :
Struck with unutterable dread,
She hides again her frightful head,
And shrinks within the tomb.
- 3 The proud and mighty mourning lie,
Or to the rocks and mountains fly
To shun the burning ray ;
Bold hearts that never felt a fear,
Now start at flaming vengeance near,
And melt like wax away.
- 4 But ye, his happy saints, rejoice,
No terrors hath the Monarch's voice,
His looks no frown for you ;
He comes, your spirits to convey
To regions of eternal day,
To joys for ever new.
- 5 ' Blest of my Father, haste,' he cries,
' In shining triumph mount the skies
' To nobler worlds above ;
' There shall ye share my blissful sight,
' And taste the fullness of delight,
' In my eternal love.'

245

P. M.

BOWRING.

'Come, ye blessed of my Father.'

- 1 ' COME ye blessed of my Father,
' Enter in your place of rest,
' Round the throne of mercy gather'—
Thus shall Jesus hail the blest,

When their day of earth's probation
Ends in heaven's eternal dawn ;
And the curtains of salvation
Are at last to all withdrawn.

- 2 Then shall truth and virtue, towering,
O'er all chance and change arise—
Then no cloud of terror lowering,
Shall o'er-canopy the skies ;
But in glory bright and splendid,
Shall our risen Lord appear,
By his countless saints attended,
Wearing crowns of triumph there.
-

246

L. M. *Paradise Street Collection.**A new heaven, and a new earth.*

- 1 YON glorious orbs that gild the sky,
Proclaim the God who reigns on high ;
He pours the radiant stream they boast.
And marshals all the moving host.
- 2 But glittering stars shall cease to burn :
The sun forsake his golden urn ;
This earth, these heavens, be swept away,
The splendid pageant of a day.
- 3 Yet will the Eternal wake to birth,
More radiant heavens, a fairer earth,
Whose lustre shall admit no shade,
Whose lasting bloom shall never fade.
- 4 When time and death shall be no more,
To those bright realms the saints shall soar ;
And welcomed by their faithful Lord,
Shall then receive their vast reward.
-

247

P. M.

SMITH.

'In my Father's house are many mansions.'

- 1 HOLY, wise, eternal Father,
Oh, how blessed is thy word,
Thus revealed to all thy servants,
By thy Son, our gracious Lord !

- 2 In thy house are many mansions :—
 So his hallowed lips declare ;
 Oh, that we may there behold thee !
 Oh, that we may enter there !
- 3 There the righteous of all nations,
 Of all times and worlds shall meet ;
 There the labourers in thy vineyard,
 Peaceful rest at Jesus' feet.
- 4 There the wronged and broken-hearted,
 Pure and sacred joy shall taste ;
 ' There the wicked cease from troubling,
 ' And the weary are at rest.'

248

P. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Earth the pathway to heaven.

- 1 As through this vale of tears we stray,
 And all thy tender mercy see ;
 Oh guide us, Father, in the way
 That leads to heaven and thee !
- 2 Not busied with this world alone,
 May nobler thoughts engage our care !
 Oft may we kneel before thy throne,
 And breathe th' accepted prayer !
- 3 As Lebanon's tall cedars grow,
 While upwards still their branches rise,
 And though their roots are fixed below,
 Their summits reach the skies :
- 4 So in our minds thy love be shed ;
 So to our hearts thy peace be given ;
 And while on earth our feet still tread,
 Our souls aspire to heaven !

249

P. M.

BOWRING.

Immortality.

- 1 ROUND us, o'er us, is there aught
 Which can fill our highest thought,—
 Aught which may deserve to be
 With our noblest aims inwrought ?
 ' Yes ! 'tis immortality !

- 2 Is there, when the waters roll,
Of affliction o'er the soul—
Is there aught whose energy
Can that rolling tide control?
Yes! 'tis immortality!
- 3 Whither may the soul repair,
When the blast of worldly care
Snaps the flower and blights the tree?
Where is comfort?—tell me where,
But in immortality!
- 4 Immortality shall cheer
All my path, however drear;
And its holy light shall be
Sunshine, blessed sunshine, here:
Welcome immortality!
-

250

L. M.

BOWRING..

Influence of immortality on our present condition.

- 1 If all our hopes and all our fears,
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
If travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;
Oh, who could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
Oh, who would venture then to die—
Oh, who could then endure to live?
- 2 Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mists and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veil, behind, before,
And tempests thunder over head;
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a floweret smiles beneath;
Who could exist in such a tomb—
Who dwell in darkness and in death!
- 3 And such were life without the ray
From our divine religion given:
'Tis this that makes our darkness day;
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven:

Bright is the golden sun above,
 And beautiful the flowers that bloom,
 And all is joy, and all is love,
 Reflected from a world to come.

251

L. M.

Miss Roscoe.

Peace of mind founded on the hope of immortality.

- 1 How rich the blessings, Oh my God,
 Which teach this grateful heart to glow ;
 How kindly poured, and free bestowed,
 The rivers of thy mercy flow !
 - 2 How calmly rolls the stream of life !
 Secure in thine immortal trust,
 The soul has hushed her secret strife,
 Nor longer shudders at the dust.
 - 3 Though sorrow's cloud awhile o'ercast
 The dawn of earthly hope and joy,
 She knows that it must soon be past,
 And will unveil eternity.
 - 4 Then virtue's humble toil and prayer
 Shall stand acknowledged at thy throne,
 Triumphant over earthly care ;
 And the blest record thou wilt own.
-

252

C. M.

J. R. WREFORD*.

There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God.

- 1 LORD, for thy people there's a rest
 Beyond the cheerless tomb ;
 No cares shall ruffle there the breast,
 No pain, no trouble, come.
- 2 Yes ! there his home the wanderer makes,
 The weary find repose ;
 The mourner there a farewell takes,
 Of all his bitter woes.
- 3 Father, Almighty ! for that rest
 My anxious spirit prays,—
 There may I be for ever blest,
 When close my earthly days.

253

L. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Heaven less a place than a state.

- 1 GREAT God, avert from us the thought,
Or here to seek, or elsewhere find,
Bliss by mere local transfer wrought—
By change of place, and not of mind.
- 2 Were not the flowers of Eden dim,
When Adam's light of heart was gone?
Would not the songs of seraphim
Be torture to the guilty one?
- 3 Heaven is a state;—and they who live
For a divine eternity,
Must here, all-heavenly Father! give
Their actions with their hearts to thee.
- 4 Oh, may we fear no hell more dire,
Than the bad here commence in sin;
And to no other heaven aspire,
Than good men in this world begin!
- 5 E'en in this world to man 'tis given,
To tread some paths by angels trod;
'Tis heavenly work to live for heaven,
And paradise to walk with God.

254

C. M.

ROSCOE.

Here and there.

- 1 HERE all our pleasures soon are past,
Our brightest joys decay;
But pleasures there for ever last,
And cannot fade away.
- 2 Here many a pain and bitter groan,
Our feeble bodies tear;
But pain and sickness are not known,
And never shall be, there.
- 3 Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
With many cares distressed;
But there the mourners weep no more,
And there the weary rest.

- 4 Our dearest friends, when death shall call,
 The summons must obey ;
 But there we hope to meet them all,
 In everlasting day.
-

255

C. M.

BUTCHER.

Sufferers for Jesus glorified.

- 1 WHAT are those glorious forms that stand
 In white before the throne ?
 This is the martyrs' shining band,
 To endless ages known.
- 2 'Twas through a sharp and thorny way
 The noble sufferers pressed ;
 But nought could stop them, or delay
 Their march to heavenly rest.
- 3 Before the throne of God they stand,
 And serve him day and night,
 While beams of glory wide expand,
 And fill them with delight.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their hearts are one ;
 And thus united rise their songs
 Before the heavenly throne:—
- 5 ' Salvation to our Father God !
 ' Salvation to the Lamb !
 ' For ever spread his praise abroad,
 ' For ever bless his name.'
- 6 With them, my spirit, raise the song,
 With them in homage fall ;
 To God thy noblest powers belong,
 Who still is all in all !
-


256

L. M.

BUTCHER.

Final congregation of the good in heaven.

- 1 FROM north and south, from east and west,
 Advance the myriads of the blessed ;
 From every clime of earth they come,
 And find in heaven a common home.

- 2 In one immortal throng we view
Gentile and Christian, Greek and Jew ;
But all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only God they now adore.
 - 3 Howe'er divided here below,
One bliss, one spirit, now they know ;
Though some ne'er heard of Jesus' name,
Yet God admits of mercy's claim.
 - 4 On earth, according to their light,
They aimed to practise what was right ;
Hence all their errors are forgiven,
And Jesus welcomes them to heaven.
 - 5 See ! where the blessed Redeemer waits
To meet them at the ' pearly gates ;'
And bring the myriads none can count,
To seats of joy on Zion's mount.
 - 6 See ! how along the immortal meads
His glorious hosts the Saviour leads ;
And views, as their exalted head,
The bright reward for which he bled !
-
- 

BOOK IV.

CHRISTIAN DUTIES AND AFFECTIONS.

257

P. M.

ROSCOE.

Christ's rule of life.

- 1 THUS said Jesus : ' Go and do
' As thou wouldst be done unto : '
Here thy perfect duty see,
All that God requires of thee.
- 2 Wouldst thou, when thy faults are known
Wish that pardon should be shown ?
Be forgiving, then, and ' do
' As thou wouldst be done unto.'
- 3 Shouldst thou helpless be and poor,
Wouldst thou not for aid implore ?
Think of others, then, and be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.
- 4 For compassion if thou call,
Be compassionate to all ;
If thou wouldst affection find,
Be affectionate and kind.
- 5 If thou wouldst obtain the love
Of thy gracious God above ;
Then to all his children be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.

258

C. M.

Roscoe.

The first and second commandment.

- 1 WHAT is the first and great command ?
To love thy God above :
And what the second ? As thyself
Thy neighbour thou shalt love.
- 2 Who is my neighbour ? He who wants
The help which thou canst give :
And both the law and prophets say,
This do and thou shalt live.

259

L. M.

Miss E. TAYLOR.

The love and service of God.

- 1 ' THUS shalt thou love the Almighty Lord,
' With all thy heart, and soul, and mind :'
So speaks to man that sacred word,
For counsel and reproof designed.
- 2 ' With all thy heart'—each idol thing
To God must all the sway resign ;
Nor o'er the breast a shadow fling,
To darken that pure love of thine.
- 3 ' With all thy mind'—each varied power,
Creative fancy, musings high,
And thoughts that glance behind, before—
These must religion sanctify.
- 4 ' With soul and strength'—thy days of ease,
Thy will and vigour in their prime ;
Thy hope, thy joy, thy health, thy peace—
All must be freely brought to Him.
- 5 O Power Supreme ! in whom we move,
Vouchsafe thy servants, in their day
Mind to adore, and heart to love,
And soul to serve thee, while they may.

260

S. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Christian holiness.

- 1 WHAT ! know ye not that ye
The temple are of God ?
Revere the earth-built shrine, where he
Should find a meet abode !

- 2 Immortal man, keep pure
Thyself, that mystic shrine ;
Let hate of all that's dark endure,
And love of all divine.
 - 3 Let saintly thoughts be shown
In act by saintly things ;
Like glories through the temple thrown,
From cherubs' curtained wings.
 - 4 Let life, a holy stream,
Its fountain holy show ;
Reflecting with a softened gleam,
Heaven's purity below.
 - 5 Keep thyself, christian, clear
From all presumptuous sin ;
What in the end costs conscience dear,
Dread ever to begin.
 - 6 Oh, while 'tis yet called day,
Choose thee the heavenward road ;
Walk by the gospel's hallowing ray,
To meet a holy God.
-

261

L. M.

H. MOORE.

Wisdom and virtue sought from God.

- 1 SUPREME and universal light !
Fountain of reason ! Judge of right !
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below ;
- 2 Without whose kind directing ray,
In everlasting night we stray,
From passion still to passion tossed,
And in a maze of error lost ;
- 3 Assist me, Lord, to act, to be
What nature and thy laws decree !
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing spirit came,
- 4 My mental freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self poised, and independent still,
On this world's varying good or ill.

- 5 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
 Oh, may my steadfast bosom bear
 The stamp of heaven, an honest heart,
 Above the mean disguise of art !
- 6 May my expanded soul disclaim
 The narrow view, the selfish aim !
 But with a christian zeal embrace
 Whate'er is friendly to my race.
- 7 O Father ! grace and virtue grant,
 No more I wish, no more I want ;
 To know, to serve thee, and to love,
 Is peace below, is bliss above.

262

L. M.

H. MOORE.

Steady principle.

- 1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
 A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
 Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
 And pleasures kill, and glories cheat :
- 2 Shed down, O Lord, a heavenly ray,
 To guide me in the doubtful way ;
 And o'er me hold thy shield of power,
 To guard me in the dangerous hour.
- 3 Teach me the flattering paths to shun,
 In which the thoughtless many run ;
 Who for a shade the substance miss,
 And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
 Allure my wandering soul aside ;
 But through the scenes of mortal ill,
 Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

263

C. M.

BUTCHER.

Christian purity.

- 1 FROM every thought and wish impure,
 Great God ! preserve my soul :
 May every rebel passion bow
 To thy divine control.

- 2 Sin has a thousand treacherous arts,
To lead the soul aside ;
Oh, teach me every art to shun,
And be my constant guide.
- 3 Ne'er let me venture to begin
The gay enchanted round,
Nor in the thoughtless guilty maze,
The slave of sin be found.
- 4 Oh, grant me thine assisting grace,
Where'er I'm called to go !
Upheld by thee, my cautious feet
The paths of peace shall know.
- 5 Through all the dangerous scenes of life,
My way, Oh deign to trace !
And after death may I behold,
With joy, thy holy face !
-

264

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

If any man have not the spirit of Christ,

- 1 In vain the Master's badge we wear,
Unless we serve him too ;
In vain our faith to him declare,
Unless our souls be true.
- 2 Each honouring word, each flattering form,
Is but an idle show,
Unless the heart inspire and warm,
And truth within it glow.
- 3 All doctrines, howsoe'er divine,
Unless the life agree,
Are but as lights that coldly shine,
And end in mockery.
- 4 Christ's spirit is the only test
Which proves us truly his ;
He loves him most, he knows him best,
Who richest is in this.

265

P. M.

MIRIAM.*

Supply of the spirit of Christ.

- 1 ABBA, Father ! hear us now !
Place thy seal upon our brow,
Thy spirit o'er us shed :
The spirit of Him who, free from sin,
Through earthly snares could tread ;
And fraught with thy voice of love within,
Awoke the silent dead.
- 2 Abba, Father ! we are thine ;
Give our souls a life divine,—
The mind of Christ thy son ;
May his hallowed thoughts our own employ,
Bidding each fear begone ;
And fill us with hope, and peace, and joy,
Till the same bright world be won.
- 3 Abba, Father ! we would come,
Heirs of Jesus, to our home ;
The spirit we would share
Of Him who in Judah's desert wild,
All meekly knelt in prayer,
And cast himself, as a trusting child,
On his Father's bosom there.

266

C. M.

E.*

Fellowship with Christ.

- 1 How pure and large the stream of love
Which Christ the Saviour shed,
In thoughts and feelings, words and acts,
On those for whom he bled !
- 2 And still with all prevailing voice,
He pleads in heaven above,
For all who shew his spirit here,
In deeds of truth and love.
- 3 In fellowship with Christ, O God,
May we, his followers, share,
And in our every thought and act,
His holy image bear.

- 4 We joy to own his gracious name ;
 We triumph in his cross ;
 'Tis peace beneath his smile to live,
 Though earth's rude ocean toss.
- 5 So let his spirit fill our breast,
 His life enkindle ours ;
 That one with his may be our will,
 And one be all our powers.
-

267

C. M.

MIRIAM.*

One with the Father and the Son.

- 1 CENTRE of being ! fount of light !
 Effulgence bright and pure,
 Far throned above all earthly might,
 In majesty secure !—
- 2 Say how shall we—of fleeting date,
 In daring thought aspire
 To kindred with the awful state
 Of heaven's eternal sire ?
- 3 And yet with one of human mould,
 High converse thou hast kept,—
 Whose purity might thine behold
 While grosser vision slept.
- 4 Be his our trust—our love the same ;
 Then as the Son is one
 With thee, so may we union claim
 With Father and with Son.
-

268

L. M.

MIRIAM.*

Fellowship with the Father.

- 1 WE are not of the sons of earth,
 We claim a high, immortal birth,—
 Ordained before the circling spheres,
 Measured the compass of our years.
- 2 Creative power, which cannot sleep,
 With wisdom then held counsel deep,
 And brooded o'er the mighty plan
 Of love supreme to feeble man.

- 3 Oh, thou who didst with christian light
 Invade the gloom of heathen night,
 And o'er us bade the fountain flow,
 A nobler being to bestow :
- 4 Formed by thy spirit, grateful we
 Would claim our fellowship with thee,
 Through Him whose unpolluted breast
 Became the temple of thy rest.
- 5 Father of Jesus ! we are thine
 In virtue of a birth divine :
 Come in the fullness of thy grace,
 And dwell with thine adopted race !
-

269

C. M.

E.*

'I have set thee always before me.'

- 1 BE ours the joy to hold with God
 A fellowship of love,
 That while our feet still tread the earth,
 Our hearts may rest above.
- 2 In midnight's soft and tranquil hour,
 With morning's gladsome ray,
 Beneath the noontide's ardent glow,
 And at the parting day ;—
- 3 Where want and misery stalk abroad,
 Where guiltiness repines ;
 Where sickness clouds the weary couch,
 Where healthful vigour shines ;—
- 4 With all of beauty, all of good,
 Each hope, each earthly care ;
 In the lone hour of mute distress,
 And in the infant's prayer :
- 5 We'd keep the thought, O God, of thee,
 Enshrined within our breast,
 And in its sanctifying power,
 Seek holiness and rest.

270

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Walking with God.

- 1 THROUGH all this life's eventful road,
Fain would I walk with thee, my God,
Making thy presence light around,
And every step on holy ground.
 - 2 Each blessing would I trace to thee,
In every grief thy mercy see ;
And through the paths of duty move,
Conscious of thine encircling love.
 - 3 And when the angel Death stands by,
Be this my strength, that thou art nigh ;
And this my joy, that I shall be
With those who dwell in light with thee.
-

271

L. M.

BROWNE.

Imitation of God.

- 1 GREAT God ! thy peerless excellence
Let all created natures own ;
Deep on our minds impress the sense
Of glories which are thine alone.
- 2 Let these our admiration raise,
And fill us with religious awe ;
Tune all our hearts and tongues to praise,
And bend us to thy holy law.
- 3 But where we may resemble thee,
And in the godlike nature share ;
Thine humble followers let us be,
And somewhat of thy likeness bear.
- 4 Pure may we be, averse to sin,
Just, holy, merciful, and true ;
And let thine image formed within,
Shine out in all we speak and do.

272

S. M.

J. JOHNS.*

The spiritual armour.

- 1 To meet life's hostile bands,
Christian, wouldst thou prepare ?
Come and the great Apostle's hands
Shall arm thee for the war !
- 2 Let truth the firm zone find,
That girds thy heart around ;
And righteousness the breastplate bind,
Where mortal were the wound.
- 3 The sandals round thy feet,
Let gospel peace entwine ;
And on thy head, a safeguard meet,
Salvation's helmet shine.
- 4 The word of God then wield,
The spirit's two-edged sword ;
And lift the impenetrable shield
Of faith, in Christ, the Lord.
- 5 Quenched by that shield shall be
Temptation's darts of fire ;
And foes who meet the panoply
Shall, baffled, all retire.
- 6 Yet lay not down the sword,
Unbrace not helm, nor shield,
Until, thou warrior of the Lord,
The sun sets on the field.

273

S. M.

J. R. WREFORD.*

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, march on
Beneath your leader's eye !
Let every hand and heart be firm,
Your enemy is nigh.
- 2 No earthly foes are yours,
No earthly wars you wage ;
The powers of sin encounter you,—
With them shall you engage !

- 3 Oft has your leader fought,
And oft the victory won :—
Strong in his strength, go boldly forth,
And make the field your own !
- 4 ' The cross ;'—be that your guide,
' The cross !'—your battle cry ;—
Invincible ye are ; your foes,
Dismayed, before you fly.
- 5 Soldiers of Christ, to you
Be given the victor's share ;
For ever with your leader reign,
And crowns of glory wear !
-

... 274

P. M.

W. GASKELL.*

' Sleep not as do others.'

- 1 SLEEP not, soldier of the Cross,
Foes are lurking all around ;
Look not here to find repose,
This is but thy battle ground.
- 2 Up ! and take thy shield and sword ;
Up ! it is the call of heaven ;
Shrink not faithless from thy Lord,
Nobly strive as he hath striven.
- 3 Break through all the force of ill,
Tread the might of passion down ;
Struggling onward, onward still,
To the conquering Saviour's crown.
- 4 Through the midst of toil and pain,
Let this thought ne'er leave thy breast,
Every triumph thou dost gain,
Makes more sweet thy coming rest.
-

275

L. M.

BARBAULD.

The christian warfare.

- 1 AWAKE my soul ! lift up thine eyes !
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host !
Awake my soul ! or thou art lost.

- 2 Here giant danger threatening stands,
Mustering its pale terrific bands :
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage !
The meanest foe of all the train,
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou treadest upon enchanted ground ;
Perils and snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all, guard every part ;
But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 5 Come, then, my soul ! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on thy armour from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.
- 6 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell ;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here,
Why should his faithful followers fear ?

276

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Encouragement in danger.

- 1 SOLDIER of Christ ! what fearest thou ?
Why sits pale terror on thy brow ?
Gird up thy strength, and hopeful be ;
Look to the crown that shines for thee !
- 2 Sharp though the conflict be, and strong,
Thou knowest it ne'er endureth long ;
One struggle more may bring release,
And set thee in the home of peace.
- 3 Many, once pressed and tried like thee,
Have fought and won the victory ;
And are not their supporters thine,
Their Lord, their God, their hopes divine ?

- 4 They're bending from their seats above,
They're looking down with eyes of love,
To see thee still maintain the strife,
And win with them eternal life.
- 5 Bear up, bear up a little while,
And their bright looks shall round thee smile.
And give thee welcome to the shore
Where sin and danger fright no more.

277

L. M.

I. L.*

Onward!

- 1 ONWARD! lingering traveller!
Time pursues his ceaseless flight,
Life departs,—what dost thou here,
Still engrossed by false delight?
- 2 Earth is not thy place of rest;
Pilgrim! here thou canst not stay;
Purer joys invite thy choice,
Rise, and speed thee on thy way.
- 3 Stay not!—death's o'erwhelming flood,
Hence all earthly things will sweep,
Then, Religion's ark alone
Can thy soul in safety keep.
- 4 Still advancing, comes the wave!
Haste! the refuge sure to find;
Rest not here with trifling heart,
To thy nobler prospect blind.
- 5 Onward! this is mercy's hour!
Hear what heavenly wisdom saith;—
'Rouse thee from thine idle dream,
'Lest thou sleep the sleep of death.'

278

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Press on!

- 1 PRESS on, press on! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.

- 2 Press on, press on ! through toil and woe
 Calmly resolved to triumph go,
 And make each dark and threatning ill
 Yield but a higher glory still.
- 3 Press on, press on ! still look in faith
 To him who vanquished sin and death;
 And till you hear his high ' Well done,'
 True to the last, press on, press on !
-

279

L. M.

J. C. WALLACE.

Acceptance with God.

- 1 LORD ! who shall in thy house abide—
 Who dwell upon thy holy hill ?
 He in whose peaceful breast reside
 A spotless mind, a virtuous will :
- 2 Whose tongue from falsehood hath refrained ;
 Who hath not slandered friend or foe ;
 Whose pure affections, unprofaned,
 In love's unruffled channel flow :
- 3 Who hates the guilt he will not share ;
 Who honours them that fear thy name ;
 And what his faithful lips declare,
 His actions for the truth proclaim.
- 4 The man who thus, with constant heart,
 Across the sea of life hath passed,
 Performing his allotted part,
 Shall anchor safe in heaven at last.
-

280

P. M.

BOWRING.

A wise man builds upon a rock.

- 1 HE builds his house upon the sand,
 Who builds, great God, on aught but thee !
 He is a wanderer in the land,
 Who seeks for any guiding hand
 But thine—our best security.

- 2 He builds his house upon a rock,
 Who makes thy word his hope and trust ;
 And flood and flame, and tempest shock
 In vain will rage—they cannot rock
 The steadfast temple of the just.
- 3 So would I build—and dwell serene
 'Midst wrecks and storms—the mountain base
 Is not more firm. Time's busy scene
 Shall glide along, till death's dark screen
 Be spread around our resting-place.
- 4 And then a day—a brighter day
 Shall dawn above the snowy hills
 That frown upon the grave ; away,
 Away, despair !—even now its ray
 The path of life with splendor fills.
-

281

L. M.

BOWRING.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

- 1 EARTH's transitory things decay,
 Its pomps, its pleasures pass away ;
 But the sweet memory of the good
 Survives in the vicissitude.
- 2 As 'midst the ever rolling sea,
 The eternal isles established be,
 'Gainst which the surges of the main
 Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain :—
- 3 As in the heavens, the urns divine,
 Of golden light, for ever shine ;
 Though clouds may darken, storms may rage,
 They still shine on from age to age :—
- 4 So through the ocean-tide of years,
 The memory of the just appears ;
 So through the tempest and the gloom,
 The good man's virtues light the tomb.
- 5 Happy the righteous ! come what may,
 Though heaven dissolve and earth decay ;
 Happy the righteous man ! for he
 Belongs to immortality.

The condition of the righteous and the wicked compared.

- 1 BLESSED is the man who shuns the evil spot,
Where, in dark counsel, the ungodly meet ;
Who in the way of sinners walketh not,
Nor with the impious scoffer takes his seat.
- 2 In thy most pure and sacred law, O Lord,
His soul still finds an ever dear delight ;
By day he reads with joy thy holy word,
And on that word he meditates by night.
- 3 As some fair tree with water near the roots,
Whose boughs bright buds and blossoms richly gem,
He long shall flourish, crowned with virtue's fruits,
His leaf no wind shall scatter from the stem.
- 4 But tempests o'er ungodly men shall lower,
Break all their strength and wither all their bloom ;
And Death's cold blast, armed with avenging power,
Like chaff shall drive them headlong to the tomb.
- 5 Before thy face, O Lord, they shall not stand,
When thy bright presence robes the just in light ;
Judgment shall fall on all the impious band,
And dark perdition hide them in its night.

Safety of the virtuous.

- 1 HE who walks in virtue's way,
Firm and fearless, walketh surely ;
Diligent while yet 'tis day,
On he speeds, and speeds securely :
Flowers of peace beneath him grow,
Suns of pleasure brighten o'er him ;
Memory's joys behind him go,
Hope's sweet angels fly before him.
- 2 Thus he moves from stage to stage,
Smiles of earth and heaven attending ;
Softly sinking down in age,
And at last to death descending :

Cradled in its quiet deep,
 Calm as summer's loveliest even,
 He shall sleep the hallowed sleep—
 Sleep that is o'erwatched by heaven.

- 3 Till that day of days shall come,
 When the archangel's trumpet breaking
 Through the silence of the tomb,
 All its prisoners awaking,
 He shall hear the thundering blast
 Burst the chilling bands that bound him ;
 To the throne of glory haste,
 All heaven's splendors hovering round him.

284

C. M.

J. JOHNS.*

The blessedness of holiness.

- 1 SWEET is religion's influence,
 And happy is his choice,
 Whose heart attends with reverence,
 And answers to her voice.
- 2 What makes him blessed, not worlds can give,
 Not worlds can take away;
 His comforts in his bosom live,
 To bless him night and day.
- 3 If he be prosperous, inward light
 Illumes all men can win;
 If not, the thickening outward night
 Shows starrier thoughts within.
- 4 Walking with God in solitude,
 In life, and in his home,
 He seeks the wise, he loves the good,
 And lives for things to come.
- 5 Years cannot cloud his spirit's glance,
 Nor sufferings take the power,
 Of living for both worlds at once,
 Till his departing hour.
- 6 Then shines the future forth, as fall
 Death's shadows o'er the past;
*And blessed by holiness through all,
 It blesses most at last.*

The beatitudes.

- 1 **HAPPY** the unrepining poor ;
For them the heavenly rest is sure,
Whose patient minds in every ill,
Submissive meet their Maker's will.
- 2 **Happy** the contrite, who lament
Their wasted hours in sin mispent ;
Reclaimed from sin, they shall obtain
Eternal joys for transient pain.
- 3 **Happy** the meek, by wisdom taught
To check each proud, resentful thought ;
For them earth spreads the feast of life,
Unmixed with bitterness or strife.
- 4 **Happy** the souls that grow in grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness ;
For them a full and rich supply
Shall be prepared in worlds on high.
- 5 **Happy** the men who mercy show
To all that need—or friend, or foe ;
To them like mercy shall be shown,
When God's just sentence all shall own.
- 6 **Happy** the pure in heart, for they
Still holding on in virtue's way,
When faith and hope are changed to sight,
Shall see their God in cloudless light.
- 7 **Happy** the men of peaceful life,
Who win to peace the sons of strife :
They shall be called the sons of God,
The heirs of his serene abode.
- 8 **And happy** those who take the cross,
For truth encounter pain and loss,
And suffer shame for Christ their Lord,
For great in heaven is their reward.

The brethren of the Lord.

- 1 WHO, as the brethren of the Lord,
May his affection claim ?
To whom on earth does Christ accord
A parent's honoured name ?
- 2 The pure, the humble, the sincere,
Whose hopes are fixed above ;
Who worship God with holy fear,
And ardent filial love :
- 3 Who to the Saviour's word of grace,
With grateful warmth attend ;
Such does his loving heart embrace,
Their brother and their friend.
- 4 For these, in dark Gethsemane,
His bitter tears were shed ;
For these, upon the fatal tree,
He bowed his patient head.
- 5 Brethren of Jesus, may we share
The love that filled his breast ;
On earth his burden joyful bear,
Then enter to his rest.

Fortitude and fidelity of the Martyr and Confessor.

- 1 PRAISE to high Providence, we live
In days when laws and kings forgive
The glorifying crime
Of seeking in God's holy word,
By no mean fear of man deterred,
Its truth and grace sublime !
- 2 But let us not for this forget,
The deep and reverential debt
We owe to those of old
Who bore, unstained, through fire and flood,
Redemption's ark, and with their blood
Bought rights, too dear for gold.

- 3 We crown the poet and the sage,
And in our honor-giving rage
 Enwreath the conqueror's head ;—
And shall they sleep without their fame,
Whose labours and whose conquests shame
 All those who wrote or bled ?
- 4 No, glorious martyrs ! not forgot,
In this our own delightful lot,
 Shall be those darings high,
By which the pride of power ye tamed,
And for the race ye loved, reclaimed
 Celestial liberty.
- 5 And not alone, ye who expired
For truth ; but ye who bore untired
 The oppressor's chains and wrongs ;
Confessors in the same great cause,
Pure victims of unrighteous laws,
 Live in our hearts and songs !
- 6 Ye, too, who fallen on evil days,
Declined the persecutor's ways,
 And left your hearths and graves ;
Spreading your sails on ocean's blue,
For lands your fathers never knew,
 Rather than pray like slaves :
- 7 Filled with your zeal, may we explore
The holy truths ye loved of yore,
 By fearless freedom led ;
And pass the rights your sufferings won,
From age to age, from sire to son,
 As life-gifts from the dead.

288

C. M. Miss MARTINEAU.

Human equality.

- 1 ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies ;
All men are equal, when that earth
Fails from their dying eyes.

- 2 God greets the throngs who pay their vows
 In courts their hands have made ;
 And hears the worshipper who bows
 Beneath the plaintain shade.
- 3 'Tis man alone who difference sees,
 And speaks of high and low ;
 And worships those, and tramples these,
 While the same path they go.
- 4 Oh, let man hasten to restore
 To all their rights of love !
 In power and wealth, exult no more ;
 In wisdom lowly move.
- 5 Ye great ! renounce your earth-born pride ;
 Ye low ! your shame and fear ;
 Live, as ye worship, side by side ;
 Your common claims revere.
-

289

P. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Spiritual equality.

- 1 HIGH and low, and rich and poor,
 All in Christ together meet ;
 None despised, none favoured more,
 All are equal at his feet.
- 2 All may trust in God the same,
 All alike his blessing share ;
 All present the child's strong claim,
 All look up to him in prayer.
- 3 All alike have sins to mourn,
 All their trials fitly given ;
 Hastening to the same dark bourne,
 All may find the same bright heaven.
- 4 None, then, let us dare despise,
 Be their station ne'er so mean ;
 There are last who in the skies,
 First in glory shall be seen.

290

P. M.

BOWRING.*

The rich and the poor meet together.

- 1 COME the rich and come the poor,
To the christian temple-door ;
Let their mingled prayers ascend
To the universal Friend.
- 2 Here the rich and poor may claim
Common ancestry and name ;
Claim a common heritage,
In the gospel's promise-page.
- 3 Of the same materials wrought ;
By the same instructor taught ;
Walking in life's common way ;
Tending to the same decay ;—
- 4 Rich and poor at last shall meet
At the heavenly mercy-seat,
When the name of rich and poor,
Never shall be uttered more.

291

L. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

There is no respect of persons with God.

- 1 THE head erect, the uplifted eye
That measures o'er the spangled sky ;
The mien that speaks celestial birth,—
Ennobles every child of earth !
- 2 The purple stream that silent flows,
And through its varied current goes
Back to the fountain of the heart,—
Thrills through thy veins, whoe'er thou art.
- 3 The immortal soul that in thee burns,
And through life's thickning shade discerns
That pathway in the eternal plan
Which leads to heaven—proclaims thee man.
- 4 Incessant, streaming from above,
Flows down to earth the tide of love ;
And plenteous showers of mercy fall
Through each succeeding age, on all !

- 5 Then, raise your heads, ye lowly, raise
Your eyes, and on your Maker gaze ;
Scorn what the giddy world allures ;—
Ye, too, are God's,—and heaven is yours !

292

S. M.

BULFINCH.

True freedom.

- 1 WHO is the truly free ?
The monarch on his throne ?
The chief adorned with victory,
And spoils by valour won ?
- 2 No ! passion's force can shake
The soul in danger tried ;
And he who bars of steel can break,
May be the slave of pride.
- 3 Who is the truly blessed ?
The man of wealth untold,—
In robes of eastern splendour dressed,
And served in plate of gold ?
- 4 No ! vain his rich attire
To ease the laboring breath ;
And vain his gold to quench the fire—
The fever-flame of death.
- 5 That man is free, O Lord,
To whom thy name is dear ;
Who fearing thee, performs thy word,
And knows no other fear.
- 6 From passion, pride, remorse,
Thy care his path shall guard,
And lead him on in virtue's course,
To his divine reward.

293

S. M.

J. R. WREFORD.*

Religious liberty.

- 1 SOURCE of the chainless mind,
Of truth, and liberty !
No bonds my deathless soul can bind,
My God ! thou mad'st me free !

- 2 Shall man's despotic sway
 My free-born soul enslave?—
 First shall the glorious sun decay,
 Or set on freedom's grave!
- 3 Chains may my body bind,—
 These limbs all fettered be;
 But thralldom cannot reach the mind,—
 It will—it must be free!
- 4 Lord! ever grant me grace,
 My liberty to prize,
 Nor let me yield compliance base,
 To creeds my soul denies!
- 5 Oh, may I seek thy will,
 To self and Christ be true,
 And, God of freedom! let me still
 Thy truth alone pursue!
-

294

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

'Stand fast in the liberty, &c.'

- 1 A HIGH and holy gift from thee,
 We feel that freedom, Lord, to be,
 Which He has made our own, who came
 To man his birth-rights to proclaim.
- 2 Whilst we no single chain would dare
 Enforce a fellow-mind to wear;
 True to our own we still would be,
 And aye stand fast in liberty.
- 3 No slave-born terrors would we heed,
 But wheresoe'er truth seems to lead,
 There fearless go, and conscience-free,
 Look up in humble hope to thee.
- 4 And though we fall on evil days,
 And bigot-tongues their threatenings raise,
 Still, guided by thy blessed light,
 We calmly would pursue the right.

- 5 A glorious band with thee abide,
 Who here for truth and freedom died ;
 Oh, may we so their spirit share
 That we may meet a welcome there.

295

L. M.

J. C. WALLACE.

What is man ?

- 1 O LORD ! how glorious is thy name !
 Thy skill and wisdom how profound !
 Earth's farthest shores thy power proclaim ;
 It circles all creation round !
- 2 And when we raise our eyes to heaven,
 And trace the wonders of thy love ;—
 The moon and stars which thou hast given
 To deck the shining worlds above :
- 3 Lord, what is man, that from his birth,
 Thy bounty he doth largely share ;—
 The son of man, that down to earth
 Extendeth thy paternal care !
- 4 High on the scale of being, thou
 Hast placed him : to thyself, how near !
 Honour and glory on his brow,
 Stamped by thy hand divine, appear.
- 5 He is the lord of all below ;
 All stand subservient at his feet ;
 The fish that through the waters go,
 And beasts, and birds, their sovereign greet.
- 6 O Lord ! how glorious is thy name !
 Thy skill and wisdom how profound !
 Earth's farthest shores thy power proclaim ;
 It circles all creation round !

296

P. M.

Miss J. ROSCOE.

Candor.

- 1 OH, who shall say he knows the folds
 Which veil another's inmost heart,—
 The hopes, thoughts, wishes, which it holds,
 In which he never bore a part ?
 That hidden world no eye can see—
Oh, who shall pierce its mystery ?

- 2 Presumptuous aim ! that shrouded soul,
 Unmarked by every human gaze,
 Is open but to His control
 Who traces every secret maze ;
 It is not thine to brand its faith,
 Or say what feelings swell beneath.
- 3 There may be hope as pure, as bright
 As ever sought eternity,—
 There may be light—clear, heavenly light,
 Where all seems cold and dark to thee ;
 And when thy spirit mourns the dust,
 There may be trust—delightful trust.
- 4 Go, bend to God, and leave to him
 The mystery of thy brother's heart,
 Nor vainly think his faith is dim,
 Because in thine it hath no part ;
 He too is mortal—and like thee
 Would soar to immortality.
- 5 And if in duty's hallowed sphere,
 Like Christ, he meekly, humbly bends,—
 With hands unstained, and conscience clear,
 With life's temptations still contends ;
 Oh, leave him that unbroken rest,
 The peace that shrines a virtuous breast.
- 6 But if his thoughts and hopes should err,
 Still view him with a gentle eye,
 Remembering doubt, and change, and fear,
 Are woven in man's destiny ;
 And when the clouds are passed away,
 That truth shall dawn with brightning day.

297

C. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Judge not.

- 1 SHALL mortal man, so frail, so blind,
 Usurp his Maker's throne ;
 And hold dominion o'er a mind
 As free-born as his own ?

- 2 Who bid thee judge thy fellow clay,
Weak, erring, mortal man ?
Who lent thee thy superior ray,
God's holy law to scan ?
- 3 Presumptuous child of dust, forbear !
Thy thoughtless zeal control :
And let thy fellow mortals share
The freedom of the soul !
- 4 God is our judge,—and he alone :
He to his bar shall call
The united world from zone to zone,
And sentence pass on all !
- 5 Then let not man, so frail, so blind,
Usurp his Maker's throne ;
And hold dominion o'er a mind
As free-born as his own.

298

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Against censoriousness.

- 1 How often, Lord, we dare to take
The judgment seat from thee,
And with our cruel censures break
The law of charity !
- 2 We open wide our brother's sin,
Nor pause to think the while,
How long the struggle may have been,
How great the tempter's guile.
- 3 No feeling stops our harsh decree,
How little we can know,
What in his erring heart may be,
What bitter shame and woe.
- 4 We speed the scandal on we hear,
Nor let the thought once rise
How we ourselves, just God ! appear
In thine all-seeing eyes.
- 5 Oh, teach our hearts, before thee bared,
Their guiltiness to see ;
Nor let us judge, till we're prepared
To be judged, Lord, of thee.

The lowly heart.

- 1 LORD ! for the lowly heart we pray,
The meek and humble mind,
The soul that looks to thee alway,
Calm, cheerful, and resigned.
 - 2 If higher praise another gain,
And be to us preferred ;
Teach us to see, and feel no pain,
And vent no angry word.
 - 3 If poor our state, and mean our store,
Still let our feeling be,—
Lord ! it is good, and more, far more,
Than we deserve from thee.
-

A meek and quiet spirit.

- 1 TREASURE priceless ! far before
Purest gold, or jewelled store ;
Grant us, God of peace ! a mind
Ever gentle, ever kind ;
- 2 Which, though earth's loud tempests sweep
O'er its chords, shall measure keep,
Softly moving to the tone
Of a music all its own.
- 3 With the victim free from spot—
Lamb of God, who murmured not ;
In the robes of meekness dressed,
May our spirit be at rest:—
- 4 Every harsher feeling curbed,
'Mid confusion undisturbed,
'Till with Him before thy throne,
Heaven's soft music be our own.

301

L. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Against religious pride.

- 1 BLESSED with the gospel for our guide,
Where charity and meekness reign;
Oh, never may religious pride
The weaker brother's plea disdain!
- 2 'Him that is weak in faith receive,'
Nor view with cold averted eye;
Convinced, and happy to believe,
Forbear to judge his destiny.
- 3 He who has framed the human mind,
Its wanderings and its weakness knows;
And all who seek the truth, shall find
That mercy to the erring flows.
- 4 Ye servants of the Prince of peace,
Show the blessed influence of his word:
So shall the church of Christ increase,
And every tongue confess the Lord.

302

L. M.

ENFIELD.

Humility.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day,—
Oh, why should mortal man be proud?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found:
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way:
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!
- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span;
How ill, alas! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

- 5 God of my life ! Father divine !
 Give me a meek and lowly mind :
 In modest worth, Oh let me shine
 And peace in humble virtue find.
-

303 L. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Let all bitterness and wrath be put away.

- 1 OH, not within the christian's heart
 Let storms of wrath and malice rage ;
 Or aught but peace its joys impart,
 Or aught but love his soul engage !
- 2 Thus shall he best assert his claim
 To share his heavenly Father's love ;
 To bear his blest Redeemer's name,
 And with him dwell in worlds above.
-

304 P. M. MIRIAM.*

Christian unity.

- 1 RESTORE, O Father ! to our times restore
 The peace which filled thine infant church of yore ;
 Ere lust of power had sown the seeds of strife,
 And quenched the new-born charities of life.
- 2 Oh, never more may differing judgments part,
 From kindly sympathy a brother's heart,
 But linked in one, believing thousands kneel,
 And share with each the sacred joy they feel.
- 3 From soul to soul, quick as the sun-beam's ray,
 Let concord spread one universal day ;
 And faith by love, lead all mankind to thee—
 Parent of peace, and fount of harmony.
-

305 S. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

If ye forgive men their trespasses.

- 1 LIVES there a man on earth,
 Be high or low his lot,
 Who pardoned by his fellow man,
 Himself will pardon not ?

- 2 Looks there with eye unscared,
On the dark brow of heaven,
One who forgives not, but who prays
To be by God forgiven ?
- 3 Father, if such ~~there~~ be,
The power thy grace imparts
Send down from heaven ; their souls illumine,
And give them human hearts !
- 4 All who thy mercy ask,
That mercy may they show ;
The love they seek to share in heaven,
That love display below.
-

306

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Long suffering and mercy.

- 1 FROM day to day, 'gainst thee, O Lord,
We sin in thought, and deed, and word ;
Yet thou dost pity and forgive,
And still within thy care we live.
- 2 Is it for us, so erring, then,
To sternly judge our fellow-men ;
For us, so pardoned, quick to be
In marking every injury ?
- 3 Should we not rather suffer long,
And mildly meet each little wrong ;
And soften still the needful blame,
And seek to hide a brother's shame ?
- 4 Should it not be our blessed part
To win again the altered heart,
And each hard feeling there has dwelt
Beneath the fires of kindness melt ?
- 5 Thus gentle learners may we be
Of him who learned, O God, of thee,
And on the cross breathed forth a prayer
For those whose hands had nailed him there

307

S. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

By the grace of God, I am what I am.

- 1 'Tis not by our own worth,
But God's unbounded grace,
We soar beyond the things of earth,
And see him face to face.
- 2 'Tis not our righteous ways
That lead us to his throne ;
But all the glory and the praise
Belong to him alone !
- 3 He makes us what we are ;
Thanks to our God be given !
His mercy is the beaming star
That leads us up to heaven.
- 4 Then let us sing his praise,
And humbly seek his aid ;
And may his word guide all our ways,
His love all hearts pervade.
- 5 Oh, praise the Lord of all,
And bow before his face ;
With prayer devout, for mercy call,
And seek his promised grace.

308

C. M.

LAMPART.

God's rebuke preferable to man's praise.

- 1 BACK from the paths of heavenly truth,
'The apostate rulers trod,
Because ' they loved the praise of men
' More than the praise of God.'
- 2 To man's applause, my soul, prefer
E'en God's rebuke when meet ;
And in thy deepest maladies,
The healthful to the sweet.
- 3 And dread thou not the world's reproach,
Though cruel and unjust ;—
That crown of thorns the Saviour wore,
As all his follower's must.

- 4 The praise of men is never writ
 In God's recording book ;—
 'Tis traceless as the summer's ray
 That sparkles in the brook.
- 5 The praise of God is joy in heaven,
 When by immortals won ;—
 And when on mortal man bestowed,
 Is heaven on earth begun.
-

309

P. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

Man a pilgrim.

- 1 PILGRIMS to a better land,—
 Here we cannot long delay,
 God extends his guiding hand,
 Gives us strength, and points the way.
- 2 Pleasant is the path we tread,
 Sweet the scenes that meet our view ;
 God, our Father, deigns to shed,
 Peace and comfort ever new.
- 3 But the clime is brighter far,
 Whither all our footsteps tend,
 There the purest pleasures are,—
 Pleasures that can never end.
- 4 Thither, safely guide us, Lord !
 While as pilgrims here we roam ;
 Strength, and aid, and light afford,
 Till we reach our blissful home !
-

310

C. M.

BARBAULD.

The christian pilgrimage.

- 1 OUR country is Emanuel's land,
 We seek that promised soil ;
 The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
 While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
 And oft are bathed in tears ;
 Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
 And nought but sin our fears.

- 3 The flowers that spring along the road,
We scarcely stoop to pluck;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.
- 4 We tread the path our Master trod,
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet,
His temples pierced before.
- 5 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In extasies of love;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.
- 6 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is begun.
-

311 L. M. W. GASKELL.*

Frailty seeking strength.

- 1 O GOD! who knowest how frail we are,
How soon the thought of good departs;
We pray that thou wouldst feed the fount
Of holy yearning in our hearts.
- 2 Let not the choking cares of earth
Their precious springs of life o'ergrow;
But ever guarded by thy love,
Still purer may their waters flow.
- 3 To thee, with sweeter hope and trust,
Be every day our spirits given;
And may we, while we walk on earth,
Walk more as citizens of heaven.
-

312 L. M. W. GASKELL.*

Prayer for holier thought.

- 1 How oft our best resolves we break,
And still to folly yield our hearts!
*How frequent sleep when we should wake,
The while some fleet-winged good departs!*

- 2 Too much our own poor strength we trust,
 Nor keep, Lord, close enough to thee ;
 But Oh ! remember we are dust,
 And still our friend and helper be.
- 3 Breathe round our souls a holier might,
 To struggle through this world of sin ;
 To fight, untired, the christian's fight,
 The crown of righteousness to win.
-

313

C. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

If the righteous scarcely be saved, &c.

- 1 OH ! if the righteous, scarcely saved,
 Look up with godly fear ;
 Where shall the souls by guilt enslaved,
 Oh ! where shall they appear !
- 2 Where shall the abandoned sinner lie
 In earth, or sea, or air,
 T' escape the Lord's all searching eye,
 Or his own heart's despair !
- 3 Father of all, on those who bend
 In this thy dwelling place,
 May thine exhaustless love descend,
 And thine all-pardoning grace !
- 4 And at the all eventful day
 When man shall meet his doom ;
 Do thou revive our sleeping clay,
 In glory from the tomb.
-

314

L. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Exhortation to sinners.

- 1 YE who have turned and gone astray
 From the sole paths that lead to peace ;
 Return, while yet 'tis called to-day,
 Ere sins, and pains, and fears increase.
- 2 Oh ! heap no longer on your heads
 Deeds that at last must crush them down !
 The darkness that within you spreads
 Already shows the Almighty's frown.

- 3 That darkness may in sunshine break,
That frown in mercy's pardoning smile;
If for your own immortal sake,
Ye bid farewell to guilt and guile.
- 4 There yet is time, however late;
There yet is hope, while life is given;
Faith opens still her own strait gate,
And mercy offers all her heaven.
- 5 Then turn, poor wanderer, turn at last;
Regain the peace for guilt resigned;
Seek and find pardon for the past,
Jesus has power, for God is kind.

315

P. M.

BRETTTELL.

There is joy over one sinner that repenteth.

- 1 'THERE is joy in the presence of the angels of God,—
Such, such are the blessed words the Saviour hath
spoken—
When the sinner bends, humbled, beneath heaven's rod,
When his hard heart of guilt strong contrition hath
broken;
- 2 And the rock of his bosom sends forth the pure stream
That washes the stains of his errors away;
And the dark clouds of vice melt to showers in the beam
That mercy hath thrown o'er his shadowy way.
- 3 Oh! blest be that mercy that cheers our despair,
When submissive we bow to the chastener's will;
And blest be the voice that, in answer to prayer,
Bids the soul-harrowing storm of our sorrow be still.
- 4 The publican prayed, and his crimes were forgiven;
The prodigal turned to his God, and he smiled;
There's a home for the wandering sinner in heaven,
If he flies, ere too late, from guilt's desolate wild.
- 5 Christ will welcome the contrite to mansions of joy,
In the temple prepared for his children above:
If thou wouldst not, Oh sinner, thy last hope destroy,
Give thy heart, thy whole heart, to the God who is
love.

316

P. M.

W. GASKELL.*

God's mercy the sinner's hope.

- 1 IN the light of thy presence, O God,
Who is there may sinless appear ?
Who remember thou searchest the heart,
Nor bow down before thee in fear ?
- 2 By thy word into life we were brought;
Thy breath doth existence sustain ;
And thou canst with a glance, or a thought,
Sink us back into nothing again.
- 3 May we feel, mighty God, that with thee
Each hope of our being must rest ;
That thy favour alone is the good
Can make us abidingly blessed.
- 4 And Oh ! grant we may seek so to live,
That sinless though none may appear,
We may all of us hope in thy love,
And mingle sweet trust with our fear.

317

L. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

Sin and salvation.

- 1 HAVE we not sinned, great God, above !
And wilt thou, yet, vouchsafe thy love ?
Have not our hearts to earth been given,
And may we, yet, aspire to heaven ?
- 2 Oh, how shall man thy mercy own !
With offering meet approach thy throne ?
With hope, bow down before thy face,
And praise thee for thy boundless grace ?
- 3 Thanks be to thee, the Saviour came,
And mercy offered in thy name ;
New joys to sinful man were given ;
Trust in thy love, and hope of heaven !
- 4 This is our triumph : here we see
All tribes, all nations brought to thee !
Oh ! be it ours to join that host
Who serve thee best, and love thee most.

318

S. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

None good save one.

- 1 WHAT feeble child of earth,
Earth's devious path hath trod,
With soul unstained as at its birth
That soul came forth from God !
- 2 None that the light e'er saw
Of the refulgent sun,
Have kept entire God's perfect law !—
There is none good, save one !
- 3 God of our feeble race !
Lord of the heavens above !
We thank thee for the gospel's grace,
And thy redeeming love !
- 4 Followers of Christ, thy Son,
Oh, be our sins forgiven !
And when our course through life is run,
Receive us into heaven !

319

L. M.

BOWRING.

Be sure, your sin will find you out.

- 1 THERE's no retreat from sin—no spot
Of refuge can the guilty find :
The sin deserts the sinner not,
Until repentance clears the mind.
- 2 The scorpion stings which conscience wields,
Still follow in the track of crime ;
No distance from the terror shields—
Nor the destroying flight of time.
- 3 The accusing voice at last will speak
In thunder, though 'tis silenced now ;
The torrent through its banks will break,
And nought resist its overflow.
- 4 Here, or hereafter,—dare not doubt,
Oh, sinner ! dare not disregard !
' Be sure, your sin will find you out,'
And bring its terrible reward.

320

L. M.

BUTCHER.

Against secret sin.

- 1 FOLLOWERS of Christ ! shall we endure
The yoke of sin, unchaste, impure ;
And with unholy thoughts profane,
The temple where our God should reign ?
- 2 Shall they to whom the Saviour came,
Still work the deeds of sin and shame,
And when the eye of man retires,
Indulge in vain and loose desires ?
- 3 Most holy God ! thine eye surveys
The sinner in the darkest maze ;
Nor can the thickest gloom of night
Conceal the wicked from thy sight.
- 4 Oh, may these thoughts possess my heart !
Nor from thy ways my feet depart ;
Where'er I wander, let me be,
Almighty Father, near to thee !

321

C. M.

J. R. WREFORD.*

Warning to sinners.

- 1 LOVER of pleasure, more than God !
Let soft persuasion win,
And from this hour resolve to quit
The slavery of sin.
- 2 Pause, ere the gloomy day shall come
When vicious joy is o'er,—
When sin shall lose her every charm,
And pleasure please no more.
- 3 O dreamer of vain dreams, arise,
Wake from thy fatal sleep !—
Thou sowest but the idle wind,—
The whirlwind thou shalt reap.
- 4 Ere yet too late, thy steps retrace,
And seek the heavenly way ;
Thy Saviour calls thee back, and points
To scenes of endless day.

322

L. M.

BOWRING.

Awake, thou that sleepest.

- 1 WAKE, slumberer, wake ! repent, repent !
Yet a few fleeting hours remain :
One day of mercy still is lent ;
That day may never dawn again.
- 2 Oh, waste it not, 'tis thine ; 'tis all,—
All that remains of earth or heaven ;
Hark, how its flitting spirits call !
Seize, sanctify the moment given.
- 3 Wake, slumberer, wake ! repent, repent !
Yet a few fleeting hours remain ;
One day of mercy still is lent,
That day may never dawn again.
- 4 Thou tread'st on tombs, thou breathe'st death ;
The stars go out, the forests fade ;
Destruction reigns above, beneath,
In noontide's beam, in midnight's shade.
- 5 Wake, slumberer, wake ! the day that breaks,
Twilight shall never dim ; nor thou
Find aught but woe in all that makes
Thy miserable pleasures now.

323

C. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

Irreligion overcome.

- 1 EARTH spread its gay temptations round,
We saw, and did not flee ;
With fetters strong our hearts were bound,
Nor trusted, God, in thee !
- 2 The morning dawned ; with prayer and praise
We welcomed not the day :
No grateful anthem did we raise
When daylight died away !
- 3 The gospel's sound in vain we heard ;
'Twas fleeting as the wind !
We read ; but thy all-saving word
Left not a thought behind !

- 4 Changed now the scene ; earth charms no more ;
 Thanks to thy name be given !
 We flee from what we prized before,
 And fix our hopes on heaven !
- 5 Help us, O God ! and speed our way
 To thine own world above !
 Those regions of eternal day,
 Where dwells eternal love !
-

324

L. M.

H. HUTTON.

Penitence.

- 1 OH, thou, to whom each fervent prayer
 Contrition breathes, ascends on high !
 Thou, God, alone canst ease the care
 That wakes the conscious sinner's cry.
- 2 Subdued in heart, to thee we turn ;
 In shame and mourning seek thy face ;
 No more thy mercy's call we spurn,—
 But humbled, pray for pardoning grace.
- 3 Within our breasts, O Lord, inspire
 The joyful hope of peace with thee ;
 And from each sinful, vain desire,
 Oh, let thy spirit set us free.
- 4 Low at a Father's feet we bend—
 His love, his promised chase despair ;
 Our feeble efforts, Lord, befriend,
 To rise to heaven and settle there.
-

325

P. M.

J. TAYLOR.

A penitential hymn.

- 1 GOD of mercy ! God of love !
 Hear our sad repentant songs :
 Listen to thy suppliant race,
 Thou, to whom all grace belongs !
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
 Talents wasted, time mispent ;
 Hearts debased by worldly cares,
 Thankless for the blessings lent ;—

- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
 Vain regrets for things as vain ;
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain ;—
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
 Filled with grief and shame we own ;
 Humbled at thy feet we bow,
 Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy ! God of love !
 Hear our sad repentant songs :
 Oh, restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou, to whom all grace belongs !
-

326

C. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Errors deplored.

- 1 O Lord, how oft our wandering steps
 From the right path have strayed !
 How oft thy precepts have we shunned,
 And our own will obeyed !
- 2 How has the gospel's warning voice
 Been passed unheeded by !
 How has the heart been fixed on earth,
 Though raised to heaven the eye !
- 3 And yet, O God, thy boundless love
 In endless streams flows on :
 Yet dost thou shower thy mercy down,
 As erst, our souls upon !
- 4 Oh, rouse our thoughtless minds, great God,
 And our salvation be !
 Wean us from earth ; our sins forgive ;
 And may we trust in thee !
- 5 A ray of light from worlds above
 Be to thy servants given ;
 And every step we tread below,
 Oh, may it lead to heaven !

327

C. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

Seeking God early.

- 1 WEARY of earth, its joys, its cares,
The sinner looks to heaven ;
O God of mercy, hear his prayers
Who prays to be forgiven.
- 2 But oh ! how thoughtless, thankless, blind,
The child of dust may be !
When earth no longer charms his mind,
He turns to heaven and thee !
- 3 Father of all ! send down a ray
Of thine own hallowed light :
Thee may we seek ere closing day
Betokens endless night !
- 4 Thy goodness in our earliest days,
May all our hearts confess ;
And as life's tide rolls on, nor praise,
Nor love thee, Lord, the less !
- 5 To thee may every christian give
His moments as they fly ;
Nor find he has not learnt to live,
When called at last to die !

328

C. M.

JERVIS.

Peace to the penitent.

- 1 SWEET is the friendly voice which speaks
The words of life and peace ;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.
- 2 No healing balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart ;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss,
Such pure delight impart.
- 3 Thou still art merciful and kind ;
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal ;
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

- 4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
 Peace to each anxious heart ;
 Conduct us on the path that leads
 To everlasting rest.
-

329

C. M.

JERVIS.

God's mercy to the penitent.

- 1 THOU, Lord, in mercy wilt regard
 The contrite and sincere ;
 Thou wilt with gracious eye behold
 The penitential tear.
- 2 Thou canst restrain wild passion's sway,
 The power of vice control ;
 Restore bright reason's ray divine,
 To purify the soul.
- 3 O God ! from error turn our feet,
 That we no more may stray ;
 And guide our steps direct and safe,
 In virtue's peaceful way.
-

330

S. M.

BULFINCH.

The new birth.

- 1 SAD is this narrow span,
 This grant of fleeting years ;
 In tears our earthly course began,
 And finishes in tears.
- 2 But, Father ! thou hast given
 A hope of rest on high ;
 Hast made the grave the path to heaven,
 To immortality.
- 3 Children of thee, we own
 A new and heavenly birth ;
 Kindred to spirits round thy throne,
 Though sojourners of earth.
- 4 Born of thy Spirit, Lord,
 Thy Spirit may we share ;
 Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,
 And place thine image there.

- 5 Teach us to walk aright
 On earth, as serving thee ;
 Then take us to thy realms of light,
 Thine to eternity.

— 331

S. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Necessity of being born again.

- 1 THOU must be born again !
 So ran the solemn word
 To him who came not all in vain
 By night to seek his Lord.
- 2 Thou must be born again !
 But not the birth of clay ;
 The immortal seed must thence obtain
 Deliverance into day.
- 3 Mortal, thy inmost mind
 Must own the same control ;
 The same regenerating wind
 Must move and guide thy soul.
- 4 Thou canst not choose but trace
 The steps the Master trod,
 If once thou feel his truth and grace,
 A conscious child of God !
- 5 The mortal's birth is past ;
 The immortal's birth must be ;
 Seek well, and thou shalt find at last
 That blest nativity.

— 332

C. M.

J. R. WRETFORD.*

For increase of faith.

- 1 LORD ! I believe—thy power I own,
 Thy word I would obey—
 I wander comfortless and lone,
 When from thy truth I stray.
- 2 Lord ! I believe—but gloomy fears
 Sometimes bedim my sight,
 I look to thee with prayers and tears,
 And cry for strength and light.

- 3 Lord ! I believe—but thou dost know
 My faith is cold and weak ;
 Pity my frailty, and bestow
 The confidence I seek.
- 4 Yes ! I believe—and only thou
 Canst give my soul relief ;
 Lord ! to thy truth my spirit bow,
 Help thou my unbelief !
-

333

P. M.

BOWRING.

Help thou my unbelief.

- 1 If listening, as I listen still,
 O God ! to thy instructive word,
 In spite of all my spirit's will,
 Some whispering voice of doubt is heard,—
 That voice spontaneous from the soul,
 Which nought can check and nought control ;—
- 2 If when most earnestly I pray
 For light, for aid, for strength from thee,
 Some struggling thoughts will force their way,
 And break my soul's serenity ;—
 If reason, thy best gift, will hold
 The sceptre only half—controlled ;—
- 3 Help and forgive ! heaven's alphabet
 Hath many a word of mystery ;
 I read not all thy record yet,
 Though perseveringly I try :
 But teach me, Lord ! and none shall be
 More prompt, more pleased to learn of thee.
-

334

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

The power of faith.

- 1 FORTH went the heralds of the cross,
 No dangers made them pause ;
 They counted all the world but loss,
 For their great Master's cause.
- 2 Through looks of fire, and words of scorn,
 Serene their path they trod ;
 And to the dreary dungeon borne,
 Sang praises unto God.

- 3 Friends dropped the hand they clasped before,
 Love changed to cruel hate ;
 And homè to them was home no more ;
 Yet mourned they not their fate.
- 4 In all his dark and dread array
 Death rose upon their sight ;
 But calmly still they kept their way,
 And shrank not from the fight.
- 5 They knew to whom their trust was given,
 They could not doubt his word ;
 Before them beamed the light of heaven,
 And presence of their Lord.
- 6 Oh, may a faith as true be ours,
 And shed as pure a light
 Of peace across the darkest hours,
 And make the last one bright !

335

P. M.

MIRIAM.

Efficacy of faith.

- 1 BE ours that faith, O God unseen !
 The veil from mortal sense may lift ;
 And ere the grand decision,
 (The while our spirits wait serene,)
 May bear our thoughts as angels swift
 To distant spheres of vision.
- 2 That faith, whose strengthening influence came
 In midst of sorrow, shame, and death,
 To them of sacred story ;
 Whilst fanned by her celestial breath,
 Was quickly changed the martyr's flame
 To lambent beams of glory :
- 3 Who sends in dark temptation's hour
 Her bright convictions not in vain,
 To point the path of duty ;
 And by her sanctifying power
 Shall bring us freed from earthly stain,
 To heaven's all-perfect beauty.

- 4 That faith, which counting all things loss,
 In life, in death, the victory gives,
 Through Him, the all-enduring;
 And points to where, beyond his cross,
 Thy risen Son for ever lives,
 His brethren's hearts assuring.
-

336

P. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Joy and peace in believing.

- 1 WHEN life's cares gather stormily round,
 And exposed to their mercy we lie—
 When the friends we had looked to, are found
 On the other side passing us by ;—
 Oh then what a joy in believing
 There is goodness which nothing can shake,
 Though all other friends are deceiving,
 There is One that will never forsake.
- 2 When death summons our loved ones away,
 And we miss their fond looks and sweet smiles,
 When all weary and sad grows the way,
 Which their converse no longer beguiles ;—
 Oh then what a peace in believing
 We shall join them in mansions above,
 Where never more parting or grieving
 Shall o'ershadow the light of our love !
-

337

P. M.

MIRIAM.*

The christian's joy in Christ.

- 1 AUTHOR of every grace
 And consolation, hear !
 Whilst we thy children pay
 The debt of love sincere :
 But chief for love
 By Jesus given,
 Through which we hold
 Our hope of heaven.
- 2 He is our trust and guide,
 Our anchor in the storm,—
 Who midst his brethren bore
 Meekly thy glorious form :

And now with thee
Exalted high,
In spirit still
Is ever nigh.

- 3 Though oft we have forgot
The holy truths he taught,
And felt our hearts too cold
To love him as we ought :
Our joy in Christ
We would not change
For all the good
In earth's wide range.

- 4 Through him life's good thou dost
A thousand-fold increase ;
And o'er its parting hour
Shalt pour the rays of peace :
Whilst fixed on thee
Our souls believe
What mortal sense
Could ne'er conceive.

338

L. M.

DRUMMOND.

Faith without works is dead.

- 1 As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees corrupt and dead,
Is faith—a hopeless—lifeless thing—
If not of righteous deeds the spring.
- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.
- 3 In true and genuine faith we trace
The source of every christian grace ;
Within the pious breast it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.
- 4 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er it winds its secret way ;
But where these spring not rich and fair,
The fount has never wandered there.

339

C. M.

T. D. ASTLEY.

Exalted and never-failing pleasures of benevolence.

- 1 BLESSED is the man whose pitying eye
Ne'er turned away from woe,
Whose heart can heave the generous sigh,
Whose hands relief bestow.
- 2 Blessed are the sons of wealth, whom God
Has made his stewards here ;
Whose bounty stays affliction's rod,
And dries the orphan's tear.
- 3 Sweeter than all that earthly power
Or untold gold can give,
To soften grief's despairing hour,
And bid the wretched live :
- 4 To teach the infant lips to pray,
To lead unthinking youth
Far from the paths of vice away,
To innocence and truth :
- 5 To form with care the growing mind,
To improve the talents given ;
To teach good will to all mankind,
And gratitude to heaven :
- 6 To aid the sick, to feed the poor,
The wandering sheep to save ;—
These are the deeds which shall endure
And last beyond the grave.

340

C. M.

DRENNAN.

The will and the power to do good.

- 1 OH, sweeter than the fragrant flower
At evening's dewy close,
The will united with the power,
To succor human woes !
- 2 And softer than the softest strain
Of music to the ear,
The placid joy we give and gain,
By gratitude sincere.

- 3 'Tis he who scatters blessings round,
Adores his Maker best ;
His walk through life is mercy-crowned,
His bed of death is blest.
-

341

C. M.

JOHN BROWNE.

Active beneficence.

- 1 OH, how can they look up to heaven,
And ask for mercy there,
Who never soothed the poor man's pang,
Nor dried the orphan's tear ?
- 2 The dread omnipotence of heaven
We every hour provoke ;
Yet still the mercy of our God
Withholds the avenging stroke.
- 3 And Christ was still the healing friend
Of poverty and gain ;
And never did imploring wretch
His garment touch in vain.
- 4 May we with humble effort take
Example from above ;
And thence the spirit and the power
Of never-weary love.
-

342

C. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

To do good and to communicate forget not.

- 1 LET not the suffering sons of woe
Implore thine alms in vain :
Do not the heavenly joy forego
Of soothing earthly pain.
- 2 And when a brother's care-worn cheek
Salutes thy pitying eye ;
In mercy's gentle accents speak,
And leave him not to die.
- 3 Spurn not the wretched from thy door,
Nor scorn the sons of grief :
'Tis thine from thy more ample store,
To grant the asked relief.

- 4 Then shall the eternal Lord of all
 Look down with gracious eye,
 And from his throne in worlds above
 Thine every want supply.
- 5 And as thy mercy here below,
 Bade pain and sorrow flee;
 So shall thy God in heaven bestow
 His lasting love on thee.
-

343

L. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Zeal for men's salvation.

- 1 CHRISTIAN! thine is no selfish trust;
 Each selfish feeling then resign;
 Be to thy lofty charter just,
 Man's cause is heaven's, and heaven's is thine.
- 2 Zealous for human happiness
 In this frail life,—be zealous more
 Thy race immortally to bless
 With what begins when life is o'er.
- 3 Who Christ's disciple long has been,
 May oft his meek apostle be,
 And with firm voice and brow serene,
 Plead for the light till darkness flee.
- 4 Then, christian, faint not, nor resign
 The glorious hope—thy race to bless!
 They as the stars of heaven shall shine,
 Who many turn to righteousness.
-

344

P. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

Be not conformed to this world.

- 1 LET not the empty joys
 Which from life's fountain flow,
 Bend down the mind of man
 To this dark vale of woe!
- 2 Oh, let him raise his eyes,
 And breathe the solemn prayer;
 Peruse the gospel's page,
 And read salvation there!

- 3 With all its scenes of bliss,
 This life will soon be past ;—
 Who conquers all beside,
 Must yield to death at last !
- 4 Then call upon your God,
 While fleeting time rolls on :
 The hope indulged to-day,
 To-morrow may be gone !
-

345

P. M. J. C. WALLACE.

Invitation to mourners.

- 1 COME, ye who mourn, and dry your tears,
 And let your sorrow cease ;
 Behold, the Son of Man appears,
 To calm the sufferer's anxious fears,
 And soothe his soul to peace.
- 2 Come, ye who mourn the sinner's choice,
 Come, and efface the stain ;
 Come, hear your blessed Redeemer's voice
 Bid every wounded heart rejoice,
 And whisper peace again.
- 3 Come, ye who mourn, with pain oppressed,
 And cast your cares behind ;
 Come, lean upon your Saviour's breast,
 And hush the anxious soul to rest,
 And calm the troubled mind.
- 4 Come, ye who weep departed friends ;
 Come, all to sorrow driven ;
 Lo ! o'er the grave hope's rainbow bends,
 Whose beauty from the earth extends,
 And reaches up to heaven.
-

346

L. M. J. C. WALLACE.

Improvement of affliction.

- 1 LET not the heart oppressed with pain,
 As if bereft of hope, complain ;
 Let not the breast disturbed with care,
 Become the mansion of despair.

- 2 Let not affliction's power control
The sweet emotions of the soul :
Or bid that gentle spirit fly,
Which lifts to heaven the weeping eye.
- 3 The clouds which in this vale of woe
Obscure the sun's meridian glow,
Shall vanish fleeting as the wind,
And leave no lasting trace behind.
- 4 Ye sufferers, fix your hopes above !
Repose in God's unbounded love ;
And calmly wait that moment, when
His hand shall make you whole again :
- 5 Or yet that more delightful hour,
When, owning his almighty power,
Your souls shall quit these realms of night,
And wing to heaven their glorious flight.

347

L. M.

BOWRING.

Discipline of sorrow.

- 1 To each, to all, by love divine,
Some portion of distress is given ;
'Tis salutary discipline,
That fits an earthly soul for heaven.
- 2 We have our sunny hours—not few,
Whose radiance lights, whose beauties bless ;
And shall we not experience, too,
The visitations of distress ?
- 3 Then come the twilight or the morn,
The darkness or the day, I'll bend
Grateful, by this sweet thought upborne—
God is our kindest, wisest friend.

348

L. M.

COX.

All well under God.

- 1 ' ALL yet is well,' the mother said,
Who left her only offspring dead,
While she the holy prophet sought,
And deeply felt the news she brought.

- 2 Faith in the prophet's God, most high,
Upheld her hope, relieved her sigh ;
And while the tear maternal fell,
She calmly answered, ' Yes 'tis well.'
 - 3 Thus faith in God could soften grief,
And bring the afflicted mind relief,
Ere yet eternal life revealed,
Was by our rising Saviour sealed.
 - 4 Then let his word support the soul,
And every pain and grief control ;
And faith each rising murmur tell,
That God, our God, doth all things well.
-

349

L. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Resignation enforced by the example of Christ.

- 1 'NOT as I will,' the Saviour said,
And bowed his agonizing head !
Bade nature's bleeding throbs be still,
Obedient to his Father's will.
- 2 Oh, great example ! stronger far
Than precept drawn with soundest care,
Its power shall bend the rebel mind,
And make the proudest soul resigned.
- 3 Here let the pious contemplate,
With reverence deep and thought sedate ;
And e'en when sorrowing in the dust,
Be faith their light, and heaven their trust.
- 4 Religion asks no sacrifice,
But such as reason justifies ;
And oft, when trouble meets our eyes,
'Tis mercy's angel in disguise.
- 5 Trust ye the Lord ; how sweet to trace
E'en here the counsels of his grace !
Obedience trains us for the skies,
And God accepts the sacrifice.

350

P. M. W. GASKELL.*
Fleeing to God.

- 1 WE would cast, O God, on thee,
Every anxious care and fear;
Thou the troubled thought canst see,
Thou canst dry the bitter tear.
- 2 Thou dost care for us, we know—
Care with all a Father's love;
Thou canst make each earthly woe
Work to higher bliss above.
- 3 On this faith we fain would rest;
Strengthen thou its blessed power;
Steadfast keep it in our breast,
Through each dark and trying hour.

351

P. M. *Dover (N.E.) Monit.*
The christian's hope.

- 1 WHAT supports the pilgrim's feet,
As wearied on he goes?
It is the recollection sweet,
His journey soon shall close.
- 2 Whence the seaman's heart elate,
When tempests round him roar?
It is the thought of those who wait
To welcome him on shore.
- 3 Thus when strength the saint forsakes,
To him this staff is given,
That every weary step he takes,
Approaches nearer heaven.
- 4 Above the roar of trouble's sea,
He, listening, seems to hear
The sounds of angel minstrelsy,
That tell him heaven is near.

352

L. M. J. C. WALLACE.
Hope.

- 1 OH, sad were life's uncertain sea,
Celestial Hope! bereft of thee;
No bright horizon would appear,
The sinking soul of man to cheer.

- 2 But, thanks to God, beyond the sky
 Hope points to brighter worlds on high ;
 And should the day be dark or fair,
 No gloomy storms concentrate there.
- 3 Then, Hope, thy soothing power impart,
 To cheer each anxious care-worn heart ;
 Shed on our souls thy quickening ray,
 And light us to eternal day !

353

C. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Rejoice in the Lord alway.

- 1 REJOICE, ye christians, in the Lord ;
 Lift up a gladsome voice ;
 Hear what the words of life record,
 And in their strength-rejoice !
- 2 Beyond this scene of transient pain
 A fairer region lies,
 Where never-ceasing pleasures reign,
 And endless beauties rise !
- 3 There shall the earth-worn, weary soul
 'Mid joys eternal dwell ;
 No tide of trouble o'er it roll ;
 No thought or wish rebel !
- 4 Then dry the tears which streaming flow,
 And check the rising sigh ;
 Think not of transient gloom below,
 But look for peace on high.

354

P. M.

BOWRING.

Rejoice with trembling.

- 1 REJOICE, rejoice, this glorious earth,
 A far more glorious heaven resembling,
 Is vocal with the sound of mirth ;
 Rejoice, but Oh, rejoice with trembling !
- 2 For soon those chords of joy that thrill,
 Time's ruthless hand shall snap asunder,
 And that sweet music shall be still -
 Which waked such passion, praise, and wonder.

- 3 Rejoice, for there is cause for joy,
 And warm and cordial be our greeting ;
 Yet tremble—bliss hath this alloy,
 That it is far less bright than fleeting.

355

P. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Whereas I was once blind, but now I see.

- 1 I AM free ! I am free ! I have broken away,
 From the chambers of night, to the splendors of day ;
 All the phantoms that darkened around me are gone,
 And a spirit of light is now leading me on.
- 2 Earth appeareth in garments of beauty new dressed,
 Brighter thoughts, brighter feelings spring forth in my
 breast ;
 Happy voices are floating in music above,
 All creation is full of the glory of love.
- 3 God of truth ! it is thou who hast shed down each ray
 Of the sunshine that blesses and gladdens my way ;
 From the depths of my spirit, to thee will I give
 Ever-thankful affection, as long as I live.

356

L. M.

J. R. WRETFORD.*

More than conquerors.

- 1 OH, more than conquerors over all
 The ills of life, the arm of death,
 Escaped from sin's oppressive thrall,
 Of liberty we breathe the breath.
- 2 Strong in the might of Him who died
 For sinful man, where Jordan flows,
 We in his word of power confide,
 And bid defiance to our foes !
- 3 Oh, what shall tempt our feet to stray,
 Oh, what shall separate from his love ?
 Shall pain, or peril, or dismay,
 Our souls from their allegiance move ?
- 4 Oh, no ! for sin and slavery
 We conquer in his name alone ;
 We breathe the breath of liberty,
 And make the realms of heaven our own.

357

C. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Unto you it is given, &c.

- 1 THOSE who believe in Christ the Lord,
And own his saving name,
Before they reap his great reward,
Must bear reproach and shame :
- 2 Must suffer for their Master's sake ;
Firm in the truth must stand ;
And though the tempest o'er them break,
Must trust the Almighty's hand :
- 3 And while they suffer pain and loss ;
And earthly ills deplore :
Remember, on the fatal cross
What Christ their Saviour bore.
- 4 This is the way to heavenly bliss ;
To joys that never cease :
He who pursues a path like this,
Shall dwell in endless peace !

358

L. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Bearing his reproach.

- 1 How blessed are they, almighty God !
Who tread the path our Saviour trod,
With patience bear reproach and shame,
And glory in their Master's name !
- 2 What, though the world our steps oppose,—
Had not the blessed Redeemer foes ?
What, though a thousand ills we view,—
Did not the Saviour feel them too ?
- 3 If pride and scorn cast out our name,
Was not our blessed Master slain ?
And though we yield our fleeting breath,
Has not the Saviour conquered death ?
- 4 Then fearless let us hasten on,—
Soon will this fleeting life be gone ;
Soon will this scene on earth be o'er,
And we shall bear reproach no more !

359

P. M.

J. JOHNS.*

The adoption of sons.

- 1 OH, glory of our fading race,
That we may rise through heavenly grace,
High o'er the sensual clod ;
With filial confidence may pray,
Father, with filial love may say,
Each as a child of God !
- 2 And if a child of God, then heir
With Christ the eldest born to share
His palm and paradise ;
To know him e'en as we are known,
And raise with him before the throne,
Fraternal harmonies !
- 3 Thou, whose rich grace to dust descends,
Who for thy own divinest ends,
Didst send redemption down,—
Grant that as brethren of thy Son,
And children of his God, we run
The race that wins his crown,

360

P. M.

BOWRING.

Heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ.

- 1 ARE we not from God descended,
Guided, guarded, blessed of him ?
May we not, by peace attended,
Through this earthly twilight dim,
Hasten to a morning shining
O'er the desert of the tomb,
Where in sweet repose reclining,
We may sleep and then speed home ?
- 2 Heirs of heaven ! on earth possessing
Hope sublimer, higher far
Than the proudest joy and blessing,
Which man's worldly portion are ;
In the light of mercy speeding,
To our great inheritance—
God our onward footsteps leading,
Is our glory and defence.

BOOK V.

FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

361

C. M.

BARTRUM.

Glory of God in the heavens.

- 1 THY glory, Lord ! divinely streams
 Upon the opening eye,
When morn, arrayed in crimson beams,
 Hath tinged the eastern sky.
- 2 When eve puts on her sable hue,
 Thy handy work is seen,
In fires that pierce the deepening blue,
 And deck the night serene.
- 3 The sun, by thee in splendors dressed,
 Attends earth's rapid way ;
Reclining now on ocean's breast,
 Then gilding new-born day.
- 4 Where orb on orb inflame the sphere,
 Enthroned beneath thy feet,
He rules, and rolls, the circling year,
 Sheds light and living heat.
- 5 Thus day to day, o'er all the earth,
 Thus night to night proclaims,
In language ceaseless as their birth,
 The Lord, our Maker, reigns !

362

C. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

Night.

- 1 'Tis night ! but thy unsleeping eye,
O Lord, this earth surveys ;
The darkness hideth not from thee ;
Thou seest all my ways.
- 2 'Tis night, and danger hovers nigh,
In every baneful form ;
But since my God surrounds my path,
Why should I feel alarm ?
- 3 'Tis night ! when sometimes angry storms
Wage war against my peace ;
But on the whirlwind thou dost ride,
And bid the tempest cease.
- 4 'Tis night ! the weary sink to rest,
The grief-worn mourners weep ;
While thine all-pitying eye keeps watch,
And gives the sad one sleep.
- 5 In the still watches of the night,
When slumbers from me fly,
Thy presence, Lord ! shall cheer my soul,
And peace and bliss supply.

363

C. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

Hymn for winter.

- 1 ALL times, all seasons, Lord ! are thine,
And thine their varied form ;
We see thee in the sun-beam shine,
We hear thee in the storm !
- 2 When spring's young charms are seen no more,
And summer joys are past,
And autumn's rich and golden store
Is given to man at last ;—
- 3 Then winter frowns upon the land,
And leafless makes the trees ;
Lays on the flower his withering hand,
And bids the waters freeze.

- 4 What though no more the warbling bird
 With music fills the grove,
 And midst the forest leaves is heard
 No more the song of love ;—
- 5 What though the icy blast sweeps o'er
 The field and flowery plain,—
 Will the sweet spring return no more,
 And make all green again ?
- 6 There's pleasure on the breezy hills
 When soft the sunbeams play ;
 While social joy our bosom fills,
 And cheers a wintry day.
- 7 Still in each change, the rolling year
 Tells, O my God, of thee ;
 And all things beautiful appear,
 When God in all we see !
-

364

S. M.

H. HUTTON.

Hymn for spring.

- 1 PAST is the winter's wrath,
 And smiling spring appears ;
 The gloom which hung o'er nature's face,
 Dissolves away in tears :
- 2 The earth puts forth her bud,
 And fields and groves rejoice ;
 And every heart exults to hear,
 Awakened Nature's voice.
- 3 So pass the darkened scenes,
 Which earthly sorrows bring ;
 So faith exults, where love divine
 Makes good from evil spring.
- 4 The soul resigned to God,
 Hopes on through storm and gloom ;
 For that blessed season in the heavens,
 Where flowers for ever bloom.

365

C. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

A vernal hymn for the young.

- 1 O YE, who in the bloom of youth
Enjoy the passing hour ;
Read the sweet lessons of the spring,
Inscribed on every flower.
- 2 The budding tree—the wild-bird's song
The opening year declare ;
And all creation's busy tribes,
For future days prepare.
- 3 The husbandman goes forth a-field,
And spares nor care, nor toil ;
And shall the heart be less prepared,
Or less, the mental soil ?
- 4 Now while your life is in its spring,
Ere the bright hours are flown,
To God your young affections give,
And make his ways your own.
- 5 For you, when youth is past away,
No second spring shall bloom ;
Oh ! then prepare for future years,
And bliss beyond the tomb.

366

S. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

An autumnal hymn.

- 1 FOND mortal ! lift thine eye,
And mark the year's decay ;
See how its beauties fade and die,
Its glories pass away.
- 2 The flower has ceased to bloom,
And leafless stands the tree ;
All nature owns the general gloom,
And droopeth mournfully.
- 3 Hark ! how the moaning wind
Proclaims the dying year ;
Oh, to thy heart its warnings bind—
Its solemn lessons hear.

4 Life fadeth like the grass,
 The blossom, and the flower ;
 Man then to dark decay must pass,
 And feel death's withering power.

5 Prepare thee for thy doom,
 And thou shalt live again,
 Where youth and joy for ever bloom,
 And endless spring shall reign.

367

L. M.

BRETTELL.*

An autumnal warning.

1 THE trees, late dressed in summer's pride,
 With leaves that like rich emeralds shone,
 And gemmed flowers—now scattered wide—
 To the rude blasts of autumn moan.

2 The bright sun gloomy tempests shade,
 Frosts chill the air, clouds hide the sky ;
 The flowers are gone, the green leaves fade,
 And, withering, on the cold earth lie.

3 So men must fade—the great, the small,
 However bright their early day ;
 The leaf of infancy must fall,
 The flower of blooming youth decay ;]

4 And age—like to a naked tree
 Stripped of its foliage—droop, depressed,
 O'er the dark grave, as mournfully
 It seeks, yet shuns its place of rest.

5 But life shall spring forth from the tomb,
 The human plant survive its fall,
 And virtue rise in brighter bloom
 Refulgent from the funeral pall.

6 The day-spring from on high hath shed
 A lustre o'er sepulchral night :
 Jesus, returning from the dead,
 Brought immortality to light !

368

S. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Review of a year.

- 1 O GOD ! to thee our hearts would pay
Their gratitude sincere,
Whose love hath kept us night and day,
Throughout another year.
- 2 Of every breath, and every power,
Thou wert the gracious source ;
From thee came every happy hour
Which smiled along its course.
- 3 Each ray which made the prospect shine,
Each flower which gemmed the road,
Each holy thought, each hope divine—
All were thy gifts, O God.
- 4 And if sometimes across our path
A cloud its shadows threw,
Thou didst not waft it there in wrath,
But loving-kindness true.
- 5 Thou sawest, perchance, to things of earth
Too much our souls were given,
And all forgetful of their birth,
Were losing hold on heaven.
- 6 For joy and grief alike we pay
Our thanks to thee above ;
And only pray to grow each day,
More worthy of thy love.

369

P. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Close of a year.

- 1 DAYS and weeks, how fast they fly,
Bringing on the time to die !
Do they bring us, as they ought,
Holier power and truer thought ?
- 2 Since the year began its race,
Rich have been the means of grace ;
Rich the admonitions given,
Urging onward still to heaven.

- 3 Health and sickness, joy and woe,
Things above, and things below ;
Life and death have each in turn
Offered truths of high concern.
- 4 Have we kept our hearts awake
To the wisdom which they spake ;
Feeding every better power
Day by day, and hour by hour ?
- 5 Or by earthly things engrossed,
Life's first object have we lost ;
Leaving all to chance the care
Of the deathless souls we bear ?
- 6 Conscience ! now reveal thy power ;
Make us truly wise this hour ;
Lest we any should be found,
Idle cumberers of the ground.
-

370

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

A new year.

- 1 ANOTHER year the warning gives,—
How swiftly life departs !
O God ! that warning deeply grave
Upon our thoughtless hearts.
- 2 How many, whom its opening saw
With hopes as fresh and brave,
And full of life as ours could be,
Now fill the silent grave !
- 3 There's not a rank, there's not an age,
Death has not forced to bear
A witness to his conquering might,
And made a prisoner there.
- 4 O God, may none of us presume
Upon thy sparing love ;
But seek, by wiser uses still,
Our thankfulness to prove.

- 5 Each thought and power to holy aims
Henceforth may we engage ;
And strive a brighter history
To write on each day's page .
- 6 And if this year shall be the last
Which we on earth may see,
Without a blot in thine account,
Oh, let its record be !

371

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

The coming year.

- 1 FATHER ! throughout the coming year
We know not what shall be,
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to thee.
- 2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair,
And all its good we thought to gain
Deceive, and prove but care.
- 3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears ;
And snatch away the valued friend—
The tried of many years.
- 4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain,
And bid us take our farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.
- 5 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest ;
No fears our trust shall move ;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And thou art perfect love.

372

P. M.

BRETTELL.*

The nativity.

- 1 As shepherds kept their flocks
On Bethlehem's plains by night,
A flood of glory burst
Upon their dazzled sight ;

The fields around
 Resplendent lay,
 And midnight shone
 More bright than day.

2 The angel of the Lord
 Appears enrobed in light,
 His face was like the sun,
 His garments glittering white :
 Before him low,
 In silent dread,
 Each shepherd bowed
 To earth his head.

3 'Fear not,' the angel cried,
 'Good tidings of great joy
 'I bring to you,—to all
 'Whom death and sin destroy :
 'This happy morn,
 'In Bethlehem,
 'A Saviour's born
 'From Jesse's stem.'

4 Scarce had the angel spoke
 When, from the heavenly host,
 Harping their praises loud,
 This song of triumph burst :
 'To God most high
 'Be glory given ;
 'Good-will to men,
 'And peace from heaven !'

373

P. M.

H. WARE, Jun.

Easter.

1 LIFT your loud voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die ;
 Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
 And short the dominion of death and the grave ;
 He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
 Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
 Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
 'The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die !'

- 2 Glory to God, in full anthem of joy ;
 The being he gave us, death cannot destroy ;
 Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
 If tears were our birthright, and death were our end
 But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
 Lift, then, your voices, in triumph, on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die !
-

374

C. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

Prayer for our country.

- 1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
 Of every clime and coast ;
 Oh ! hear us for our native land,—
 The land we love the most !
- 2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
 And here our kindred dwell ;
 Our children too :—how should we love
 Another land so well !
- 3 Oh ! guard our shores from every foe,
 With peace our borders bless ;
 With prosperous times our cities crown,
 Our fields with plenteousness.
- 4 Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth, and thee ;
 And let our hills and vallies shout
 The songs of liberty.
- 5 Here may religion, pure and mild,
 Upon our sabbaths smile ;
 And piety and virtue reign,
 And bless our native isle.
- 6 Lord of the nations ! thus to thee
 Our country we commend ;
 Be thou her refuge and her trust,
 Her everlasting friend !

375

S. M.

J. JOHNS.*

The common brotherhood.

- 1 HUSH the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call;
Why should the earth be drenched with gore,—
Are we not brothers all?
 - 2 Want from the wretch depart!
Chains from the captive fall!
Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart—
Sufferers are brothers all.
 - 3 Churches and sects strike down,
Each mean partition-wall!
In charity, unkindness drown,—
Christians are brothers all.
 - 4 Kindness and truth alone,
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heaven its work at length may own,
And men be brothers all.
-

376

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

For a time of war.

- 1 How long, O Lord, his brother's blood
Shall man in battle spill?
How long that mandate be withstood,
Which cries, 'thou shalt not kill?'
- 2 How long shall glory still be found
In scenes of cruel strife,
Where misery walks, a giant crowned,
Crushing the flowers of life?
- 3 Oh! hush, great God, the sounds of war,
And make thy children feel
That he, with thee, is noblest far,
Who toils for human weal:—
- 4 And though forgotten, he alone
Can be a christian true,
Who would his foes as brethren own,
And still their good pursue.

377

L. M.

H. HUTTON.

Hymn for rural worship.

- 1 OUR smiling vales and beauteous hills,
Our verdant fields and healthful rills
Inspire the song, invite the praise
Which to creation's Lord we raise !
- 2 Pure as the waters leave their bed,
Thy love o'er all the earth is spread ;
And free as through the plains they roll,
Thy gifts descend to cheer the soul.
- 3 Oh, may our hearts their offerings bring,
Fresh as these blossoms of the spring ;
And may our warm affections frame
A fragrant wreath around thy name.
- 4 Great source of good ! thy peace impart,
With gratitude to warm each heart ;
That still these peaceful vales may sound
His praise, who makes their joys abound.

378

P. M.

Anon.

For a summer temperance festival.

- 1 FAR from haunts where thoughtless numbers
Reason, health, and peace destroy,
'Mid the glorious scenes of nature,
We will seek for nobler joy ;
We will shun the reveller's banquet,
Oh ! what misery lurks beneath—
Children's tears, and true hearts broken,
Want and anguish, woe and death !
- 2 Here, creation's charms admiring,
We the temperate feast will share,
Drink from nature's cup of gladness,
Breathe the pure and balmy air ;
Smiling wives besides us seated,
Youths and blooming maidens round,
Here we taste of social pleasure,
Where no painful sting is found.

- 3 From our blameless feast returning,
 Grateful thoughts to heaven may rise,
 And for future toils preparing,
 Tranquil slumber seal our eyes :
 Join with us in bonds of union,
 From the tempter's haunts retire,
 Ye who seek for lasting pleasure,—
 Ye who length of days desire.
-

379

C. M. J. R. WREFOED.*

Hymn for the harvest.

- 1 LORD of the harvest ! at whose word,
 Sweet plenty fills the plain,
 From every heart to thee shall rise
 A glad—a grateful strain.
- 2 When man his anxious part had done,
 Who prospered all his toil ?
 Whose hand the sun—the shower bestow'd,
 And fruitful made the soil ?
- 3 Giver of good ! from thee alone
 Have all our blessings come,—
 Our prayers for food, for peace are heard ;
 And 'tis our harvest-home !
- 4 And hark ! the reaper's joyous song
 Bursts on the listening night,
 And nature smiles with sympathy,
 And yields our souls delight.
- 5 Yon moon,—the earth's sweet visitant,
 New radiance seems to wear,
 Prolongs her vigil in the sky,
 And loves to linger there.
- 6 Oh now, while gladness fills the earth,
 And beams in every eye,
 To God shall rise our grateful hearts,
 To God our joyful cry.

380

L. M.

BRETTELL.*

Harvest home.

- 1 THE last full wain has come ! has come !
And brought the golden harvest home :
The labors of the year are done—
Accept our thanks, all-bounteous One :
 - 2 For the green spring—her herbs and flowers,
For the warm summer's blooming bowers,
For all the fruits that flush the boughs,
When russet Autumn decks her brows ;
 - 3 For the bright sun, whose fervid ray
Ripens the corn, and cheers the day—
For the round moon, whose yellow light
Gilds the long labors of the night ;
 - 4 For the rich sea of shining grain—
That spreads its waves o'er hill and plain—
For the cool breeze, whose light wings fan
The weary, sun-burnt husbandman ;
 - 5 For the soft herbage of the soil—
For ruddy health, the child of toil,
For all the increase of the earth,
For homes and hearts it fills with mirth :
 - 6 For these, bright Regent of the skies,
Our grateful thanks to thee shall rise ;
No longer now the storms we fear—
Thy goodness, Lord, has crowned the year.
-

381

L. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

Prayer meeting.

- 1 FATHER divine ! great God of love !
Whose Son, commissioned from above,
Brought the glad news to earth from heaven,
Of future life and sins forgiven :
- 2 Thy spirit pour on every heart ;
Keep us from this vain world apart ;
And may this humble dwelling be
A temple sanctified by thee !

- 3 And as of old thy servants tried
To search, and make thy word their guide;
So may we strive to do thy will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfil.
- 4 But not like them, in dread and fear,
Silent and secret are we here;
Glad voices now to heaven may rise,
And loud hosannas rend the skies.
- 5 And if in dark and distant days,
Saints and apostles sang thy praise
With fear and tremblings,—how shall we
Bless thee for this—our liberty!
- 6 Whether we meet at morning's light,
Or in the closing shades of night,
Oh! hear us in thy courts above,
Father divine! great God of love!
-

382

L.M. J. R. WRETFORD.*

Prayer meeting.

- 1 OH, thou that hearest and answerest prayer,
Thy gracious ear now deign to lend,
Here let us of thy spirit share,
While all our thoughts to thee ascend.
- 2 With humble heart and bended knee,
Thy children bow before thy throne;
Our Father thou! we lean on thee,
And make our wants and sorrows known.
- 3 No worldly cares our bosoms fill,
Our hearts no worldly pleasures share;
We come, great God, to do thy will,—
To feel the bliss, the power of prayer.
- 4 Oh! while our spirits on the wing
Of faith and pure devotion soar,
To thee with closer trust we cling,
And long to love and serve thee more.

- 5 Oh ! may this hour with grace abound,
 To each be peace and blessing given !
 And may this spot of earth be found
 The house of God, the gate of heaven !
-

383

L. M.

*Anon.**

Meetings for religious inquiry.

- 1 THE God of wisdom, by his word
 Declares his just and holy will ;
 Let reason hear the high record,
 And every prejudice be still.
 - 2 The world's great Ruler deigns to plead,
 With erring man, in words of peace ;
 Let every ear and heart give heed,
 And every tongue his mercy bless.
 - 3 The Judge Divine reveals his law,
 To guide in duty's path the soul ;
 Let conscience hear with pious awe,
 And humbly yield to his control.
 - 4 To lead through time's few changeeful years
 The pilgrim-sons of earth to heaven ;
 To guard the heart 'mid earthly snares,
 That just and holy law is given.
 - 5 Our God—the Father of our Lord—
 Directs his children on their way ;
 My soul ! with reverence hear his word,
 And learn to love and to obey.
-

384

L. M.

*Anon.**

Lord ! to whom shall we go ?

- 1 A TRAVELLER through the scenes of time,
 No perfect rest I find below ;
 I seek a brighter, happier clime,—
 To whom for guidance shall I go !
- 2 I seek a lasting, peaceful home,
 In realms where love shall ever reign ;
 Where tears, or death, can never come ;—
 That blissful land how shall I gain !

- 3 Nor nature's dim, uncertain light,
 The true unerring path can show;
 Nor reason's voice direct aright—
 To whom but Jesus can I go!
- 4 He bids me shun the pathway broad,
 Nor dare the tempting maze of sin;
 He bids me tread the narrow road,
 And strive the heavenly gate to win.
- 5 He bids me walk with him in faith,
 In patient hope, and growing love;
 And he,—the victor over death,
 Will lead me on to joys above.
- 6 My sacred guide! thy rule I own,
 From thee, oh! never may I stray!
 The words of life are thine alone,
 Thou only canst direct my way!

385

L. M.

*Anon.***Turn, child of doubt.*

- 1 TURN, child of doubt, estranged from God!
 To error's joyless waste betrayed;
 No light will there illumine thy road,
 No friendly voice will give thee aid.
- 2 No fount of life awaits thee there,
 Dark fear and anguish lurk around;
 There keen remorse and dread despair
 Inflict the ever-deepening wound.
- 3 Oh! turn, and leave that cheerless waste!
 The shade of death—the maze of woe!
 There is a path that leads to rest,—
 A fount of life is given below.
- 4 Thy friend,—thy Lord, from heaven revealed,
 The lost, the erring to recall,—
 That sacred fountain hath unsealed;
 With voice of love he speaks to all.
- 5 He bids the dying wanderer turn,
 To walk in duty's way, and live;
 He speaks to wounded souls that mourn,—
 He speaks—to heal and to forgive.

- 6 Oh ! listen to thy Saviour's voice !
 No more his tender love despise !
 Oh ! make the path of life thy choice,
 And seek a mansion in the skies !
-

386

P. M.

BOWRING.*

Mechanics' institutions.

- 1 MIGHTY is the power that gives
 Hope and bliss to all that lives;
 While man's happy lot is this,
 First in hope, and first in bliss.
 - 2 Of the joys that fill his breast,
 Joys of knowledge are the best;
 Linked to his diviner part,
 Oh, they purify his heart.
 - 3 Sweet it is when evening's sun
 Smiles on daily labours done;
 And the labourer comes to slake,
 Thirst for truth at wisdom's lake.
 - 4 As he drinks, the generous stream
 Strengthens and enlightens him;
 While his well-trained mind is taught
 Higher views and nobler thought.
 - 5 Then and thus he learns to scan
 All the dignity of man;
 Then and thus he soars sublime
 O'er the wretched cares of time.
-

387

L. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Mechanics' institutions.

- 1 KNOWLEDGE itself is fire from heaven;
 But on what altar it shall burn,
 God leaves with those, to whom 'tis given
 The lesson of the past to learn.
- 2 Learning may shine on evil hearts,
 And science gild unholy days,
 And folly praise the specious parts
 Which virtue with a sigh surveys.

- 3 Science and wisdom—oft disjoined !
 Though formed to be so brightly near ;
 How vain the lore that lights the mind,
 But leaves the spirit cold and drear !
- 4 Like sister angels, Truth revealed,
 And Truth explored should onward go,
 Opening each healing fountain sealed,
 By ignorance, from want and woe.
- 5 This be their fate, thus on to move,
 Till earth shall brighten in their smiles ;
 And faith and freedom, peace and love,
 Bless all her tribes, and lands, and isles.
-

388

P. M.

GRAY.

Before the commencement of the duties of a Sunday school.

- 1 SUPPLIANT, lo ! thy children bend,
 Father, for thy blessing now ;
 Thou canst teach us, guide, defend ;
 We are weak, almighty thou.
- 2 With the peace thy word imparts,
 Be the taught and teacher blessed ;
 In their lives, and in their hearts,
 Father, be thy laws impressed.
- 3 Pour into each longing mind,
 Light and knowledge from above :
 Charity for all mankind—
 Trusting faith, enduring love.
-

389

C. M.

GRAY.

Sunday-school.

- 1 WHILE round thy shrine, O God, we bend,
 Let our united voices rise ;
 And from a thousand tongues ascend,
 The heart's accepted sacrifice.
- 2 Let living light from thy blessed word,
 Guide those who seek and teach thy way ;
 And may each opening flower, O Lord,
 Drink life from that eternal ray.

- 3 Bless those who first this vineyard dressed,
 They reaped in joy, but sowed in doubt—
 They smote the rock—and from its breast
 Leaped life's eternal waters out.
- 4 They sowed in doubt—for dimly woke
 The light toward which their footsteps trod ;
 They reaped in joy—for glory broke
 Unclouded from the throne of God.
- 5 On us and ours, Oh ! let its ray
 Shine brightly still with power divine ;
 That thus, when ages roll away,
 Our children's children may be thine.

390

L. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

For charity children.

- 1 WITH grateful hearts, before thy throne,
 Almighty God ! we meekly stand,
 And raise our cheerful songs, to own
 The blessings of thy bounteous hand,
- 2 Taught by the friends thy love has given,
 No more we blindly go astray ;
 We tread the road that leads to heaven—
 That path of peace—that pleasant way.
- 3 We hear the Saviour's accents flow,
 We hear him bid us freely come ;
 Lord ! to thy house we gladly go,
 Like wanderers to their father's home.
- 4 No rude alarms the bosom swell,
 No worldly troubles here annoy ;
 Here knowledge, truth, and virtue dwell,
 And form our sole, our sweet employ.
- 5 In infancy, by thee thus blessed,
 With generous friends our steps to guide,
 Still may religion be our guest,
 And with us to the last abide.
- 6 In future years, Oh then, how sweet
 The memory of those hours to share ;
 And round thy throne in heaven to meet
 With those who strove to lead us there !

Sunday school.

- 1 LORD of all the vast creation !
 Suppliant bending at thy throne,
 We with joy and exultation,
 Thy abundant mercy own.
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Glory be to God alone !

- 2 Weak and humble are our praises,
 But we know that thou art nigh,
 When thy lowliest creature raises
 Solemn vow, or contrite sigh.
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Glory be to God on high !

- 3 We with lisping tongues address thee ;
 Down to us thy care extends ;
 For instruction's light we bless thee ;
 Food and raiment, health and friends.
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Every good from God descends !

- 4 For the gospel's heavenly treasure,
 Making all thy mercy known ;
 For the streams of sacred pleasure,
 Flowing from thy righteous throne ;
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Glory be to God alone !

- 5 Thus, thy boundless mercy praising,
 May we live, and may we die !
 Then, a nobler anthem raising,
 Worship thee beyond the sky.
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Glory be to God on high !

392

L. M. J. C. WALLACE.

Sunday school.

- 1 THE God who built the lofty sky,
And gave the vast creation birth ;
Looks down from heaven with pitying eye,
E'en on the humblest thing of earth.
 - 2 The feeblest insect of the air,
The smallest plant, the meanest clod,
As much as suns and systems, share
The eternal guardianship of God !
 - 3 From him the stars derived their birth ;
He filled the channels of the sea ;
His are the flowers that deck the earth ;
And his, delightful thought ! are we.
 - 4 Yes ; down to us his care extends ;
His gracious mercy we partake ;
He gives us food, and health, and friends,
And shields us, sleeping or awake.
 - 5 Oh, may our lips, attuned to praise,
Express the fervor of our hearts !
His may we be, through all our days :
And his, in heaven, when life departs !
-

393

S. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Missionary meeting.

- 1 OH, lift your hearts above,
And seek Jehovah's face,
Who feels a tender parent's love
For all our feeble race.
- 2 He sent the gospel's ray,
His mercy to impart,
And spread the cheering light of day
On each benighted heart.
- 3 Ere long, the farthest clime
Shall own his saving grace ;
And in his own appointed time,
Fall down before his face.

- 4 Then let the truth extend,
 In native charms arrayed ;
 And let the weakest christian lend
 Sincere, though feeble aid.
- 5 Let every creature share
 This gift of boundless grace ;
 The blest Redeemer's will declare,
 And seek Jehovah's face.
-

394

P. M.

E. C.*

Missionary hymn.

- 1 HOLY, holy Great Creator !
 Gracious God, our praises hear ;
 Through thine ample realms of Nature
 May the nations learn thy fear !
- 2 Still thy gracious plans extending,
 May thy children own thy love,
 And thy mercies, never ending,
 Spread to all that live and move.
- 3 Glorious hope ! may truth unbounded
 Shed its light on every soul,
 And thy Gospel be resounded
 Through the world from pole to pole !
- 4 Till from earth all vice retreating,
 Error at its voice shall fall,
 And each tongue thy praise repeating,
 God, our God, be all in all.
- 5 May thy servants now before thee
 Labor in this glorious cause ;
 Ever may our hearts adore thee,
 Feel thy spirit, keep thy laws ;—
- 6 May we spread that great salvation,
 By our blessed Master given,
 And diffuse through every nation
 Truth that leads from earth to heaven.

395

C. M.

MIRIAM.*

Social religious meeting.

- 1 GREAT Father of the peopled earth,
Thy children grateful bend,
And hail with voice of sacred mirth,
The universal Friend.
- 2 Thou didst from one primeval stock
Man's varying races call ;
And badst each kindred breast unlock
Its stores of love to all.
- 3 And Jesus now, in riper time—
The image of thy grace—
Thy scattered sons in every clime
Links in one vast embrace.
- 4 Obedient to thine high behest,
As brethren here we meet ;
And as thine offspring, every guest
With equal welcome greet.
- 5 No proud distinctions here be known,
Nor bigot hate divide ;
But all their common parent own,
And spread his glory wide.
- 6 So in this consecrated ground,
Shall fruits of knowledge spring ;
And truth's pure waters flowing round,
Their healing virtue bring.
- 7 Till all throughout earth's troubled sphere
To peace and order change ;
And men behold a vision here,
Of heaven's harmonious range.

396

S. M.

J. R. WREFORD.*

For a social meeting.

- 1 Now let our joyful songs
In holy concord blend,
While each the sacred praise prolongs
Of our almighty Friend.

- 2 Oh ! now from heart to heart,
Devotion's flame shall spread ;
And thou, great God, wilt grace impart,
And holy influence shed.
- 3 One is our hope and aim,
When thus we gather here,—
To celebrate thy glorious name,
And thy rich blessing share.
- 4 While others madly haste,
Where vice and folly meet ;
Of hallowed joys our souls shall taste,
Within this calm retreat.
- 5 The pleasures of the mind,
Exalt us while they cheer ;
Still may we hither come, and find
'Tis good, Lord ! to be here.

397

C. M. J. R. WRETFORD.*

For a congregational meeting.

- 1 IN union sweet, O Lord, we draw,
As brethren round thy throne ;
We share each other's holy joy,
And social pleasure own.
- 2 A common father's-children we,
A common Saviour's friends ;
At the same altar, from our souls,
United praise ascends.
- 3 Where'er we turn, we only see
Familiar faces here,
And friendly forms, whom glad we greet,
When thee we gather near.
- 4 And still together may we meet
In harmony and love ;
Till with our nobler songs we fill
Thy brighter courts above.
- 5 Oh ! on this band of brethren look
With heavenly favour down ;
And with thy richest blessing, Lord !
Their pious labors crown.

398

L. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

The parting of christian friends.

- 1 ~~ERE~~ yet we part, Oh! let us raise
Our songs in grateful harmony,
And sing, once more, great God, thy praise,
And end, as we began, with thee.
- 2 For all our comforts, thee we bless,—
Nor shall our thankful souls forget
What peace and social happiness
Have filled our bosoms since we met.
- 3 Though from each other now we part,
We never part, O God, from thee;
Thy presence cheers the lonely heart,
And keeps us in security.
- 4 Oh! should we meet again no more,
No more on earth sweet counsel take;
Yet, there's beyond the grave, a shore
Where happy souls their dwelling make.
- 5 There we again shall meet, and know
No sad regret, no anxious fear,
For unalloyed our bliss shall flow,
Our union endless joys endear.

399

L. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

Meeting of ministers.

- 1 WHILE here we meet with glad accord,
And greetings warm and kind are given;
We pause amid our joy, O Lord!
And lift our grateful souls to heaven.
- 2 Thy love permits—thine eye surveys
The gathering of these faithful bands,
Who come to celebrate thy praise,
And strengthen here each other's hands.
- 3 From different churches, Lord, we come,
And now as friends and brethren meet;
Within thy house we find our home,
And here we dwell in union sweet.

- 4 Our hearts shall feel the holy flame
 Of christian friendship, while we sing
 The triumphs of our Master's name,
 The glories of our heavenly King.
- 5 God of the faithful ! now with power,
 Some portion of thy spirit give,—
 And let the memory of this hour,
 Be sweet and precious while we live.
-

400

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Meeting of ministers.

- 1 LORD ! who didst break the host of night,
 And set the sin-bound free ;
 We would our spirits gird with light,
 And humbly follow thee.
- 2 Lord ! who didst loose the bonds of pain,
 And bid dark suffering flee ;
 We would a tender heart maintain,
 And meekly follow thee.
- 3 Lord ! who didst bear such cruel wrong,
 And hate, and mockery ;
 We would in faith and hope be strong,
 And calmly follow thee.
-

401

C. M.

H. WARE, junr.

Settlement of a minister.

- 1 OH Thou, who on thy chosen Son
 Didst send thy spirit like a dove,
 To mark the long expected one,
 And seal the messenger of love ;
- 2 And when the heralds of his name,
 Went forth his glorious truth to spread,
 Didst send it down in tongues of flame,
 To hallow each devoted head ;—
- 3 So, Lord, thy servant now inspire
 With holy unction from above ;
 Give him the tongue of living fire ;
 Give him the temper of the dove.

- 4 Lord ! hear thy suppliant church to-day ;
 Accept our work, our souls possess ;
 'Tis ours to labour, watch, and pray ;
 Be thine to cheer, sustain, and bless.

402

C. M.

. Mrs. JEVONS.

On the death of a minister.

- 1 HARK ! christians, to the tones that fill
 Each listening mourner's ear ;
 ' He being dead, yet speaketh still,'
 His voice is hovering near.
- 2 Oh, listen now, though once the sound
 Might coldly touch the breast ;
 Those gentle accents float around,
 From mansions of the blessed.
- 3 They speak to youth in warning strain,
 To shun temptation's way,
 Nor venture 'midst the pleasures vain,
 Of life's delusive day.
- 4 They speak to those in manhood's pride,
 As they were wont to speak ;
 To lay their worldly trust aside,
 And better riches seek.
- 5 And gently to the infant band,
 They tell of heavenly things,
 And speak of that enduring land,
 Where endless pleasure springs.
- 6 And to the christian bent with years,
 They breathe in words of love,
 And bid him lay aside his fears,
 And find his rest above.
- 7 Oh, not in vain his death shall be,
 Whose life so brightly shone ;
 For ' being dead, yet speaketh he,'
 In accents all his own.
- 8 So though we ne'er shall see him more,
 Within this hallowed fane ;
 Yet let us love his virtues o'er,
 Nor make his labours vain.

For a marriage.

- 1 WE join to pray, with wishes kind,
A blessing, Lord, from thee,
On those who now the bands have twined,
Which ne'er may broken be.
- 2 We know that scenes not always bright,
May unto them be given ;
But let there shine o'er all the light
Of love, and truth, and heaven.
- 3 Still hand in hand, their journey through,
Meek pilgrims may they go ;
Mingling their joys, as help-meets true,
And sharing every woe.
- 4 In faith, and trust, and heart the same,
The same their home above ;
May each in each still feed the flame
Of pure and holy love.
- 5 And when the solemn hour shall come,
Which severs earthly ties,
May hope rise brightning through the gloom,
And point to fairer skies !

After the marriage service.

- 1 FATHER, in thy presence now,
We have pledged the nuptial vow ;
Heart to heart, as hand in hand,
Linked in one thy children stand.
- 2 God of grace ! our union bless,
Not with earth's low happiness ;
But with joys whose heavenly spring
Shall diviner raptures bring.
- 3 May the voice of truth and peace
Through our household never cease ;
Pure as angels' be our love,—
Worthy to be sealed above !

- 4 While in strong affection twined,
Still to thine awards resigned ;
Let no idol fill the throne
Where thy will should reign alone.
- 5 May our mingling souls be found,
Firm in duty's active round ;
Daily every burden share,—
Nightly seek thy shadowing care.
- 6 He who graced the festal hour,
By the word of kindly power ;—
He our grateful thoughts shall lead
Unto thee in every need.
- 7 When against our trembling form,
Shoot the arrows of the storm ;
Or when age and sickness wait
Heralds at life's parting gate ;—
- 8 In the fullness of belief,
May we look beyond the grief ;
And together fearless tread,
Down the pathway of the dead :
- 9 Hence to life immortal spring,
Ever-growing, ever young,—
May our spirits without end,
In refined communion blend.

405

C. M.

BRYANT.

Dedication of a place of worship.

- 1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea !
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.
- 2 Lord, from thy inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by thy side.
- 3 May erring minds that worship here,
Be taught the better way ;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

406

L. M.

NORTON.

Opening of a place of worship.

- 1 WHERE ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall;
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all!
- 2 Beneath the dark blue midnight arch,
Whence myriad suns pour down their rays;
Where planets trace their ceaseless march,
Father, we worship as we gaze.
- 3 The tombs thine altars are, for there,
When earthly loves and hopes have fled,
To thee ascends the spirit's prayer,
Thou God of the immortal dead!
- 4 All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee;—but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thy own words of love are taught.
- 5 Here be they taught; and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears through weal or woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold.
- 6 Nor we alone: may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers.

407

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Opening of a place of worship.

- 1 O GOD! without whose fostering aid
In vain man's fairest schemes are laid,
With grace our humble work surround,
And make this truly hallowed ground.

- 2 Here may thy children grateful raise
Through distant years their song of praise,
And meet a blessing from above,
In holier trust, and purer love.
- 3 Here may the truths which Jesus gave
Beam forth in all their power to save,
And kindle up that radiant faith
Which brightens life, and shines on death.
- 4 Here may the links which love has tied
Be closer knit, and sanctified ;
To each a deeper interest given,
As links which may endure in heaven.
- 5 Here in communion full and sweet
May rich and poor together meet,
As brothers all, and equal heirs
Of that bright world the Lord prepares.
- 6 Here may that love breathe unconfined,
Which feels for all of human kind,
Which yearns with deep desire to bless,
And break each chain of wretchedness.
- 7 Here may Contrition meekly kneel,
And Hope its stores of peace reveal ;
And fainting Virtue strength put on,
To struggle till its crown be won.
- 8 Here may the thoughts of worldly care
Lie hushed beneath the power of prayer ;
And troubling grief grow calm and still,
Submissive to thy perfect will.
- 9 O God ! without whose fostering aid,
In vain man's fairest schemes are laid ;
With grace our humble work surround,
And make this truly hallowed ground.

408

P. M.

PIERPONT.

Ministry to the poor.

- 1 MIGHTY One, whose name is holy,
Thou wilt save thy work alive ;
And the spirit of the lowly
Thou wilt visit and revive.

What thy prophets thus have spoken,
 Ages witness as they roll ;
 Bleeding hearts and spirits broken,
 Touched by thee, O God, are whole.

- 2 By thy pitying spirit guided,
 Jesus sought the sufferer's door ;
 Comforts for the poor provided,
 And the mourner's sorrows bore :—
 So, it is thy spirit beaming
 In their face who man revere,
 That sustains them while redeeming
 Sin's pale victims from despair.
- 3 Father, as thy love is endless,
 Working by thy servants thus,
 The forsaken and the friendless
 Deign to visit, e'en by us ;
 So shall each with spirit fervent,
 Laboring with thee here below,
 Be declared thy faithful servant,
 Where there's neither want nor woe.

409

C. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Ministry to the poor.

- 1 WHERE'ER the suffering sons of men,
 In pain and anguish sigh ;
 There let the christian bend his steps,
 And dry the weeping eye.
- 2 Where'er the poor 'mid want and woe,
 Pine on in hopeless grief ;
 There let the christian's anxious zeal
 Supply the wished relief !
- 3 Let him another's troubles feel,
 Another's burdens bear ;
 And when another's woe he sees,
 His wants, his sorrows share.
- 4 So shall he best the law fulfil
 Of his redeeming Lord ;
 And in th' eternal world above
 Enjoy his great reward.

395

C. M.

MIRIAM.*

Social religious meeting.

- 1 GREAT Father of the peopled earth,
Thy children grateful bend,
And hail with voice of sacred mirth,
The universal Friend.
- 2 Thou didst from one primeval stock
Man's varying races call ;
And badst each kindred breast unlock
Its stores of love to all.
- 3 And Jesus now, in riper time—
The image of thy grace—
Thy scattered sons in every clime
Links in one vast embrace.
- 4 Obedient to thine high behest,
As brethren here we meet ;
And as thine offspring, every guest
With equal welcome greet.
- 5 No proud distinctions here be known,
Nor bigot hate divide ;
But all their common parent own,
And spread his glory wide.
- 6 So in this consecrated ground,
Shall fruits of knowledge spring ;
And truth's pure waters flowing round,
Their healing virtue bring.
- 7 Till all throughout earth's troubled sphere
To peace and order change ;
And men behold a vision here,
Of heaven's harmonious range.

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S. M.

J. R. WREFORD.*

For a social meeting.

- 1 Now let our joyful songs
In holy concord blend,
While each the sacred praise prolongs
Of our almighty Friend.

- 2 Oh ! now from heart to heart,
Devotion's flame shall spread ;
And thou, great God, wilt grace impart,
And holy influence shed.
- 3 One is our hope and aim,
When thus we gather here,—
To celebrate thy glorious name,
And thy rich blessing share.
- 4 While others madly haste,
Where vice and folly meet ;
Of hallowed joys our souls shall taste,
Within this calm retreat.
- 5 The pleasures of the mind,
Exalt us while they cheer ;
Still may we hither come, and find
'Tis good, Lord ! to be here.

397

C. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

For a congregational meeting.

- 1 In union sweet, O Lord, we draw,
As brethren round thy throne ;
We share each other's holy joy,
And social pleasure own.
- 2 A common father's children we,
A common Saviour's friends ;
At the same altar, from our souls,
United praise ascends.
- 3 Where'er we turn, we only see
Familiar faces here,
And friendly forms, whom glad we greet,
When thee we gather near.
- 4 And still together may we meet
In harmony and love ;
Till with our nobler songs we fill
Thy brighter courts above.
- 5 Oh ! on this band of brethren look
With heavenly favour down ;
And with thy richest blessing, Lord !
Their pious labors crown.

398

L. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

The parting of christian friends.

- 1 **ERE** yet we part, Oh ! let us raise
Our songs in grateful harmony,
And sing, once more, great God, thy praise,
And end, as we began, with thee.
- 2 For all our comforts, thee we bless,—
Nor shall our thankful souls forget
What peace and social happiness
Have filled our bosoms since we met.
- 3 Though from each other now we part,
We never part, O God, from thee ;
Thy presence cheers the lonely heart,
And keeps us in security.
- 4 Oh ! should we meet again no more,
No more on earth sweet counsel take ;
Yet, there's beyond the grave, a shore
Where happy souls their dwelling make.
- 5 There we again shall meet, and know
No sad regret, no anxious fear,
For unalloyed our bliss shall flow,
Our union endless joys endear.

399

L. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

Meeting of ministers.

- 1 **WHILE** here we meet with glad accord,
And greetings warm and kind are given ;
We pause amid our joy, O Lord !
And lift our grateful souls to heaven.
- 2 Thy love permits—thine eye surveys
The gathering of these faithful bands,
Who come to celebrate thy praise,
And strengthen here each other's hands.
- 3 From different churches, Lord, we come,
And now as friends and brethren meet ;
Within thy house we find our home,
And here we dwell in union sweet.

- 4 Our hearts shall feel the holy flame
 Of christian friendship, while we sing
 The triumphs of our Master's name,
 The glories of our heavenly King.
- 5 God of the faithful ! now with power,
 Some portion of thy spirit give,—
 And let the memory of this hour,
 Be sweet and precious while we live.
-

400

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Meeting of ministers.

- 1 LORD ! who didst break the host of night,
 And set the sin-bound free ;
 We would our spirits gird with light,
 And humbly follow thee.
- 2 Lord ! who didst loose the bonds of pain,
 And bid dark suffering flee ;
 We would a tender heart maintain,
 And meekly follow thee.
- 3 Lord ! who didst bear such cruel wrong,
 And hate, and mockery ;
 We would in faith and hope be strong,
 And calmly follow thee.
-

401

C. M.

H. WARE, junr.

Settlement of a minister.

- 1 OH Thou, who on thy chosen Son
 Didst send thy spirit like a dove,
 To mark the long expected one,
 And seal the messenger of love ;
- 2 And when the heralds of his name,
 Went forth his glorious truth to spread,
 Didst send it down in tongues of flame,
 To hallow each devoted head ;—
- 3 So, Lord, thy servant now inspire
 With holy unction from above ;
 Give him the tongue of living fire ;
 Give him the temper of the dove.

- 5 Of his cup and spirit drinking,
Meet the storms of earth unshrinking,—
Thus with thee, our God, prepare
Life's undying fruit to share.

417

C. M. J. R. WREF

Communion.

- 1 'EAT, drink in memory of me !'
Hark ! 'tis the Saviour's word ;
Prompt at his call, Oh ! let me be,
And here my love record.
- 2 Now, while the emblems of his death
Before my eyes are spread,
I seem to hear his parting breath,
To see his dying head.
- 3 Was ever sorrow like to his,
Did ever pity weep,
Or pour her plaintive elegies
O'er human woes more deep !
- 4 For me a thousand ills he bore,
For me was captive led ;
The crown of thorns for me he wore,
Oh ! 'twas for me he bled.
- 5 And shall I all unheeding hear
The Saviour's mild request,
That bids me at this board appear,
A grateful willing guest ?
- 6 Oh ! no, by all the ties that bind
The heart of man to love,
I'll keep his parting words in mind,
His faithful follower prove.

418

C. M. J. R. WREFC

Communion.

- 1 'Do this in memory of me,'
The holy Jesus said,
Ere yet he yielded to his foes,
And bowed in death his head.

- 2 Ye friends and followers of the Lamb
 Who toiled and bled for you,
 Still be his mild injunction kept,—
 Still to his name be true.
- 3 Oh! with the eye of faith on him,
 Your suffering Saviour, look,
 And weep to see whom, that dread night,
 E'en his best friends forsook.
- 4 Does pity move—does love inspire—
 Does admiration glow?
 Here at his table meekly come,
 And your allegiance show.
- 5 But only those he calls his friends
 Who his bright path pursue;—
 While, then, you celebrate his name,
 Oh! be his followers too.

419

L. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

Communion.

- 1 WOULD that till life itself depart,
 Deep on the tablet of my heart
 Those words of Christ impressed might be,
 Those sacred words,—‘Remember me!’
- 2 Remember him! Oh, who shall cease
 To hail him Saviour, Prince of peace!
 To trace his mission, hear his word,
 And own him as Redeemer, Lord!
- 3 All nature bowed at his control;
 But most he soothed the burdened soul;
 Upraised the drooping mind to heaven,
 And spake of love, and sins forgiven!
- 4 Eternal King! almighty God!
 Oh! may I tread the steps he trod;
 And may these sacred accents be
 My rule,—my guide, ‘Remember me!’

Communion.

- 1 NOT with terror do we meet
At the board by Jesus spread ;
Not in mystery, drink and eat
Of the Saviour's wine and bread.
- 2 'Tis his memory we record ;
'Tis his virtues we proclaim ;
Grateful to our honored Lord,
Here we bless his sacred name.
- 3 See him on the dreadful day
Of his mortal agony ;
Break the bread, and hear him say,
' Eat of this and think of me !'
- 4 See him standing on the brink
Of the tomb, and hark ! he cries,
' Drink the wine, and as you drink,
' Oh, remember him who dies !'
- 5 Yes ! we will remember thee,
Friend and Saviour ! and thy feast
Of all services shall be
Holiest and welcomest.

Communion.

- 1 LORD ! in every time of trial,
When our hearts are most distressed,
Thy dark sorrows we'll remember,
And dispose our own to rest.
- 2 When our worldly means are wasting,—
When stern poverty we dread,—
Lord, we'll not forget thou hadst not
Even where to lay thy head.
- 3 When our earthly trusts deceive us,—
When old friends forsake our side,—
Lord, we'll turn to thee deserted,
Thee betrayed, and thee denied.

- 4 When our generous zeal is thwarted,
Mocked our mercy, spurned our good;
Lord, we'll think of thee, for sinners
Pouring forth thy precious blood.
- 5 Yea, in every time of trial,
When our hearts are most distressed,
Thy dark sorrows we'll remember,
And dispose our own to rest.

422

L. M. Miss MARTINEAU.*

Communion.

- 1 THE sun had set, the infant slept,
That in the Master's arms had been;
Forth to his work the traitor stepped,
Midst night without, and gloom within.
- 2 At sound of his departing tread,
The Master hears his own life's knell;
His sun has set: now, through him shed,
What joy, grief, love his spirit swell!
- 3 As with a new and stronger power,
He loves, and yearns for human love;
A new, strong precept in this hour
He breathes, like music from above.
- 4 O God! is ours the love he taught?
He never named the traitor more:
So bright, so calm in act and thought,
Do we so love when all is o'er?
- 5 Is ours the love that never dies,
That weeps at pomp, and smiles in woe;—
As infants pure, as seraphs wise,
And warm as sunshine in its glow?

423

P. M. W. GASKELL.*

Communion.

- 1 WHEN arise the thoughts of sin,
When the world our hearts would win,
When, to selfish pleasure given,
Droops the love that blooms for heaven;
Lord, we would remember thee,—
Thou wilt our Redeemer be.

- 2 When with footsteps faint and slow,
 Duty's upward path we go;
 When by toils and hardships pressed,
 Round we turn to look for rest;
 Lord, we would remember thee,
 Thou our guide and strength wilt be.
- 3 When the way grows dark and drear,
 When, beset by doubt and fear,
 We can see no beam of light
 Struggling through the thickening night;
 Lord, we would remember thee,
 Thou our comforter wilt be.
-

424

C. M.

W. GASKELL*.

Communion.

- 1 IN vain we thus recall to mind
 The cross our Master bore,
 Unless a holier strength we find,
 And love his spirit more.
- 2 May we, like him, though thanked with ill,
 Insulted, and withstood,
 In hope and patience labour still,
 To work our brethren good.
- 3 Like him may we, unmurmuring, go
 Our heaven-appointed way,
 And learn, midst gathering storms of woe,
 'God's will be done,' to say.
- 4 Like him may we, through all of earth,
 Still look to brighter skies,
 And make the joys of heavenly birth,
 Our animating prize.
- 5 And when, earth-freed, our spirits fly,
 To stand before his throne,
 Oh, may he not our love deny,
 But greet us as his own!

425

L. M. Miss E. TAYLOR.

Communion.

- 1 HERE, Lord, when at thy table met,
Our good and evil we survey,
Oh, leave us not to vain regret,
For precious moments passed away.
 - 2 From selfish aims, from narrow views,
Oh, set our willing spirits free;
And every purer thought infuse,
Befitting those who come to thee.
 - 3 And here, O Lord, the blessed balm
Of comfort let thy mourners share!
And, mortal griefs subdued and calm,
Learn, meekly learn, the cross to bear.
 - 4 Thus may the cup of blessing, given
From hand to hand, new life impart;
And Jesus, brightest gift of heaven,
Reign sovereign Lord in every heart.
-

426

C. M. H. H. M.*

Communion.

- 1 BE all unholy passion stilled,
Each angry thought suppressed,
And every wish that breathes not peace,
Be banished from our breast.]
- 2 For we are met to think on Him
Who lived and died to save;
His life—the sacred guide to bliss,
The glorious pledge—his grave.
- 3 His was the meek and gentle heart
That pardoned every foe;
His was the spirit that could joy
To share another's woe.
- 4 Among the lowly see him dwell,
The sick and dying tend;
He stays the widow's tears—in Him
The orphan finds a friend.

- 5 Oh, may we keep each lineament
 Engraven on our heart,
 And from the treasured image learn
 To choose the better part.

427

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Communion.

- 1 OF friends that once were with us here,
 There are, our hearts can trust,
 Those who now share the bliss that crowns
 The spirits of the just.
- 2 The love they cherished so on earth,
 Is perfect made in heaven;
 Where face to face they see the Lord,
 Whose life for them was given.
- 3 Beloved ones ' our grateful souls
 With yours shall now unite,
 And feed still purer sympathies,
 Till faith is changed to sight.

428

C. M.

Miss E. TAYLOR.

Communion.

- 1 ' OH, not for these alone I pray,'
 The dying Saviour said;
 Though on his breast that moment lay
 The loved disciple's head:
- 2 Though to his eye that moment sprung
 The kind, the pitying tear
 For those that eager round him hung,
 His words of love to hear.
- 3 No, not for them alone he prayed,—
 For all of mortal race,
 Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
 Where'er their dwelling place.
- 4 Sweet is the thought, when here we meet,
 His feast of love to share;
 And 'mid the toils of life, how sweet
 The memory of his prayer!

- 5 Oh, ne'er in souls that seek his face,
 Let harsher passions reign,
 To tell the unbelieving race,
 The Saviour prayed in vain.
-

429

L. M.

E.*

Communion.

- 1 Oft at the Saviour's board we've met,
 Oft eat the bread and drunk the wine;
 But cold, alas! our bosoms yet,
 And slow our minds with light to shine.
- 2 Moments, how many! have there been
 When we've forgot the law of love;
 And things of earth all fair were seen,
 But dark the glorious things above.
- 3 Too strong we found temptation's power,—
 Sin won its triumph o'er our life;
 And clouds of fear and doubt still lower,
 And passions hold their baneful strife.
- 4 We weep the treachery of our breast,
 We weep the guilt oft wept before;
 Father, Oh, give the weary rest,
 And bid us sinners sin no more.
- 5 Let these memorials of his love,
 Who every foe of man cast down,
 With power quickened from above,
 Our holy strife with victory crown.
- 6 No more, when to communion come
 With Him whose name is precious still,
 May sinful memories speak our doom,
 But thought and life obey thy will.
-

430

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Communion.

- 1 NOT in this simple rite alone,
 May Calvary's cross to us be shown;
 But may we turn in many an hour,
 To feel its soul-constraining power.

- 2 When indolence would have its will,
And selfish ease cries out ' Be still,'
Then to the Saviour may we look,
And feel the strength of ~~its~~ rebuke.
- 3 When men have done us cruel wrong,
And angry thoughts are rising strong,
May we with softened hearts turn there,
And learn the Lord's forgiving prayer.
- 4 When sin looks tempting in our eyes,
May Jesus on the cross arise,
And ask, if we will him forsake,
And wear the chains he died to break.
- 5 When pain, or sickness, or distress,
Our fainting souls would overpress;
To him on Calvary looking still,
May we find strength to bear God's will.

new. 431

C. M. *New York Selection*^d

Communion.

- 1 O God! accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have given;
And let this hallowed scene have power,
To raise our souls to heaven.
- 2 Still let us hold, till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son;
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what he hath done.
- 3 His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free;
And humbly learn like him to give
Our powers, our wills to thee.
- 4 And oft along life's dangerous way,
To smooth our passage through,
Do thou, on this thy holy day,
For us this scene renew.

BOOK VI.

PRIVATE AND DOMESTIC.

432

L. M.

BOWRING.*

Perpetual praise.

- 1 WHEN, wakened by thy voice of power,
The hour of morning beams in light,
My voice shall sing that morning hour,
And thee who madest that hour so bright.
- 2 The morning strengthens into noon,—
Earth's fairest beauties shine more fair ;
And noon as morning shall attune
My grateful heart to praise and prayer.
- 3 When 'neath the evening's western gate
The sun's retiring rays are hid,
My joy shall be to meditate,
Even as the pious patriarch did.
- 4 As twilight wears a darker hue,
And gathering night creation dims,
The twilight and the midnight too,
Shall have their harmonies and hymns.
- 5 So shall sweet thoughts, and thoughts sublime,
My constant inspirations be ;
And every shifting scene of time,
Reflect, my God ! a light from thee.

433

P. M.

H. WARE, Jun.

Seasons of prayer.

- 1 To prayer, to prayer ;—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes ;
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love :
Oh then, in the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.
- 2 To prayer ;—for the day that God has blessed,
Comes tranquilly on with its solemn rest ;
It speaks of creation's early bloom,—
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb :
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.
- 3 Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength,
To join Christ's holy band at length ;
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise :
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given,
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

434

C. M.

M. D.*

The hour of prayer.

- 1 SWEET is devotion's holy hour !
When, from the world set free,
The soul expands each nobler power,
And soars, my God ! to thee :
- 2 To thee, whose ever watchful care
Hath all my wants supplied ;
Who ne'er disdained my contrite prayer,
Nor needful good denied.
- 3 Oh ! teach me, in this hour of peace,
To praise thee as I ought ;
Bid vain desires and sorrows cease,
And govern every thought.
- 4 And when the world recalls me hence,
Its toils and griefs to share,
Oh ! may I feel sweet influence
From this calm hour of prayer !

435

P. M.

BOWRING.*

Elevating influence of devotion.

1 WHEN pure devotion lifts the soul
 To holier thoughts and higher spheres,
 New orbs of beauty round us roll,
 A lovelier light pervades the whole,
 And softer music charms the ears.

2 Not to this valley's dark abyss,—
 Not to this narrow world confined
 Is man ;—for nobler scenes than this,—
 For vaster worlds, for mightier bliss,
 For higher realms was man designed.

3 Oh ! be it ours to know, to feel
 The upward impulse ; still to rise,
 As turns life's ever-moving wheel,
 Till stopped by death, and death reveal
 The opening splendors of the skies.

436

L. M.

Miss E. TAYLOR.

Seek, and he shall be found of thee.

1 OH Source of good ! around me spread,
 Ten thousand thousand blessings lie ;
 By night thy mercy guards my head,
 By day I feel thee ever nigh.

2 Yet, if to taste thy gifts were all
 Thy bounteous hand bestowed on me,—
 No leave upon thy name to call,
 Nor in my prayer approach to thee ;—

3 How would my spirit, sorrowing
 'Mid all those gifts, have sighed to feel
 It knew not the refreshing spring
 That ceaseless flows to soothe and heal !

4 No chain to bind the wandering soul,
 No link cementing earth and heaven,
 No father's pitying kind control,
 No child repenting and forgiven !

- 5 But God reveals his mercy-seat,
 And beams of light the gloom dispel :
 He gives,—from him the gift is sweet ;
 He takes away,—and all is well.
- 6 The voice of prayer in heaven is heard !
 Let strength depart and comforts flee,
 If man may act upon that word—
 ‘ Seek and he shall be found of thee.’
-

437 L. M. Miss MARTINEAU.

Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth thee.

- 1 WHEN Samuel heard, in still midnight,
 A voice amid God's presence bright,
 He rose, and said on bended knee,
 ‘ Speak, Lord ! thy servant heareth thee.’
- 2 E'en such a voice I too may hear ;
 E'en such a light my soul may cheer ;
 For wisdom's words by God were given,
 And reason is a ray from heaven.
- 3 Then will I feed this sacred fire ;
 For wisdom's precepts still enquire ;
 Still pray, from pride and folly free,
 ‘ Speak ! for thy servant heareth thee.’
- 4 But not alone within his hall
 Shall my hushed soul attend his call ;
 He whispers from the woods at noon,
 And calls me forth beneath the moon.
- 5 His voice shall drown the hum of men,
 And echo from the deep again ;
 Where'er he is, my prayer shall be,
 ‘ Speak ! for thy servant heareth thee.’
-

438 S. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Divine aid implored.

- 1 O GOD ! a ray of light,
 One cheering, hopeful ray,
 Send down ; and let this darksome night
 Bring on unclouded day !

- 2 How would my bosom glow,
To leave the world behind ;
But still some tempting joy below
Subdues my wavering mind !
- 3 How would my heart rejoice,
To heaven to travel on ;
But ah ! I list to pleasure's voice,
And my resolves are gone !
- 4 Oh, from thy dwelling-place,
Thy throne in worlds above,
Shed o'er me thy redeeming grace,
And thy all-saving love !
- 5 Be all earth's follies past !
Be all my sins forgiven !
And, victor o'er myself, at last
Peace may I find in heaven !
-

- 439

L. M.

Mrs. GILMAN.

God our refuge.

- 1 Is there a lone and dreary hour
When worldly pleasures loose their power ;—
My Father ! let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.
- 2 Is there a time of racking grief,
Unblessed by prospect of relief ;—
My Father ! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.
- 3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ ;—
My Father ! still my hopes will roam,
Unless they rest with thee, their home.
- 4 The noon-tide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn or twilight's sweet serene,
The sick, nay e'en the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's power.

Repose on God.

- 1 FATHER ! we humbly would repose
Our souls on thee who dwellest above,
And bless thee for the peace which flows
From faith in thine all-pitying love.
- 2 Though every earthly trust may break,
Infinite might belongs to thee ;
Though friends may die, and friends forsake,
Unchangeable thou still wilt be.
- 3 Though griefs may gather darkly round,
They cannot veil us from thy sight ;
Though vain all human aid be found,
Thou every one canst turn to light.
- 4 Though soon must come the solemn hour
When we to this world's scenes must die ;
Death cannot snatch us from thy power,
The grave conceal us from thine eye.
- 5 All things thy wise designs fulfil,
In earth beneath and heaven above,
And good breaks out from every ill,
Through faith in thine ~~all-pitying~~ love.

Religious affiance.

- 1 THE child who trusts his parent's love,
Nor comprehends his plan,
In the best wisdom from above
May discipline the man.
- 2 The little truster justly tries
The unknown by the known,
And feels the needful mysteries
Are those of love alone.
- 3 And we—Oh, have we known so long
That Providence is kind,
Nor learnt to think, when aught seems wrong,
That imperfection's blind ?

- 4 The clouded sun, to nature's frame
Is useful as the clear ;
And heavenly love is still the same,
Whatever veil it wear.
- 5 Let man but trust the means awhile,
With faith drawn from the past ;
The sunset-end in time will smile,
And make all plain at last.
-

442

L. M. Miss J. Roscoe.

Trust in God.

- 1 MY Father ! when around me spread,
I see the shadows of the tomb,
And life's bright visions droop and fade,
And darkness veils my future doom ;—
- 2 Oh, in that anguished hour I turn,
With a still trusting heart, to thee !
And holy thoughts still shine and burn
Amid that cold, sad destiny.
- 3 They fill my soul with heavenly light,
While all around is pain and woe ;
And strengthened by them, in thy sight,
Father, to drink thy cup I go.
- 4 Thy will be done !—I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love ;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.
- 5 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dim with tears ;
The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
But are not ours the immortal years ?
- 6 Father ! forgive the heart that clings
Thus trembling to the things of time ;
And bid my soul on angel wings
Ascend into a purer clime.

- 7 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
 No sorrows dim celestial love ;
 But these afflictions of the dust,
 Like shadows of the night, remove.
- 8 That glorious hour will well repay
 A life of toil, and care, and woe ;
 O Father ! joyful on my way,
 To drink the bitter cup, I go.

443

L. M.

NORTON.

Filial trust in div'ne goodness.

- 1 THY mercy bids all nature bloom ;
 The sun shines bright and earth is gay ;
 O God, thy mercy spreads the gloom
 That darkens o'er our transient day.
- 2 Full many a throb of grief and pain
 Is life's frail wanderer doomed to know ;
 But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
 Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 3 Thy various messengers employ ;
 Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
 And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
 May kneeling faith adore thy will !

444

C. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

Trust.

- 1 BOUND to the earth, yet seeking heaven,
 Frail children of the dust,—
 Glory and praise to God be given,
 That in his strength we trust !
- 2 To-day, this scene of toil and pain
 Holds forth its flattering joys ;
 To-morrow, all its hopes are vain,
 And worthless all its toys.
- 3 Now rolls the tide of pleasure on ;
 We love to see it roll ;
 Brief space succeeds ; the charm is gone,
 And cloyed the aspiring soul !

- 4 O Thou, of all we have the spring,
 Who knowest we are dust ;
 Thanks be to thee, the almighty King,
 That in thy strength we trust ;
- 5 Thanks that the Saviour's word we know,
 And bear the Saviour's name !
 Oh, wean our hearts from all below ;
 Our wandering steps reclaim !
- 6 Be every thought to thee resigned,
 To thee all hearts be given ;
 And when this world we leave behind,
 Receive us up to heaven.
-

445

S. M. J. R. WREFOED.*

Rest for the weary.

- 1 WHERE shall the weary rest,—
 Oh, where shall sorrow cease ?
 The heart with fear and care oppressed,
 Where shall it meet with peace ?
- 2 Hope whispers of a scene
 Beyond the dreary tomb,
 Where not a cloud can intervene,
 And death can never come.
- 3 The rivers of our God
 Glide clear and tranquil there ;
 And flowers that fade not, deck the sod,
 And fragrance fills the air.
- 4 No tempest there shall lower,
 No darkness veils the sky ;
 But light shall cheer each circling hour,
 And sunshine never die.
- 5 No tear shall ever flow,
 There shall no more be pain ;
 The heart shall nought but gladness know,
 And endless joy shall reign.
- 6 Yes ! there, poor child of grief,
 Sweet peace shall fill thy breast,
 There shall the sufferer find relief,
 There shall the weary rest.

446

L. M. J. R. WRETFORD.*

God a present aid in trouble.

- 1 O God, who in the darkest night
Of trouble and dismay art near,
Thou, who canst make the darkness light,
And check the sigh, and dry the tear :
- 2 I look to thee, my God, alone,
For comfort in my hour of grief ;
I lay my cares before thy throne,
And from thy pity seek relief.
- 3 In the sad silence of my soul,
I, weeping, tell my tale of woe ;
And thou dost all my fears control,
And bid my sorrows cease to flow.
- 4 My God ! my everlasting aid !
Be with me in each fearful hour ;
Thy presence, in the gloomiest shade,
Shall dissipate the clouds that lower.

447

P. M.

BULFINCH.

Succor in God.

- 1 WHEN by pain and care oppressed,
Anguish fills the trembling breast ;
When our earthly comforts fail ;
When temptation's floods assail ;
Father, in that fearful hour,
Aid us by thy heavenly power.
- 2 When the blasts of adverse fate
Leave the mighty desolate ;
When around, in ruin wide,
Fall the lofty domes of pride ;
May our towers of safety be,
Rock of ages ! based on thee.
- 3 Transient are the joys of earth,
As the hour that gives them birth ;
Faithless as a lovely dream,
Fading at the morning beam ;
Treacherous as the fleeting sand,
Wave-washed on the ocean's strand :

- 4 But thy servants' trust, O Lord !
 Rests on thine unfailing word ;
 On the precepts Jesus gave,—
 On our Father's will to save,—
 On the strength, and light, and love,
 Beaming from thy throne above.
-

448

L. M.

BOWRING.

God near in sorrow.

- 1 OH ! sweet it is to know, to feel,
 In all our gloom, our wanderings here,
 No night of sorrow can conceal
 Man from thy notice, from thy care.
- 2 When disciplined by long distress,
 And led through paths of fear and woe ;
 Say, dost thou love thy children less ?
 No, ever gracious Father ! no.
- 3 No distance can outreach thine eye,
 No night obscure thy endless day ;
 Be this my comfort when I sigh,
 Be this my safeguard when I stray.
-

449

L. M.

BOWRING.

God merciful in the mysteries of affliction.

- 1 MYSTERIOUS are the ways of God,
 Yet ever merciful and kind ;
 We mourn beneath his chastening rod,
 Children of earth ! because we're blind.
- 2 Impending clouds his love has spread
 O'er this low vale, where mortals dwell ;
 And oft we mourn his spirit fled,
 When adverse tempests round us swell.
- 3 But in those storms that sometimes roll
 Our mortal dwellings dark above,
 Whose threatening shades dismay the soul,
 Dwells the bright presence of his love.

- 4 We cannot see him—not a ray
Of all his glory then appears,
And oft we thread our darkened way,
Trembling with anxious doubts and fears.
- 5 Yet faith still looks beyond the gloom,
While hope's bright star illumines our night;
Pilgrims of earth ! though dark the tomb,
It leads to scenes of bliss and light.
-

450

C. M.

BARTRUM.

My God, remember me.

- 1 OH ! from these visions dark and drear,
Kind Father, set me free ;
I linger yet a mourner here,—
My God, remember me !
- 2 Refresh my drooping thoughts with grace,
And quickening energy ;
Still running, toiling in the race,—
My God, remember me.
- 3 Some cheering ray of hope impart,
Sweet influence from thee ;
And raise this feeble drooping heart,—
My God ! remember me.
- 4 For the inheritance in light,
On trembling wings I flee ;
'Gainst sins, and doubts, and fears I fight,—
My God, remember me.
-

451

P. M.

I. L.*

Anxiety reproved.

- 1 WHY, O my soul, those anxious sighs ?
Why those desponding thoughts that rise,
And cause the starting tear ?
What though my cherished hopes decay,
Though death remove each earthly stay,—
My God is ever near.

- 2 I call departed years to mind,
And in their darkest seasons find
Reviving beams of light ;
Revealed, through all life's changeful road,
I trace the mercy of my God,—
His care in sorrow's night.
- 3 And still I live beneath his eye :
Oh let me on his love rely,
When mortal strength retires ;
And let me seek with humble mind,
To walk with him, and hope to find
The aid my day requires.
-

452

L. M.

I. L.*

Prayer for resignation.

- 1 O THOU, to whose all-seeing eye
The burthen of my heart is known,
And all the conflict of my thoughts,—
My weakness, Lord, to thee I own.
- 2 A frail and fearful child of earth,
Trembling I shrink from coming ill ;
How shall my spirit learn to bear,
And be resigned to meet thy will ?
- 3 For all my best resolves are weak
In strong emotion's painful hour ;
All-gracious God, I come to thee,
And thy sustaining aid implore.
- 4 When cares and sorrows press me round,
And fear my sinking spirit tries ;
Help me to think upon my Lord,
Lest dark repining thoughts arise.
-

453

P. M.

BOWRING.

Be still, and know that I am God.

- 1 ОН, let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapt yet in fears and mystery ;
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see ;
Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.

- 2 When, mounted on thy clouded car,
 Thou sendest thy darker spirits down,
 I can discern thy light afar,
 Thy light sweet beaming through thy frown ;
 And should I faint a moment, then
 I think of thee, and smile again.
- 3 So, trusting in thy love, I tread
 The narrow path of duty on :
 What though some cherished joys are fled,—
 What though some flattering dreams are gone,—
 Yet purer, brighter joys remain ;
 Why should my spirit, then, complain ?
-

454

P. M. THOMAS TAYLOR.

Oh ! that I had wings like a dove !

- 1 OH, could the soul oppressed with care,—
 Shake off her deadly load ;
 Spring upward to the realms of air,
 And seek a new abode ;
 Where misery's gnawing pang should cease,
 And hope for ever dwell with peace :—
- 2 Methinks how sweet to soar on high,
 And feel the heart grow light,
 To see the gloomy cloud pass by,
 And all around look bright ;
 To leave behind the weight of pain,
 And sorrow, with her fearful train.
- 3 How would the spirit joy to look
 On all she left below !
 And, as her parting glance she took,
 With hope triumphant glow ;
 And think that all her toils were o'er,
 When she had gained that peaceful shore.
- 4 God of eternity ! from thee
 This feeble being came,
 Thine eye its hidden springs can see,
 Thou knowest its inmost frame ;
 And in its ways and wanderings, still
 'Tis but the creature of thy will.

The heart knoweth its own bitterness.

- 1 **THOUGH** the stream of being floweth
Calmly to the sea of peace ;
Though the weary pilgrim goeth
To his home of sleep and ease ;
None but he who suffers, knoweth
All a spirit's bitterness.
- 2 Thoughts there are with misery in them,
Sharper than the wintry wind ;
Wounds there are, though none have seen them,
Rankling in the inner mind ;—
Woes, with not a joy between them,
Dark, and vague, and undefined.
- 3 Is there, for a spirit broken,
Is there balm of Gilead here ?
Yes ! the Lord—the Lord hath spoken,—
Draw, ye sons of suffering, near ;
Christ, the word,—his cross the token,—
See the cross, and banish fear.

Comfort in grief.

- 1 **WHEN** fear and sorrow filled my breast,
When sunk my fainting heart, oppressed,
Beneath the gloomy shade,
I heard a voice, with solemn flow,
Thus speak,—‘ Despair not, child of woe,
‘ Though earthly hopes be fled :—
- 2 ‘ Though many a mortal joy decay,
‘ And earthly treasures fade away,
‘ Yet rest thy heart above ;
‘ Look to that blissful world to come ;
‘ Thy peace, thy joy, thy destined home
‘ Are in that land of love !
- 3 ‘ But earth has many a secret snare,
‘ And many a tempting form is there,
‘ To lure thy heart aside ;
‘ Thy God, within this narrow bound,
‘ With griefs and cares hath fenced thee round,
‘ Lest thou forsake thy guide.

- 4 ' Rest on a Father's care,—thy own !
 ' Trust in his love, and journey on !
 ' Behold the Lord ! who trod
 ' Through life and death a thorny way,
 ' That he might teach thee to obey
 ' And lead thee on to God.'

457

S. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.

- 1 DREAM not disease and pain,
 In anger sent by heaven :
 Nor be those trials felt in vain,
 Which are in mercy given !
- 2 The trembling tear will start,
 Deep anguish utterance find ;—
 But all life's ills, at last, impart
 Fresh lustre to the mind.
- 3 These transient pains below,
 Will yield us true repose ;
 And he who treads this vale of woe,
 Must feel them as he goes.
- 4 They calm the troubled soul,
 Subdue the stubborn heart ;
 From them the streams of comfort roll,
 Which life and love impart !
- 5 Then let not him complain,
 Who feels the hand of heaven ;
 Nor be those trials felt in vain
 Which are in mercy given.

458

L. M.

I. L.*

Affliction cometh not forth of the dust.

- 1 WHEN darkness veils thy throne of grace,
 Almighty Ruler, kind and just !
 Oh ! may I own that thou art good,
 And I, an erring child of dust.

- 2 To thee, the author of my frame,—
To thy discerning eye alone,—
The frailty of my wandering thoughts,
My wrong and vain desires are known.
- 3 Thou knowest if with too strong a love
My heart still clings to things below ;
If with a doubtful, wavering step,
In thy appointed path I go.
- 4 Thou knowest when slothful guard I keep,
Against some powerful foe within ;
When listening to the tempter's wiles,
I yield, and tread the ways of sin.
- 5 Shouldst thou reprove in mercy, Lord,
Thus speaking with a voice severe,
Oh ! may my spirit humbly bow,
And turn to thee with holy fear !

459

L. M.

BRYANT.

Blessed are they that mourn.

- 1 DEEM not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;
The God who loves our race, has shewn
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall beam again,
From lids that now o'erflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnest of serener years.
- 3 Oh, there are days of hope and rest
For every dark and troubled night !
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.
- 4 And ye, who o'er a friend's low bier
Now shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to your arms again.
- 5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny ;
Nor hopeless sorrow break the heart
That, spurned of men, fears not to die.

- 6 For God hath marked each anguished day,
 And numbered every secret tear ;
 And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
 For all his children suffer here.

460

L. M.

BOWRING.*

Afflictions.

- 1 ON light-beams breaking from above,
 The eternal course of mercy runs ;
 And by ten thousand cords of love
 Our heavenly Father guides his sons.
- 2 Amidst affliction's thickest host,
 And sorrow's darkest, mightiest band,
 The heavenly cord is drawn the most,
 And most is felt the heavenly hand.
- 3 Oh, be it mine to feel, to see
 Through earth's perplexed and wearying road,
 The cords that link us, God ! to thee,
 And draw us to thine own abode.

461

P. M.

H. WARE, JUN.*

Patience under affliction.

- 1 FATHER ! this gentle chastisement
 Falls kindly on my burthened soul ;
 I see its merciful intent,
 To warn me back to thy control ;
 And pray that while I kiss the rod,
 I may find perfect peace with God.
- 2 The errors of my heart I know ;
 I feel my deep infirmities ;
 For often virtuous feelings glow,
 And holy purposes arise ;
 But like the morning clouds decay,
 As empty, though as fair, as they.
- 3 Forgive the weakness I deplore ;
 And let thy grace abound in me,
 That I may trust my heart no more,
 But wholly cast myself on thee :
 Oh, let my Father's strength be mine,
 And my devoted life be thine !

462

L. M.

NORTON.

Thankfulness under affliction.

- 1 MY God, I thank thee ! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisement severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear !
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom,
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ,—
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;—
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling Faith adore thy will.

463

L. M.

J. R. WRETFORD.*

Sickness.

- 1 AH ! wearily the moments roll,
When health's fair roses fade away,
When pain subdues the suffering frame,
And strength and joy alike decay.
- 2 As the poor trembling bird that beats
His cage, and freedom seeks to gain,
His fluttering pinion drops, and finds
That all his efforts are in vain ;—
- 3 So, to the darkened room confined,—
The couch, whence ease is banished far ;
In vain our prostrate powers we task,
And sigh to think how changed we are.
- 4 But, O my God, if thoughts of thee
Irradiate the chamber's gloom,—
If thy bright spirit with us dwell,
And our sad solitude illumine ;—

- 5 How happy then will be our lot,
 Communion sweet with thee to share ;
 How blest will be the lonely hours,
 We spend in secret musings there !
-

464

P. M.

BOWRING.*

Sickness.

- 1 ALL have joys that throw their brightness
 Over life's mysterious way ;
 All have griefs that fling their darkness
 Round the fairest hours of day.
- 2 Peace will often fix its mansion
 Near the noisy tents of strife ;
 Death is mightiest in its conquests,
 Midst the busiest fields of life.
- 3 So in health's delighted moments,
 Pain and sickness will intrude ;
 Now—the world of rush and tumult—
 Now—the chamber's solitude.
- 4 Sickness—eloquent instructor !
 Nurse of thought and check of pride !
 Leveller of earth's distinctions !
 Harsh—but yet a heavenly guide.
- 5 Oh ! when He who chastening, loveth,
 Bends me 'neath its discipline ;
 May the lesson taught divinely,
 Bear its influence divine !
-

465

P. M.

BOWRING.*

Recovery of health.

- 1 How bright are the smiles of the dawn !
 How lovely the waking of spring !
 How fragrant the flowers of the lawn !
 How joyous the bird on its wing !
 But if summer and spring-tide be bright,
 If the bird and the flower give delight,
 Delight becomes rapture when, freed from his pain,
 The sick man goes forth from his chamber again.

- 2 The earth is a splendid display
 Of all that is lovely and grand ;
 And the heavens, how glorious are they,
 With their worlds and their wonders unscanned !
 But let *him* all their wonders reveal,
 He best all their wonders can feel,
 Whom suffering has chained to a sick bed, but who,
 Released, comes to wonder and worship anew.
- 3 Health borrows from sickness its zest,
 As the stars from the darkness their rays ;
 And of all wisdom's lessons, the best
 Are those the All-wise One conveys ;
 Be we lowly learners ; and still,
 While we watch and we wait on his will,
 Let that will, like the sunbeams which burst from
 above,
 Bear light to our bosoms, and calmness, and love.

466

P. M. *Christian Register.**As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.*

- 1 WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
 And in my breast despondence sighs ;
 When life her throng of care reveals,
 And weakness o'er my spirit steals ;
 Grateful I hear the kind decree,
 That ' as my day, my strength shall be.'
- 2 When with sure footsteps memory roves
 'Mid smitten joys and buried loves ;
 When sleep my fearful pillow flies,
 And dewy morning drinks my sighs ;
 Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
 That ' as my day, my strength shall be.'
- 3 One trial more must yet be passed,
 One pang—the keenest, and the last ;—
 And when with brow convulsed and pale,
 My feeble, quivering heart shall fail,
 Remember ! grant my soul to see,
 That ' as her day, her strength shall be.'

467

L. M.

BOWRING.*

Light in darkness.

- 1 Oft when the gathering clouds of woe
The mercy-source of light eclipse,
Thoughts which the bosom overflow,
Break out in murmurs from the lips.
 - 2 Dark is the memory of the past,
Dark the approaching days to come ;
And darker yet the shades which cast
O'er passing hours their present gloom.
 - 3 When shall that thickening gloom disperse,
God's heavenly sunshine breaking through ?
When shall the glorious universe
Wear cheerful robes and smile anew ?
 - 4 Oh, when distrust, and when despair
Usurp the sceptre of the soul,
How should God's brightness enter there,
To comfort, counsel, and control ?
 - 5 But let thy heart the thoughts dismiss,
Which doubt, or censure, or complain,
And soon a very tide of bliss
Shall rush into that heart again !
-

468

L. M.

BOWRING.*

Joy after sorrow.

- 1 As, when the deluge-waves were gone,
Hills, plains, and vales in freshness burst,
And nature's earliest rainbow shone
On scenes more lovely than the first ;—
- 2 Loosed from the ark, a heavenly dove,
A promise-branch of olive bore,—
Pledge of returning peace and love
That beamed more brightly than before :—
- 3 So when affliction's waters glide
From the enfranchised soul away,
More peaceful, pure, and sanctified,
The soul emerges into day.

- 4 And then—as with the olive bough,
 The heavenly dove of old drew near ;
 Some gentle words of truth will flow,
 In holy music, on the ear.
- 5 O'er all the transient things of time,
 The oblivious foot of years hath trod ;
 But all that's sacred and sublime
 Stands stedfast as the truth of God.
-

469

P. M.

BULFINCH.

Purification of the soul.

- 1 OH ! uncreated Light and Love,
 Dwelling in majesty above ;
 Thou who didst blend the mental ray,
 At nature's dawn, with human clay ;
 Thy image then by thee impressed,
 Restore within thy children's breast ;
 Make us from sin and error free,
 And sanctify our minds to thee !
- 2 Oh ! banish from thy servant's path
 The demon host of scorn and wrath ;
 Error, with wildly-beaming eye,
 And dull insensibility ;—
 Blind prejudice, and fierce desire,
 And malice with his glance of fire :
 At thy command we burst their chain,
 And in thine image rise again.
- 3 And when, life's journey o'er, we tread
 The shadowy regions of the dead ;
 When the last foe his threatening dart
 Points at the christian's trembling heart ;
 Thy mercy then,—thy people's shield,
 Shall call the last dread foe to yield ;
 Thy sons shall pass the valley o'er,
 And in thy heavenly courts adore.

470

L. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Dimness of spiritual vision.

- 1 E'EN when the springs of inward light
Are from excess of darkness clear,
Too oft there lurks upon her sight
A dimness which the soul should fear.
- 2 Like him whom, prompt all griefs to ease,
The Saviour blessed with sight again,—
Who saw men walk as moving trees,
Ere yet he saw them full and plain :—
- 3 We feel a mist our faith o'ercome,
A shadow from the dark world fall ;
Which, though far short of total gloom,
Confuses and bewilders all.
- 4 Yet high its use ;—and we may learn
From weakness up to strength to rise ;
If, in these shadowing hours, we turn
To Him who thus the spirit tries.
- 5 In his pure light, and his alone,
The light of life poor man can see ;
Lord ! make thy brightening presence known,
And fix our strengthened eyes on thee !

471

C. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Spiritual darkness deprecated.

- 1 PUT from us, Thou who dwellest in light,
That darkness of the mind,
Which makes us with its inward night,
The blindest of the blind.
- 2 Thy works thus seen, thy word thus read,
Lay all their glory by,
Like a fair scroll or picture spread
Before a sightless eye.
- 3 How great that darkness, when the source
From which pure light should spring,
Obscured itself, with darkening force
Acts on each brightest thing !

- 4 O God! our prayers and efforts bless,
 To shun the gloom we dread;
 Nor let the Sun of righteousness
 Shine on us, as the dead.
- 5 Let there be light, where light should be—
 Within the mental eye;
 That we, with vision clear, may see
 Our path-way to the sky.
-

472

L. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Workings of God's spirit.

- 1 KNOWN by whatever earthly name,
 Grace, spirit, influence, blessing, aid,
 A power there is which stirs our frame,
 Direct from Him by whom 'twas made.
- 2 The reed that feels, sees not the wind,
 Nor man the still, strong ministry
 Which mingles with the working mind,
 Like sunbeams with the heaving sea.
- 3 And as, the more unstained the deep,
 The stronger light pervades its tides,
 So, the more pure our hearts we keep,
 The more God's spirit there resides.
- 4 Then let us so these hearts improve,
 That o'er the abyss unblessed before,
 His spirit may in blessing move,
 Creating light for evermore.
-

473

L. M.

J. R. WREFORD.*

For the influence of God's spirit.

- 1 IN the dark hour of doubt and fear,
 I trembling look, my God, to thee;
 No earthly aid my heart can cheer,
 Nor yield my soul tranquility.
- 2 Error and vice stand by each hour,—
 The guise of truth and bliss they wear;
 I sometimes blindly own their power,
 And find, too late, the dangerous snare.

- 3 Without the light that heaven displays,
 From thee, O Lord ! I wander far ;
 For this I wait, on this I gaze,—
 The one serene and guiding star.
- 4 Spirit of grace ! all pure and bright,
 Still shine on my beclouded way ;
 Encompassed by thy radiant light,
 From thee and peace I cannot stray.
- 5 Till on this scene I close mine eye,
 Oh ! be thy gracious influence given ;
 With truth and love my soul supply,
 And guide my erring steps to heaven.
-

474

S. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Against the withdrawal of God's spirit.

- 1 WITHDRAW not from me, Lord,
 The spirit of thy grace,
 Through which unstrengthened, unrestored,
 I cannot see thy face.
- 2 Nothing can give me rest,
 While far away thou be ;
 No good on earth can make me blessed,
 If still unblessed by thee.
- 3 Dim are thy fairest works,
 And dark thy word more fair,
 When deep within, the dread sense lurks,
 That thou art absent there.
- 4 Oh ! send thy spirit forth,
 With healing on its wings ;
 And let it wean my thoughts from earth,
 To fix on heavenly things.
-

475

C. M.

M. D.*

Thy will be done.

- 1 MY Father ! when thy sovereign will
 Brings earthly comforts low ;
 I bid each murmuring thought be still,
 And to thy mandate bow.

- 2 Thy love directs thy chastening hand ;
 That love my soul shall keep ;
 I yield my joys at thy command,
 And praise thee whilst I weep.
- 3 ' Thy will be done ! ' the Saviour cried,
 When anguish rent his soul ;
 ' Thy will be done,' when faith is tried,
 And storms around me roll.
- 4 The storms of life will soon be past,
 This earthly scene be o'er ;
 And I shall find sweet peace at last,
 On heaven's eternal shore.

476

L. M. J. C. WALLACE.

But one thing is needful.

- 1 ONE thing is needful, one alone ;
 One thing is needful to my rest ;
 Could I that one thing call my own,
 I were indeed of all possessed !
- 2 'Tis not the power of wealth or state,—
 Treasures consumed by moth or rust :
 'Tis not that men should call me great,
 And flatter me, their fellow dust :
- 3 'Tis all my Saviour's will to do ;
 'Tis as my Saviour's self to be ;
 And, like a christian soldier true,
 March onward to eternity !

477

C. M.

E.*

Against a worldly spirit.

- 1 STILL these vain thoughts, Almighty Power,
 Nor let thy suppliant fall ;
 My breast irradiate every hour,
 And be my all in all.
- 2 Should riches, honour, fame be mine,
 They could not peace procure ;
 Earth's purest gifts, compared with thine,
 Are mean and insecure.

- 3 Can they the boundless spirit fill,
The immortal soul redeem ?
Can they the voice of anguish still ?
From sense and passion wean ?
- 4 Be thou my portion, thou my friend,
My chosen lot be heaven ;
To Christ let all my being tend,
And be my sins forgiven.

478

L. M.

BOWRING.

Temptation.

- 1 OH, what a struggle wakes within,
When in the spirit's solitude,
The tempting, treacherous thoughts of sin,
In all their luring smiles intrude !
- 2 'Tis then, my Father ! then I feel
My nature's weakness, and, oppressed,
Like a poor trembling child I steal
To thee, for safety and for rest.
- 3 Beneath thy shadow let me live !
Be thou my Friend—my Father be !
I bend in dust—I pray, forgive
The erring child that flies to thee !

479

P. M. J. R. WREFORD.*

A penitential supplication.

- 1 HOLY Father, unto thee
Be my purest homage paid ;
Full of faith, I bend my knee,
Grant me comfort—grant me aid.
- 2 I am humble, poor, and weak,
Crushed beneath a weight of care ;
Weeping, fainting, thee I seek,
Save, Oh save me from despair !
- 3 In the dust my spirit lies
Contrite, broken, and distressed ;
Hear my penitential cries,
Give me peace, Oh give me rest !

- 4 Let a light from heaven shine
 On my soul's benighted way;
 Let thy comforts all divine,
 Chase the clouds of gloom away.
- 5 God of mercy ! hear me plead ;
 Let me cease at length to mourn ;
 Aid me ere the path I tread,
 Whence I shall no more return.

480

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Return to God.

- 1 MY God ! to thee I humbly cry,
 To thee with contrite spirit fly ;
 Oh, let thy grace its power reveal,
 And through these clouds of terror steal !
- 2 Dark, dark have been the paths I've trod,
 Away from thee, my Father, God ;
 Restless and torn, my weary soul
 Would seek again its own true goal.
- 3 Oh ! bind me to thyself in love,
 And fix my soul's desires above ;
 And kindle up a hopeful light,
 To cheer me through the coming night.

481

L. M.

I. L.*

Godly sorrow.

- 1 WHEN sinks the heart with guilt oppressed,
 Before thy throne, eternal King,
 Oh ! how shall mortal plead with thee ?
 What offering can thy creature bring ?
- 2 To thee, preserver of my soul,
 I bring my sorrow and my tears ;
 For I have sinned against thy love,—
 A father's love, that long forbears ;—
- 3 Against the author of my life,
 Whose tender care supports me still,—
 Whose mercy rescues from the grave,
 And warns me how to flee from ill.

- 4 A suppliant at thy throne of grace,
 Forgive, O Lord ! I humbly plead ;
 And let me on thy promise rest—
 ' Thou wilt not break the bruised reed.'
- 5 And Oh ! through all my future days,
 Still may thy fear my heart control,—
 Still every erring thought restrain,
 Oh, thou preserver of my soul !

482

P. M.

I. L.*

Appeal to God in peril.

- 1 My course is through a stormy tide,
 Thick clouds are gathering o'er me ;
 Around me gloomy shades of fear,
 And sorrow's gulf before me !
 My heart—a fainting trembler here,
 Implores for aid against despair ;
 Lord ! save me or I perish !
- 2 My strength will yield before the blast,
 Unless thy hand defend me ;
 Nor can I combat with the waves,
 Unless thy grace befriend me :
 In this dark hour, Oh, grant thy aid !
 Oh, be my guardian through the shade !
 With thee, I shall not perish !
- 3 Thou rulest above the gathering storm,
 In mercy still presiding ;
 Oh, let my spirit be at rest,
 In thee, my rock, confiding !
 Still let me trust, that none who fear
 And love thy name, with heart sincere,
 And seek thy mercy, perish.

483

P. M.

BULFINCH.

Duty, watchfulness, and reward.

- 1 CREATOR ! by thy care and love,
 A charge is given us from above :
 In constant duty must we wait,
 As servants at their master's gate ;

Remembering all thy holy law,
 With zealous love, and fear, and awe ;
 And ready, when our Lord shall come,
 Joyful to bid him welcome home.

- 2 Then in the watches of the night,
 If he appear before our sight,
 Fearless may we his presence meet,
 And as our friend, our Master greet ;
 His eye our ready love shall see,
 And mark our tried fidelity ;
 And kindness from his lips shall flow,
 And large rewards his hands bestow.
- 3 Thus, holy Master, in the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away ;
 When in the world's astonished sight,
 The throne of judgment stands in light ;—
 May we, from every terror free,
 That awful preparation see ;
 And e'en in nature's closing hour,
 Adore our Maker's love and power.

484

C. M.

E.*

Human frailty.

- 1 FRAIL heart of man ! how fleet its good !
 The penitential tear,—
 The struggle, and the holy vow,
 Felt, God, when thou art near ;—
- 2 All fly upon the moment's wing,
 Soon as we rise from prayer ;
 And leave behind but thoughts of pain,
 For hours of toil and care.
- 4 Oh, frail our hearts ! without thine aid,
 Vain, vain, the moral strife ;
 Send, mighty God, thy spirit forth.
 And give undying life.
- 4 No more 'twixt life and fear we live,
 If thou thy power bestow ;
 But onward, upward, unto thee,
 Lord, peacefully we go.

- 5 Oh, send thy grace, thou pitying God,
 With strength gird up our hearts ;
 Nor ever let them quit the way
 Which endless life imparts.

485

C. M.

BRETTILL.*

I am meek and lowly in heart.

- 1 OH, meek as He who, when the cry
 Of thousands rent the air,
 Cast, humbly cast, on earth his eye,
 And looked the lowliest there ;—
- 2 Or when upon the mount he stood,
 His garments shining bright,
 And round his form a radiant flood
 Of glory shed its light :—
- 3 Oh, meek as He, amidst those rays
 Whose lustre dimmed the sun,
 May I, when fortune gilds my days,
 All proud presumption shun ;
- 4 And, when its beams are darkened o'er,
 Beneath affliction's rod,
 As Christ the cross un murmuring bore,
 My will resign to God.

486

P. M.

J. E. ROSCOE.

Consecration of self to God.

- 1 O GOD, to thee, who first hast given
 To mortal frame the spark of heaven,
 I consecrate my powers ;
 Thine is its hoped eternity,
 And thine its little life shall be,
 Through years, and days, and hours.
- 2 Here at thy shrine I bow, resigned
 Each struggling passion of my mind,
 With all its hopes and fears :
 To bend each thought to thy control,
 Is the sole wish that fills my soul,
 Through all my future years.

- 3 For Oh, when earthly cares are o'er,
 The worn heart feels there is no more
 Of bliss beneath the skies ;
 There is no other certain trust
 Which blends the merciful and just,
 Omnipotent and wise.

487

C. M.

E.*

Participation of God's beneficence.

- 1 WITH kindred power, Oh, touch my heart,
 Spirit of holy love ;
 The mind, the will, the power impart,
 A friend of man to prove.
- 2 Its gifts thy goodness wide extends,
 And pleasure brings to all ;
 What was, what is, what will be, blends
 In one endearing call.
- 3 That call of duty may I hear ;
 It bids me love like thee ;
 And in thy strength, from sin and fear
 My fellow mortals free.
- 4 Dear is the work of holy love,—
 To assuage the pang of grief,
 The fading eye to raise above,
 And bring distress relief.
- 5 This work be mine ! Oh, may my days
 In such employ be spent ;
 That, while to heaven my soul I raise,
 My heart to man be lent.

488

P. M.

BRETTELL.*

Great good resulting from small acts of beneficence.

- 1 How small yon stream—the infant of the mountain
 That pours its brightening tribute to the plain ;
 Yet that small stream, now trickling from its fountain,
 Shall shine a river ere it join the main.

- 2 So one kind act, one thought of goodness, flowing
From the pure well-spring of the lofty mind,
Shall gild the vales of life—till, swelling, glowing,
Its blessings reach the ocean of mankind.

489

L. M.

BOWRING.*

Riches.

- 1 TEN thousand blessings are my lot,
For which my hands have labored not ;
To me the accident of birth
Has brought the various gifts of earth.
- 2 Some toil from morn to eve, and then
Toil from the morn to eve again ;
And all their wearying toil can give
Is but the privilege to live ;—
- 3 To live—to toil—and toil anew,
Life's never ceasing journey through ;
While I, without a thought to tire,
Desire, and luxuries meet desire.
- 4 Yet Heaven hath not these luxuries given,
To teach forgetfulness of heaven ;
No ! but that, freed from care, the mind
Should higher, worthier objects find.
- 5 To me be wealth as wealth was meant,
All grace, all virtue's nourishment ;
No bondage to the world,—but mine
In trust for purposes divine.

490

L. M.

BOWRING.*

Poverty.

- 1 THE all-embracing Mind that planned
The world, and all that it contains,
Distributes with an equal hand,
To each his pleasures and his pains.
- 2 The sons of poverty may press
Around the wealthy's gorgeous door ;
But wealth has its own weariness,
And there are blessings for the poor.

- 3 There's many a passion, many a pain,
And fears, and jealousies, and cares
That wear the heart and rack the brain,
Which poverty its victim spares.
- 4 And many a joy to wealth denied,
Smiles on the poor, his lot t'assuage;
Peace hath its noble thoughts like pride,
And poverty its heritage.
- 5 Toil has its triumphs—strength and health,
And buoyant spirits labor brings;
While wealth is fugitive,—for wealth
Hath slippery feet and ready wings.
-

491

L. M. J. R. WREFOED.*

A morning hymn.

- 1 WHEN soft the light of morning breaks,
And nature from her slumber wakes;
And field and forest, vale and grove,
Are vocal with the notes of love;—
- 2 Oh, then how sweet from sleep to rise,
To feel the influence of the skies;
To feel the morning zephyr bring
Freshness and fragrance on its wing!
- 3 How sweet to watch the waking flower,
Unveil its beauty in the bower;
And gently ope its radiant eye,
To greet the morn and sunny sky,
- 4 How sweet to listen while the breeze
Just stirs the foliage of the trees;
And minstrels of the air prolong
In every extacy their song.
- 5 But Oh! above the flower, the tree,
The bird, the breeze, my God, to thee,
My morning thoughts shall gladly soar,
And thee with silent joy adore!

492

L. M.

BRETTCELL.¹*Domestic worship :—Morning.*

- 1 WE bless thee for the night's calm rest,
We bless thee for the morning light;
Father of mercies ! kindest, best,
Again thy love beams on our sight.
- 2 The curtained darkness drawn aside,
We wake, as from the sleep of death;
Nature unfolds her beauties wide,
And life renews its conscious breath
- 3 The sunshine scatters gloom and fear,
Fresh vigor strengthens all the frame;
Our gladdened souls new pleasures cheer,
And hope relights her kindling flame.
- 4 A new world seems to rise and shine,
From the dark womb of vanished night;
The work, the glorious work is thine,
Who, smiling, saidst, ' Let there be light.'
- 5 Father divine ! to thee we owe
Each blessing of the night and day;
To thee with love our bosoms glow—
Oh, may our hearts thy laws obey !

493

L. M.

BRETTCELL.¹*Domestic worship :—Evening.*

- 1 THE day is gone—the sun is set,
And darkness round our home is spread;
The ruddy hearth is blazing yet,
And the warm roof is o'er our head.
- 2 Father and God ! to thee we turn,
To bless thee for thy daily care ;
Thy love doth in our bosoms burn,
Accept the incense of our prayer.
- 3 Thou, Lord, hast spread with food our board,
And thou our cup with gladness filled ;
Thou hast our failing strength restored,
Our hearts rejoiced, our sorrows stilled.

- 4 We bless thee for our labors done,
 For health supported by thy grace ;
 We bless thee for the cheering sun,
 And the light beaming from thy face ;
- 5 And for the evening hours of rest,
 And for the balm of slumbers deep ;
 And for the silent shades, so blessed,
 The harbingers of grateful sleep.
- 6 Father ! beneath thy sheltering wings,
 May we in safety now recline ;
 And when new life the morning brings,
 Our earliest thanks shall all be thine.
-

494

L. M.

BOWRING.*

I will lay me down in peace, and sleep.

- 1 THE labors of the day are done ;
 And Oh, how exquisitely blessed,
 Who, with the calm, declining sun,
 Retire in holy peace to rest !
- 2 Thrice blessed, beneath their Guardian's smile,
 And tranquil as the heavens above,
 To sleep—securely sleep, awhile,
 In the kind arms of heavenly love ;
- 3 With no reproaching voice within,
 To break upon the calm of bliss ;
 As evening's earliest dews serene,
 And gentle as the twilight is.
- 4 Alas ! the brightest and the best
 Of earthly pleasures soon decay ;
 The sweetest and the loveliest
 Glide, like a passing breeze, away.
- 5 But saints from death itself shall rise,
 Renewed by heaven's eternal spring ;
 And in the garden of the skies,
 In endless beauty bloom again.

495

L. M.

PIERPONT.

Morning prayer for a child.

- 1 O God ! I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away,
And that I see in this fair light,
My Father's smile that makes it day :
 - 2 Be thou my guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye ;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.
-

496

L. M.

PIERPONT.

Evening prayer for a child.

- 1 ANOTHER day its course hath run,
And still, O God ! thy child is blessed ;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be, by night, my rest :
 - 2 Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close,
And now, while all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.
-

497

L. M.

Mrs. T. JEVONS.

Morning hymn for a child.

- 1 ANOTHER smiling day I see,
Another day, my God ! for thee ;
To thee may I devote my powers,
And all these bright and happy hours.
- 2 Another smiling day I see,
Then let me bend in prayer to thee ;
And thank thee for my tranquil rest,—
The sleep thy guardian care has blessed.
- 3 Another smiling day I see,
And various duty points to thee ;
Let each devoted action prove
Thy child's unbounded faith and love.

- 4 When evening's tranquil shades descend,
 With thee this smiling day shall end ;
 And still the darker shades of night,
 Thy presence, Lord ! shall gild with light.

498

L. M. Mrs. T. JEVONS.*

Evening hymn for a child.

- 1 ANOTHER smiling day is flown,
 With thee, O God ! I am alone ;
 And ere I sleep, my thoughts I'll raise
 To thee, in love, and truth, and praise.
- 2 I praise thee for the tender care
 That bids my soul to thee repair ;
 And with pure heart and spirit pray,
 ' Pardon the sins I've done to-day.'
- 3 I love thee for the gracious power
 That keeps me to this sacred hour ;
 I bless thee for my happy home,
 And trust thee still for days to come.
- 4 And when the glowing east shall burn,
 With the sun's bright and blessed return,
 If thou another day bestow,
 Oh, teach me more thy love to know !

499

L. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Parent for children.

- 1 GREAT God ! all blessings from thee flow ;
 All things thy boundless mercy share ;
 Mine offspring did thy love bestow,
 Oh, be they objects of thy care !
- 2 Thee may they know, first Cause of all ;
 Thy mercy through all nature see ;
 With reverence at thy footstool fall ;
 And give their hearts and souls to thee !
- 3 At morn's first beam, at evening's close,
 Oh, may they raise their prayers above ;
 And in each flower and herb that grows,
 Trace emblems of their Maker's love !

- 4 Whate'er their lot, where'er they be,
 In thickest gloom, or mid-day glare;
 Oh, may they ever think on thee,
 And know, O God ! that thou art there !
- 5 And when arrives that awful day,
 That day of hope, that day of dread,
 When the last trumpet's voice shall say—
 ' Awake, ye sleepers, from the dead !'
- 6 Then may we meet in worlds above ;
 Then be our sins on earth forgiven ;
 And praising thy all-pardoning love,
 Find an eternal home in heaven !

500

L. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Child for parent.

- 1 FATHER above, who every where
 Dost work the wonders that I see ;
 I ask, O God ! thy kindest care
 For those on earth who care for me !
- 2 I cannot trace thy hand below ;
 I cannot tell how good thou art ;
 But on them all thy grace bestow,
 And to them all thy love impart !
- 3 No want, no sorrow, Lord ! be theirs,
 But peace and love crown all their days ;
 And when are past their earthly cares,
 Their work in heaven be prayer and praise.
- 4 And be it mine that world to gain,
 Where all life's troubles shall be o'er ;
 Where peace and love eternal reign,
 And child, and parent part no more !

501

P. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

Hymn for young children.

- 1 IN earth, and sea, and sky,
 Throughout the universe,
 All creatures, in one general strain,
 Their Maker's praise rehearse ;

On every hanging bough,
 The minstrels of the air,
 In songs of sweetest melody,
 Their Maker's love declare.

- 2 The tenants of the deep,
 Beneath the crystal wave,
 Convey their tribute up to heaven,
 From every ocean-cave ;
 The insects of the earth
 Unite with one accord ;
 And hills, and vales, and plants, and flowers,
 Sing praises to the Lord !

- 3 Within yon azure vault,
 The world-bespangled sky,
 The sun lifts up his glorious voice,
 And moon, and stars, reply ;
 All in one concert sweet,
 One lofty strain combine ;
 All is one hymn of grateful prayer,
 Of harmony divine !

- 4 And shall not we unite,
 His mercy to declare ?
 Great God, amid the general song,
 Attend our infant prayer !
 Accept our feeble praise
 For all that thou hast given ;
 Bless us on earth, and after death,
 Give us a place in heaven.

502

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Youth admonished.

- 1 BEFORE, young man, the days draw near
 When mocking pleasure flies,
 And sorrow wakens up dark fear,
 Oh, turn thee, and be wise !
- 2 A glorious power to thee is given—
 Oh, cast it not away ;
 The power to walk right on to heaven,
 And nobler grow each day.

- 3 That power once forfeit, and through years
Of deep regret and pain,
'Thou mayst, alas ! with burning tears,
Weep for it all in vain.
- 4 Oh, be the blessed wisdom thine,
Each talent to improve ;
That daily heaven more bright may shine,
And God more fully love.
-

503

L. M.

J. JOHNS.*

The young warned against the terrors of sin.

- 1 YOUNG mortal, fear thou most to dare
Sin's paths, and face the terrors there—
Thoughts that will turn to night thy day,
Pangs that will make thy heart their prey !
- 2 A God believed, but unadored,
His broken law, and cast-off word ;
Talents and means to serve him lent,
And yet on all he hates mis-spent ;—
- 3 Wishes to disbelieve, with fears
That thou must yet believe in tears ;
Dread glimpses of a Saviour spurned,
And of his blood to mockery turned ;—
- 4 The unsilenced voice that speaks within,
Of all thou art, and mightst have been ;
The haunting thoughts of guilty hours
Which left their thorns, but took their flowers ;—
- 5 Fears, that embitter life, and spread
Such terrors o'er the dying bed,
That he who could that hour foresee,
For its sole sake would righteous be :—
- 6 Oh ! shun them all, young mortal ! shun
Pleasure that leaves the soul undone !
Bid guilt at once her witcheries cease,
And turn thee to the paths of peace.

504

L. M. *Christian Register.**Consecration of youth.*

- 1 To thee, who watched our infant years,
To thee we consecrate our youth ;
Accept the humble tribute, Lord,
Fountain of mercy, source of truth.
- 2 God of our lives—eternal Guide,
Through every calling we pursue,
Oh, may thy lamp within our breast,
Be ever burning, ever new.
- 3 Inspire our hearts with holy zeal ;
Grant we may feel a christian-power,
And humble, contrite, bow to thee
Each coming morn, each evening hour.
- 4 God ! touch our lips with holy fire,
That we may breathe a Saviour's love ;—
That hope, when life shall reach its close,
May triumph in the world above.

505

P. M. W. GASKELL.*

Ere the evil days come.

- 1 THE time may come, when worldly good
Shall make itself fleet wings,
And prospering folly, vain and rude,
Wound with its vexing stings :
Where are the treasures now we store,
That will not fly away—
Where the provision made before,
For such an evil day ?
- 2 The time may come, when strong disease
Shall bring us very low ;
When morn nor night shall offer ease,
But wasting pain and woe ;
Where bides our strength to succour then—
What shall we make our stay,
That we may bear ourselves like men,
In such an evil day ?

- 3 The time may come, when all are gone,
 The old familiar friends—
 When not a face we meet, not one,
 With youthful memories blends :
 Where is our refuge for the lost—
 The parted by the way,—
 Where is our haven, tempest-tossed,
 In such an evil day ?
- 4 The time must come, when we shall feel
 That earth has had its part ;
 And death's dark shadow coldly steal
 Across the fluttering heart :
 Where are the hopes we cherish now,
 That will not then decay—
 Whence shall the beams of comfort flow,
 In such an evil day ?
- 5 God ! make us feel, how every wave
 Of time may wreck our peace,
 If not in thee, most strong to save,
 Our faith and trust increase ;
 And grant us so, beneath thy love,
 To walk the heavenly way,
 That not the darkest day may prove
 To us an evil day !

506

P. M.

I. L.*

Petition of the mature in life.

- 1 WITH every swift-revolving year,
 Earth's feeble children disappear,
 And dust to dust returns !
 'Tis of thy sovereign mercy, Lord,
 That by thy gracious hand restored,
 My lamp of life still burns !
- 2 Each day thy precious boon to me
 Is given, to bring me nearer thee,
 And fix my wandering heart ;
 No more, by earth's deceitful toys
 Allured, may I from nobler joys,—
 From thee, my life, depart.

- 3 Whate'er the blessings of my lot,
 Oh! never be this truth forgot,—
 That here, I may not stay;
 Ne'er let me rest my hopes below,
 Nor everlasting joys forego
 For pleasures of a day.
- 4 And Oh! if griefs and cares be mine,
 My God! assist me to resign
 My wishes to thy will;
 I ask not honour, wealth, or ease,
 But help to bow to thy decrees,
 And faith to trust thee still.
-

507

P. M.

I. L.*

The autumn of life.

- 1 BEHOLD the lengthening shades of night,
 The waning day receding;—
 They show to reason's eye how time
 Its ceaseless flight is speeding!
 And hark! as sighs the breeze around,
 With whispered warning to the ground,
 The withered leaves are falling.
- 2 How short the date of mortal life!
 How fast the span is wasting!
 With every winged hour it flies,
 With every moment hasting!
 And as the leaves fast fade away,
 Its joys depart, its powers decay,
 While years are onward rolling;—
- 3 And age,—whose wide, subduing hand
 O'er all things is prevailing,—
 Victorious in the unequal race,
 With silent foot is stealing;
 Oh! may my soul obedient hear,
 As glides away the parting year,
 The voice of wisdom calling.

508

P. M.

I. L.*

Old age.

- 1 WHEN bends to earth this frame of clay,
When all my feeble powers decay,
And mortal joys depart;—
When age has dimmed my weary eyes,
And blushing spring, and summer skies,
No more can glad my heart;—
- 2 When forms beloved, no more I see,
When friendship's voice is mute to me,
And earthly comforts cease;—
Oh! then, my Father, and my God,
Sustain me through the painful road,
And give my spirit peace!
- 3 Thy love, a guiding-star hath given,—
Hath made the tomb the gate of heaven,
To humble, patient faith;
The page that doth thy love proclaim,—
A Saviour, and a Father's name,—
Can cheer the vale of death.

509

S. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

Religious aspirations.

- 1 LORD of the world's wide frame,
Before thy throne I fall!
Thy love ten thousand spheres proclaim,
Thy love encircles all!
- 2 Oh, as with grateful mind
The gospel's page I trace,
Give me to leave the world behind,
And run the christian race!
- 3 As the Redeemer's love,
Emblem of thine, I see,
Oh, fit me for that world above,
In which he dwells with thee!
- 4 If sorrow wring my breast,
Or all life's ills I share;
Oh, may I soothe my soul to rest,
Like him, by grateful prayer!

- 5 In every varying scene,
 Amid life's good or ill,
 With heart resigned, and soul serene,
 Oh, may I do thy will !
- 6 And when this state of strife,
 And toil, and sin, is o'er,
 Be mine that world of light and life,
 Where Christ is gone before !
-

510

C. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

For a religious character.

- 1 GREAT God, accept my humble prayer,
 And hear my feeble cry ;
 If aught demands thy gracious care,
 From beings such as I.
- 2 Oh, purge my soul of all its dross,
 And all my heart explore ;
 And may I meekly bear the cross
 Which once my Master bore !
- 3 Should earthly joys, at thy command,
 Their choicest blessings bring ;
 Oh, may I recognise the hand
 From which those mercies spring !
- 4 But should these fading joys depart,
 And every pleasure flee ;
 Oh, may I still resign my heart,
 My mind, my soul, to thee !
- 5 And when shall dawn th' eventful day
 Of judgment on mine eyes,
 Oh, may I wing my peaceful way
 To mansions in the skies !
- 6 With thee and with the Saviour rest
 Beyond this earthly ball ;
 Where passion never sways the breast,
 Nor tears of sorrow fall !

511

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

My God, I wait for thee.

- 1 Now is my day of duty done,
The sands of life their course have run;
And lo ! from doubt and terror free,
I wait, my God, I wait for thee.
 - 2 Though sins and follies, mine have been,
Yet thou the tempter's power hast seen;
Thou, too, my secret sighs hast heard,
And peace on penitence conferred.
 - 3 Thy mercy gave at first my breath,
Thy mercy calls me now to death;
And humble hope this strength hath given,—
To soar with steady wing to heaven.
 - 4 This world no more chains down my heart,
But I can act the christian's part;
And lo ! from doubt and terror free,
I wait, my God, I wait for thee.
-

512

C. M.

M. D.*

The widow's prayer.

- 1 O THOU ! who hearest the mourner's cry,
And markest the sparrow's fall;
To thee my fainting soul would fly,
To thee my voice would call.
- 2 Thou knowest the grief my spirit bears,
The path my feet have trod;
'Tis sweet to think amidst my tears,
Thou art the widow's God.
- 3 This soothing thought shall cheer my heart
Through life's lone, thorny road;
Help me to bear the christian's part,
And lighten all my load.
- 4 And when, life's solemn duties o'er,
Death's sleep shall give me rest;
Oh ! may my children in that hour,
Rise up and call me blest :—

- 5 Blest in their virtues, in their love,
 Blest in their heavenward grace ;
 Blest in the hope to meet above,
 The loved ones of our race :—
- 6 Blest in the thought, that though below,
 No father meets their eyes ;
 Their hearts had early learnt to know
 Their Father in the skies.
-

513

P. M.

W. GASKELL.*

The birth-day of an aged person.

- 1 MANY years their course have run,
 Since my pilgrimage begun ;
 Each hath told alike the tale,
 ‘ Lord ! thy mercies never fail.’
- 2 Oft have I forsaken thee,
 Ne’er hast thou abandoned me ;
 ‘Midst my thanklessness and sin,
 Ceaseless still thy care hath been.
- 3 Thousands to the grave have gone,
 Leaving me still living on ;
 Thine has been the sleepless power
 Kept me safe through every hour.
- 4 Near, I know, the time must be,
 When shall come the call from thee,
 Bidding me to make my bed,
 With the gloom-encircled dead.
- 5 But my heart shall know no care,
 Thou wilt still be with me there ;
 Life and death shall both the same,
 Thine undarkened love proclaim,
-

514

L. M.

Mrs. BARBAULD.

Pious friendship.

- 1 How blessed the sacred tie that binds
 In union sweet according minds !
 How swift the heavenly course they run,
 Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one !

- 2 To each, the soul of each, how dear,
 What jealous love, what holy fear !
 How doth the generous flame within
 Refine from earth and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming tears together flow,
 For human guilt and mortal woe,
 Their ardent prayers together rise,
 Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together both they seek the place,
 Where God reveals his awful face ;
 How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
 There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
 When nature droops her sickening fire ;
 Then shall they meet in realms above,
 A heaven of joy—because of love.

515

P. M. *Christian Register.**United friends imploring God's guidance.*

- 1 GUIDE us, Lord ! while hand in hand,
 Journeying towards the better land ;
 Foes we know are to be met,
 Snares the pilgrim's path beset ;
 Clouds upon the valley rest,
 Rough is the dark mountain's breast ;
 And our home may not be gained,
 Save through trials well sustained.
- 2 Guide us, while we onward move,
 Linked in closest bonds of love ;
 Striving for the holy mind,
 And the soul from sense refined :
 That when life no longer burns,
 And the dust to dust returns,
 With the strength which thou hast given,
 We may rise to thee and heaven.
- 3 God of mercy ! on thee, all
 Humbly for thy guidance call ;
 Save us from the evil tongue,
 And the heart that thinketh wrong ;

And the sins, whate'er they be,
That divide the soul from thee ;
God of grace ! on thee we rest,
Bless us, and we shall be blest.

516

L. M.

BOWRING.*

Love of home.

- 1 SOME spot there is, some cherished spot,
We love, all other spots above ;
And few so wretched that have not
Some early-cherished spot to love.
- 2 The mountain-heights are dear to some,
To some the valley's deep recess ;
To some the desert is a home,
With thoughts to cheer, and joys to bless.
- 3 To some the tempest-troubled sea
Is music ;—while the snows and ice
That gird earth's arctic scenery,
To some bring dreams of paradise.
- 4 The fervor of the tropic beams,
The darkness of deep woods—the fall
Of dangerous cataract-shaken streams,
All scatter joys around them—all.
- 5 Yes ! all, some spot, some cherished spot,
Love,—every other spot above ;
And none so destitute as not
To have some spot on earth to love.

517

S. M.

BOWRING.*

Home joys.

- 1 SWEET are the joys of home,
And pure as sweet ; for they
Like dews of morn and evening come,
To wake and close the day.
- 2 The world hath its delights,
And its delusions too ;
But home to calmer bliss invites,
More tranquil and more true.

- 3 The mountain flood is strong,
But fearful in its pride;
While gently rolls the stream along
The peaceful valley's side.
- 4 Life-charities, like light,
Spread smilingly afar;
But stars approached, become more bright,
And home is life's own star.
- 5 The pilgrim's step in vain
Seeks Eden's sacred ground;
But in home's holy joys, again
An Eden may be found.
- 6 A glance of heaven to see,
To none on earth is given;
And yet—a happy family
Is but an earlier heaven.

518

L. M.

BOWRING.*

Home sorrows.

- 1 THERE is no spot, or high or low,
Which darkness visits not at times;
No shelter from the reach of woe,
In farthest lands and fairest climes.
- 2 The tempests shake the stoutest tree,
And every flowret droops in turn:
To mourn is nature's destiny,
And all that live must live to mourn.
- 3 No home so happy, but that pain,
And grief, and care, the doors will press;
When love's most anxious thoughts are vain,
More anxious from their helplessness.
- 4 And yet, if ought can soften grief,
'Tis home's sweet influence;—if there be
Relief from sorrow, that relief
Springs from domestic sympathy.

- 5 The home that virtue hallows, flings
 Another bliss o'er blessedness ;
 And e'en to sorrow's children brings,
 Or peace to calm, or hope to bless.

519

L. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Family worship.

- 1 SWEET 'tis to hear the parent lift
 His prayer to the Great Sire, for those
 For whom, beyond each earthly gift,
 He asks the peace the good man knows.
- 2 Sweet 'tis to see the young lift up
 Unspotted hands and unworn eyes,
 To Him whose blessings fill their cup,
 And in whose will their future lies.
- 3 Sweet, too, to see distinctions fled,
 And household ranks forgotten there,
 While they, who eat one daily bread,
 Join, morn and night, in daily prayer.
- 4 Not vain such scenes !—And be it long
 Ere we, or ours, those acts forego,
 Which lead to right, and keep from wrong,
 Which chasten joy, and comfort woe.

520

L. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Household religion.

- 1 HOUSEHOLD religion, gracious thought !
 That union blest of heaven and home ;—
 Eternity with time inwrought,—
 The life that is, with that to come !
- 2 Home, resting-place of peace and love,
 Then puts its loveliest aspect on,
 When all in spheres of duty move,
 By laws from duty's heavenly throne.

3 No sight to heaven more dear can be,
 Than of a family thus bound
 In love, confirmed by piety,
 That makes their dwelling holy ground.

4 They guard their ties with views sublime
 That through all else the future see;
 Their sufferings only look to time,—
 Their blessings to eternity.

5 Such ties as these, death cannot break;
 They scorn his liminary reign:
 A family for heaven they make,
 Who there will find a home again.



521

L. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Parental example.

1 OH! christian parent, walk within
 Thy house, as in the house of prayer;
 Not only point, but lead from sin,—
 Be teacher and example there!

2 If thou wouldst have thy race rise up,
 And call thee blessed o'er thy grave,
 First purify the household cup
 Whence they must drink redemption's wave.

3 'Tis in our homes our lives are wrought:—
 He who revealed the world to come,
 Imbided the habits which he taught,
 In his own humble cottage-home.

4 Oh ever, then, remember thou
 To whom God gives the young in trust,
 That, like the life thou showest them now,
 Their lives will be when thou art dust!

522

P. M.

BOWRING.*

Voyage.

- 1 Who hath o'er the ocean been,
In its dignity serene,
Clear and smooth as polished glass,
Shining as a silver mass ;—
- 2 He its Maker's face will see
In that quiet majesty,—
Calm but mighty field of light.
Bright with smiles, with sunbeams bright.
- 3 Who hath heard the ocean swell,
In its fury terrible,
When by raging tempests driven,
Shaking earth, and storming heaven ;—
- 4 He may deem how grand, how great,
Is the Almighty Potentate,
God, to whom the ocean's might
Is as nought to infinite.

523

L. M.

BOWRING.*

Travel.

- 1 How wide, how wondrous is the world !
A multitudinous record,
Whose every, every page unfurled,
Tells the bright glories of the Lord !
- 2 But of that great, that splendid book
Where all is wise, and good, and true ;
Oh, who hath looked, or who can look
The innumerable pages through !
- 3 Traverse the ocean, walk the land,
Wend over forest, field, and hill ;—
Thou hast not yet the title scanned—
The book's unread,—unopened still.
- 4 Mysterious Author ! work sublime !
How sweet to know—to feel—to see
That earth, and heaven, and space, and time
Are filled with words of love from thee.

524

C. M.

BOWRING.*

Return home from travels.

- 1 THE bee hath its domestic cell,
The wandering bird, its nest ;
The beast, its lair in forest dell,
And man, his home of rest.
- 2 And tired with toil, with travel tired,
The beast, the bird, the bee,
By common impulse all inspired,
Seek home's sweet secresy.
- 3 Man, winged for farther, bolder flight,
Privileged o'er earth to roam,
Still bends with ever new delight
Towards his native home.
- 4 Home, made more sacred, made more dear,
When travels far have taught
How much around the heart—how near
Life's early chains are wrought.
- 5 These chains around the heart remain,
Through every absent hour ;
And nought can free us from the chain,
But home's enchanting power.

525

C. M.

BOWRING.*

Family meetings.

- 1 SCATTERED o'er various fields by heaven,
Through various pathways led ;
What happiness in peace to meet
Around a common head!—
- 2 To talk of mercies shared by all,
Of hopes that virtues raise ;
And in the general bliss enjoyed,
To join in general praise!—
- 3 The pleasures of the past recall,
And tell the tales again,
Of infant dreams, and childhood's joys,
And youth's delightful reign:—

- 4 And then the strange vicissitudes
Of manhood to compare ;
And mark how wonderful—how kind
Heaven's dispensations are :—
- 5 To plan the schemes of future bliss ;
Rejoicing to confess,
That He whose love hath blessed the past,
The future, too, will bless.
- 6 Thus the domestic hearth is made
Both love and virtue's shrine ;
And thus earth's drop is purified,
And man becomes divine.
-

526

P. M.

BOWRING.*

Birth of an infant.

- 1 OH, what a cloud of anxious thought,
And serious cares and claims, is brought,
By that sweet child whose calm repose
Is troubled not by thought, or care,
Though destined, as all mortals are,
To mortal wants, and mortal woes !
- 2 The journey of our life begins
Neither in sorrows, nor in sins ;
They come, as tempests come to earth,
And clouds to heaven : sweet child, for thee,
Few may thy sins and sorrows be,
And bright thy death, as bright thy birth.
- 3 No more ! we would not seek to know,
The secrets of thy lot below ;
Time will unveil them ; to the care
Of heaven our offspring we commend,
And suppliant for its blessing bend,
In grateful, reverential prayer.

527

S. M.

J. JOHNS.

Birth of an infant.

- 1 WITH mingled hope and fear,
But with unmingled love,
We welcome the young stranger here,
Nursling for lands above !
- 2 Had life to us been pain,
We could not welcome thee,
To weep our earthly tears again,
And bear our misery.
- 3 But life has not been so,
We feel, to us or ours ;
The crown we weave for thee below,
Is not of wormwood flowers.
- 4 Nor if all life and love
Were in the grave to end,
Could we these loftier feelings prove,
Which with our fondness blend.
- 5 But, thanks to heavenly grace,
Thou hast a call on high,
The very infants of our praise,
Breathe for eternity.

528

L. M.

J. R. WREFORD

Baptism, or dedication of a child.

- 1 GOD of our fathers,—and our God,
Our children's God,—our Father thou ;
To thee we bring our infant child,
And breathe for him our heartfelt vow.
- 2 The gentle offering, Lord ! receive,
And hear a parent's anxious prayer ;
To thee we consecrate his life,
And trust him to thy tender care.
- 3 Should earthly friends and kindred fail,
And leave him prey to passions wild ;—
Should folly try to lead astray,—
Oh, pity and protect this child !

- 4 Oh, may that Saviour in whose name
 We now devote him, Lord, to thee,
 Be the bright pattern of his life,
 The star of all his destiny !
- 5 Be near him in the dangerous time,
 When pleasures lure, when sorrows lower ;
 Oh, be his stay in youth, in age,—
 His comfort in the parting hour.
- 6 Then though all earthly ties dissolve,
 There is for those who love, a heaven,
 Where never more to part, shall meet
 We, and the children thou hast given.
-

529

P. M.

BOWRING.*

Baptism.

- 1 DROP the limpid waters now,
 On the infant's sinless brow ;
 Dedicate the unfolding gem,
 Unto Him who blessed the stem.
- 2 Let our aspirations be
 Innocent as infancy ;
 Pure the prayers that force their way,
 As the child for whom we pray.
- 3 In the christian garden we
 Plant another christian tree ;
 Be its blossoms, and its fruit,
 Worthy of the christian root.
- 4 To that garden now we bring
 Waters from the living spring ;
 Bless the tree, the waters bless,
 Holy One ! with holiness.
- 5 When life's harvests all are past,
 Oh, transplant the tree at last,
 To the fields where flower and tree
 Blossom through eternity.

530

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

For a funeral.

- 1 'ASHES to ashes, dust to dust,'
 So must it be with every one ;
 Still we would say, with cheerful trust,
 ' Father, thy holy will be done.'
- 2 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;'
 We do but lay the body down ;
 God calls the spirits of the just,
 Thus to put on their glorious crown.
- 3 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;'
 When drop the words o'er our low bed,
 May friends, though tearful, say with trust,
 ' They're gone to join the happy dead.'
-

531

P. M.

BOWRING.*

Burial.

- 1 GATHER up, O earth! thy dead ;
 Grass ! thy peaceful pillow spread,
 Add another mortal's bed,
 To the bed where mortals sleep :
 Where they sleep—but not to rise,
 When morn's sunlight clears the skies,
 But to rest—while centuries
 Their long-during watches keep.
- 2 Centuries shall pass away ;
 Earth shall hasten to decay ;
 Days will bring of days the Day
 When the exhausted cycles end :
 Then,—earth's every fugitive
 Shall appear—the grave shall give
 Up its dead—the dead shall live—
 And the Eternal Judge descend.
- 3 Day of wonders ! day of woe !
 Day of evil's overthrow !
 Day of joy ! when all shall know—
 Know, and see the Lord of heaven—

Then, Oh, then, may hope appear,
 Faith our fainting spirits cheer,
 Love dry up the trembling tear,
 Whispering sweetly, 'Sins forgiven.'

532

L. M.

BARBAULD.

The death of the virtuous.

- 1 SWEET is the scene when virtue dies,—
 When sinks a righteous soul to rest ;
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves the expiring breast !
 - 2 So fades a summer-cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
 - 3 Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
 Fanned by some angel's purple wing ;—
 Where is, O Grave ! thy victory now ?
 And where, insidious Death ! thy sting ?
 - 4 Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
 Where light and shade alternate dwell ;
 How bright the unchanging morn appears !
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
 - 5 Its duty done,—as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies,
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 ' Sweet is the scene when virtue dies !'
-

533

L. M.

BARBAULD.

Feelings excited by death at different periods of existence.

- 1 WHEN life, as opening buds, is sweet,
 And golden hopes the fancy greet ;
 And youth prepares his joys to meet,—
 Alas ! how hard it is to die !

- 2 When first is seized some valued prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,—
How awful then it is to die !
- 3 When one by one, these ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,—
Ah, then, how easy 'tis to die !
- 4 When faith is firm, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer ;
And visioned glories half appear,—
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph then to die.
- 5 When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,—
'Tis nature's precious boon to die.

534

C. M.

W. GASKELL

Loss of friends.

- 1 WE kneel in weeping at thy throne,
We bow our souls to thee ;
We know that thou, O God of love,
Our comforter wilt be.
- 2 We mourn our loved ones in the grave,
Our hopes laid low in dust ;
Our eyes are dim with gathering tears,
Yet still in thee we trust.
- 3 We mourn, and must, the silent hearth,
The strangely vacant place ;
Yet not as hopeless do we mourn,
For finished is the race ;
- 4 And they are gone where never cloud
Shall veil their sun of peace ;
Within thy people's rest, O Lord,
All cares and troubles cease.

- 5 We never more shall see their face
 In this dim world of woe;
 But we'll look on to that bright land,
 Where all the holy go.
- 6 ~~And~~ thou art watching o'er us, Lord,
 Thou seest each falling tear;
 And thou canst raise the drooping heart,
 And set it free from fear.
- 7 No faithless thoughts shall fill our souls,
 Though dark the trial be;
 We trust our treasures in thy hands,
 We feel them safe with thee.

535

L. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Death of a father.

- 1 THE ties which nature here entwines,
 (Sweet ties that with our life began !)
 Must ere the evening glooms or shines,
 Be loosed—such is the lot of man !
- 2 If we beyond our fathers stay,
 It is to lay their gray heads low ;
 Such the stern law which all obey—
 We weep, or cause their tears to flow.
- 3 The mortal authors of our birth,
 Commingle with the dust they trod ;
 Yet fatherless we watch not earth—
 We have a Father in our God.
- 4 On his great promise let us lean ;
 To him from dust and darkness turn ;
 Though Faith may wear afflicting mien,
 She makes an altar of the urn.
- 5 Our fathers' God their children own,
 They bless him from their fathers' graves ;
 In tears they kneel before his throne,
 And trust the love that smites and saves.

536

C. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Death of a mother.

- 1 To see the eye that earliest smiled,
Clothed in sepulchral rest ;
The hand, that our first griefs beguiled,
On the cold bosom pressed ;—
- 2 To feel that we shall hear no more
The voice endeared so long ;
And that the heart's last throb is o'er,
Whose love in death was strong ;—
- 3 This, this is grief !—yet let us not
From comfort turn our ears ;
A mother's grave's a holy spot,
And should have trustful tears.
- 4 A mother's grave the shrine should be,
At which we should forego
All that her gentle eye would see
With fear, with shame, or woe.
- 5 If we would ever, ever hope
That mother's smile to meet,
With ill and evil we must cope,
Tracing her parted feet.

537

S. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Death of a brother.

- 1 THE grave must, soon or late,
Unbind each kindred tie ;
Brief is affection's earthly date,
It clings to what must die.
- 2 But love itself dies not
With that which yields its breath ;
It is the christian's blessed lot,
To love what conquers death.
- 3 Brothers from brothers part ;
But he is spared the pain
Of parting, with a breaking heart,
Never to meet again.

- 4 He hears a voice, e'en then,
 Which calms his wildest grief;
 He sees—unseen by worldly men—
 A hand that points relief.
- 5 That voice is His who gave
 Himself to dry all tears;
 That hand is His who sows the grave
 With seeds of deathless years.
-

538

C. M.

BRETTELL.*

The death of a sister.

- 1 SHE died in youth—a blessed change
 To one so pure and good;
 Nor think her early passage strange,
 O'er death's dark chilling flood.
- 2 This earth had nought to stay her flight,
 From the blessed world above;
 Her soul was spotless as the light,
 And heaven her only love.
- 3 Smiling, she met, resigned, her doom
 That closed the ills of time:
 That flower of earth shall ever bloom
 In heaven's all-sunny clime.
- 4 Our sister there shall feel no more
 Cold blight, or swift decay;
 But live immortal on that shore
 Lighted by endless day.
- 5 Too pure, too good to dwell below,
 We mourn our loss—not thine:
 No dark, no hopeless tears should flow
 O'er buried virtue's shrine.
- 6 'Twere selfish love to wish thee here,
 Could wishes call thee back;
 Oh! may we meet in heaven's blest sphere,
 Following thy worth's bright track!

539

P. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Death of a child.

- 1 FAREWELL, our blighted treasure !
Farewell, and rest in peace !
Thou camest with hope and pleasure—
How soon on earth they cease !
- 2 But 'tis for this world only
That hope and pleasure die ;
We know thou art not lonely—
Thy heavenly Father's nigh !
- 3 The cold earth may be on thee,
The green turf o'er thee spread ;
Yet is his eye upon thee,
In thy last narrow bed.
- 4 Oh ! 'tis the pang severest
That mortal hearts can know,
To lay what they held dearest,
Thus—thus—the dust below !
- 5 But He who gave and taketh,
Our sorrow will forgive,
If mourning faith forsaketh
Not Him to whom all live.
- 6 Resigned, not broken-hearted,
We leave thy little grave ;
We love thee more departed,
And heaven is strong to save.

540

P. M.

MIRIAM.*

On the loss of a young child.

- 1 MOTHER, mother ! cease thy weeping,
Though thy babe his eye-lids close ;
In his Father's bosom sleeping,
He shall find his best repose.
- 2 O'er his pillow, mute with anguish,
Thou mayest not despairing bend :
He with pain no more shall languish,
Here his infant-trials end.

- 3 Earthly father, thou wert tender
 To thy young and branching vine :
 Well mayest thou its care surrender
 To a higher love than thine.
- 4 Parents, ye awhile may sorrow, .
 Nature spake when Jesus wept ;
 But your grief a light shall borrow
 From the tomb where he hath slept.
- 5 No : your loved one hath not perished—
 With his risen Saviour blest ;
 Who on earth such young ones cherished,
 Gently gathering to his breast.
-

541

P. M.

J. JOHNS.*

Death of the aged.

- 1 DEATH is a mercy often,
 E'en when it seems not so ;—
 The stroke all grief should soften,
 Which takes from pain and woe.
- 2 The head with long years hoary,
 Has reached its time to fall ;
 The past has told its story,
 And waits the seal of all.
- 3 We wrap with days and honors
 The old man's low laid head ;
 E'en as men fold their banners,
 Around the battle-dead.
- 4 Not round such banners only
 Deeds worthy fame are done ;
 The good man, old and lonely,
 Has many a triumph won.
- 5 Calm is the rest, and holy,
 To time-tried virtue given ;
 The aged just lie lowly,
 But in the smile of heaven.

542

P. M.

W. GASKELL *

Dirge for an aged christian sister.

- 1 SISTER ! thou wert worn and weary,
Long had been thy travail here ;
Thou hadst borne it well and meekly,
What for thee have we to fear ?
- 2 Sister ! rest thee soft and sweetly,
Hushed and still is all around ;
Why for thee are we thus weeping,
Thou a quiet sleep hast found !
- 3 Sister ! we to thee are hastening,
Night o'er us is gathering too ;
Sister ! there is One beside thee,
Who will watch the darkness through.
- 4 Sister ! slumber on, then, safely,
Soon we'll join thy painless rest ;
We will sleep and wake together,
Earth-freed, and for ever blest.

543

S. M.

J. R. WRETFORD.*

The treasures of the tomb.

- 1 THE treasures of the tomb,
How vast, how thick they lie !
How many that we called our own,
There meet the wistful eye !
- 2 There lies the tuneless tongue
That once our hearts could cheer ;
Its music soft, its counsel sage,
We ne'er again shall hear.
- 3 There sleeps the beaming smile,—
Its love—its lustre gone ;
There lies the hand whose pressure warm,
So soft returned our own.
- 4 All still and cold, the hearts
Of love and friendship rest ;
Our sires, our blooming infants there,
With whom we once were blest.

- 5 And they who made this earth
 Almost a heaven below,
 Alas ! shall never more be seen
 Amidst these haunts of woe.
- 6 But hark !—‘ The dead shall live,’
 Declares a heavenly voice ;
 Weep not, ye mourners, weep no more,
 But triumph and rejoice !
- 7 Then go not to the grave,
 To weep upon the sod ;
 Your treasures are not lost, but safe,—
 Safe in the hands of God.
- 8 Look smiling up to heaven ;
 For know the hour shall come,
 When God shall to your hearts restore
 The treasures of the tomb.
-

544

S. M.

W. GASKELL.*

‘ *No more on earth,*’ ‘ *No more in heaven.*’

- 1 ‘ No more, on earth no more,
 ‘ Shall beam for us that eye,
 ‘ Closed in a strange forgetfulness
 ‘ For ever it must lie.
- 2 ‘ No more, on earth no more,
 ‘ Shall we behold that face ;
 ‘ Within the mournful halls of death
 ‘ Must be its dwelling place.
- 3 ‘ No more, on earth no more,
 ‘ Shall those dear lips be heard ;
 ‘ Cold silence there hath fixed its seal,
 ‘ Breathed is their latest word.’
- 4 ‘Tis so fond Nature grieves
 O’er friendship’s broken ties ;
 But Faith stands forth, and points on high,
 And softly thus replies :—

- 5 ' No more, in heaven no more,
 ' That eye is dim with tears ;
 ' But bright, and brighter still, the scene
 ' Before its view appears.
- 6 ' No more, in heaven no more,
 ' That face a shadow bears ;
 ' But looks of light, born of a bliss
 ' Unknown to earth, it wears.
- 7 ' No more, in heaven no more,
 ' That voice is faint with pain ;
 ' It mingles with angelic bands,
 ' In their enraptured strain.
- 8 ' No more, in heaven no more,
 ' The parting grief is known ;
 ' But love has all eternity
 ' To look through as its own.'
-

545

L. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Where are the dead ?

- 1 **WHERE** are the dead, the pious dead,
 Who walked this world in christian faith ?
 Their toils are done, their crown is won,
 And they are blessed, the Spirit saith.
- 2 They feel no more temptation's power,
 They've found the land where trials cease ;
 Where every tear is wiped away,
 And all is sweet and holy peace.
- 3 They're gone beyond the reach of pain,
 And all that speaks of dark decay ;
 There beams in glory on their souls
 The light of an immortal day.
- 4 Why sadly mourn we, then, for those
 Whose lives had made them meet for death ?
 Their toils are done, their crown is won,
 And they are blessed, the Spirit saith.

Weep for the dead !

- 1 **W**EEP for the holy dead, Oh, weep !
Soft be their requiem said ;
Within the grave they calmly dwell,—
Weep for the holy dead !
- 2 The good, the gay, the young are gone,
They darkly sleep below ;
For them, fond nature bids the tear
Of grief, of pity flow.
- 3 Oh ! vanished are their hallowed forms,
Their hearts are still and cold ;
Their beaming smile, our eyes on earth
Shall never more behold.
- 4 Shall we who fondly shared with them
The light, the joy of day,
In silence let the loved ones go,
And pass unwept away ?
- 5 Oh no ! for them it is our bliss,
Our privilege to weep ;
Yet mourn we not, as without hope,
They are not dead,—they sleep.
- 6 Returning rest, and joy perchance,
May visit us again ;
And in our home, now desolate,
Sweet peace may haply reign.—
- 7 Yet—ever shall our inmost souls
Their memory freshly keep ;
We'll go in spirit to their graves,
And there in secret weep.
- 8 Yes ! oft we'll pause amid the scenes
Where tranquil pleasures flow,
And give a thought—a tear—a sigh,
To those who sleep below.

547

C. M.

W. GASKELL.*

Not as others who have no hope.

- 1 DEPARTED ones ! we mourn for you,
But not with hopeless woe ;
The promise of our God is true,
And ye are safe, we know.
- 2 Though here we never more shall see
Each fond familiar face,
Kept in our hearts through life shall be,
For you, a sacred place.
- 3 And 'mid the brighter things above,
Not all, we feel, shall fade,
The thought of those who shared your love,
And wept with you, and prayed.
- 4 Blest faith ! to us ye cannot die ;
Love's trust is not in vain ;
Ye live, ye live for us on high ;
There shall we meet again !

548

L. M. *Christian Examiner.**Oh, stay thy tears.*

- 1 OH, stay thy tears, for they are blessed,
Whose days are past, whose toil is done ;
Here midnight care disturbs our rest,
Here sorrow dims the morning sun.
- 2 For laboring virtue's anxious toil,
For patient sorrow's stifled sigh ;
For faith that marks the conqueror's spoil,
Heaven grants the recompense—to die.
- 3 How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight,
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears,
Whose course is rest, unclouded, bright.
- 4 Oh, cheerless were our lengthened way,
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And sheds a glory round the tomb.

- 5 Then stay thy tears, the blessed above
 Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
 Sung a new song of joy and love ;
 Then why should anguish reign on earth ?
-

549

L. M. *Christian Register.**Consolation for the loss of pious friends.*

- 1 WHY weep for those, frail child of woe,
 Who've fled and left thee mourning here ?
 Triumphant o'er their latest foe,
 They glory in a brighter sphere.
- 2 Weep not for them ;—beside thee now
 Perhaps they watch with guardian care ;
 And witness tears that idly flow
 O'er those who bliss of angels share.
- 3 Or round their Father's throne above,
 With raptured voice his praise they sing ;
 Or on his messages of love,
 They journey with unwearied wing.
- 4 Space cannot check, thought cannot bound
 The high exulting souls whom He
 Who formed these million worlds around,
 Takes to his own eternity.
- 5 Weep, weep no more ; their voices raise
 The song of triumph high to God ;
 And wouldst thou join their song of praise,
 Walk humbly in the path they trod.
-

550

C. M.

M. D.*

Sweet is the memory of the dead.

- 1 SWEET is the memory of the dead
 Who walked with God below ;
 Whose closing days were blessed with peace,
 The righteous only know.

- 2 Sweet is the thought, that sorrow's night
 No more can dim their day !
 They fear no change, they know no sin,
 They feel no dull decay.
- 3 Sweet is the hope, that we who mourn
 Their presence hence removed,
 Again shall meet them in that land
 Where dwell our lost and loved.
- 4 Sweet is the rapid flight of time,
 Which shall our dead restore,
 It bears us onward to that home
 Where death shall part no more.
-

551

P. M.

SMITH.

Influence of the pious dead.

- 1 As o'er the closing urn we bend,
 Of each beloved and honored friend,
 What tears of anguish roll !
 In vain, in death's unconscious face,
 The living smile we seek to trace,
 That spoke from soul to soul.
- 2 But shall not memory still supply
 The kindly glance, the beaming eye
 That oft our converse blessed ;—
 That brightened many a prospect drear,
 Revived our virtue, soothed our care,
 And lulled each pain to rest ?
- 3 And when these frail remains are gone,
 Our hearts the impression still shall own,
 Our mortal path to cheer ;
 O God ! to point the way to heaven,
 These angel-guides by thee were given,
 How blest to meet them there !

552

L. M.

M. D.*

'He being dead, yet speaketh.'

- 1 THEY speak to us, the sainted dead,
In all their bright example taught;
They speak to us, though voice be fled,
In every hour of solemn thought.
- 2 They speak to us, when pensive eve
Sheds her mild twilight o'er the breast;
They speak, when midnight shadows leave
Earth's wearied sons to sleep and rest.
- 3 They speak, when spring in beauty blooms,
When summer suns in glory shine;
Their voice is heard, when winter glooms;
They speak in every year's decline.
- 4 They speak, indeed, in plaintive tone,
Of hopes decayed, and pleasures fled;
They speak of griefs the heart hath known,
Which mourns its long-loved treasures dead.
- 5 But Oh! they bid that heart rejoice
In hopes more bright than earth e'er gave;
They bid it trust His gracious voice,
Who rose triumphant o'er the grave.
- 6 They whisper of that happy land
Where joys shall never more decay,
Where saints shall find, at God's right hand,
A bright, unfading, changeless day.

553

L. M.

ROSCOE.

The dying christian's prayer.

- 1 GOD of my life, my hope, my fear,
In whom alone is all my trust,
I feel the closing hour draw near,
That gives this fainting frame to dust.
- 2 Yet one fond wish still warms my soul,
To thee in humblest hope expressed,
That, ere the darkening shadows roll
To close me in their final rest,—

- 3 Thou wouldst some worthier aim inspire,
 Some living energy impart ;
 Some holier spark of purer fire,
 Re-kindling in my dying heart :—
- 4 That when, removed from grief and pain,
 This fragile form on earth shall lie,
 Some happier effort may remain,
 To touch one human heart with joy :—
- 5 One nobler precept to bestow,
 One kind and generous wish reveal,
 To bid the breast with virtue glow,
 To love, to pity, and to feel :—
- 6 To soothe the ills it cannot cure,
 The sufferer's injuries redress ;
 And through life's varied channels pour
 The living stream of happiness.
-

554

S. M. J. C. WALLACE.*

I have fought the good fight.

- 1 As falls the setting sun
 Down in the purple west,
 And when his wide career is run,
 In glory sinks to rest :—
- 2 Such is the sweet repose
 For which the christian sighs !
 Such is the hallowed beam that glows
 Around him, when he dies !
- 3 Such is the sacred light
 That dawns upon his breast,
 When, having fought life's arduous fight,
 The christian sinks to rest !
- 4 Earth's glory and renown,—
 His honors all are fled ;
 He goes where an immortal crown
 Shall circle round his head.

- 5 O God, our sins forgive,
 Thy saving strength supply !
 The christian life, Oh, may we live,
 And as the christian die !

555

C. M.

J. C. WALLACE.*

Earth and heaven.

- 1 How fast on earth our pleasures fade,
 And sorrows intervene ;
 How soon descends night's thickening shade,
 Upon the fairest scene !
- 2 How swift the sun pursues his race,
 And sinks from mortal eyes ;
 How soon on nature's smiling face
 The glow of beauty dies !
- 3 Yes, all below, or fair, or bright,
 Is fleeting as the wind ;
 The happiest moment of 'delight
 Leaves but a thought behind !
- 4 But that unchanging world above,
 To which our souls aspire,
 Shall yield us all the heart can love,
 The immortal mind desire !
- 5 Eternal streams of bliss shall flow,
 Unstained by guilt and sin ;
 A never-setting sun shall glow,
 An endless day begin !
- 6 The wandering pilgrim there shall find
 All toil and labour cease :
 Eternal pleasures o'er the mind
 Shall shed eternal peace !

556

L. M.

PEABODY.

The land of the blessed.

- 1 OH, when the hours of life are past,
 And death's dark shade arrives at last,
 It is not sleep, it is not rest,
 'Tis glory opening to the blessed.

- 2 Their way to heaven was pure from sin,
And Christ shall then receive them in :
Then shall each wear a robe of light,
Like his, divinely fair and bright.
- 3 Then parted hearts again shall meet,
In union holy, calm, and sweet ;
Their grief find rest ; and never more
Shall sorrow call them to deplore.
- 4 Then angels will unite their prayers,
With spirits bright and blest as theirs ;
And light shall gleam on every crown,
From suns that never more go down.
- 5 No storms shall ride the troubled air,
No voice of passion enter there ;
But all be peaceful as the sigh
Of evening gales that breathe and die.
- 6 For there the God of mercy sheds
His purest influence on their heads,
And gilds the spirits round the throne
With glory radiant as his own.

557

C. M.

HOUGHTON.

Reunion of virtuous friends.

- 1 BLEST hour, when virtuous friends shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more ;
And with celestial welcome greet,
On an immortal shore.
- 2 The parent finds his long-lost child ;
Brothers on brothers gaze ;
The tear of resignation mild
Is changed to joy and praise.
- 3 Each tender tie, dissolved with pain,
With endless bliss is crowned ;
All that was dead revives again,
All that was lost is found.

- 4 And while remembrance, lingering still,
Draws joy from sorrowing hours,
New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
The soul's expanded powers.
- 5 Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
High thoughts shall interchange ;
Nor cease, with ever-new delight,
On wings of love to range.
- 6 Their Father marks their generous flame,
And looks complacent down ;
The smile that owns their filial claim,
Is their immortal crown.

558

L. M.

C. WALLACE *

The reunion of virtuous friends after death.

- 1 OH, who could bear of life the load,
Unless some soothing hopes were given ;
Oh, who could tread its thorny road,
Did it not lead at last to heaven !
- 2 The fainting soul would droop and die,
In sorrow sunk, and drowned with grief,
But that those brighter worlds on high
Shed o'er its woes a sweet relief.
- 3 No pang of separation there
Shall make the heart of friendship bleed ;
Nor lasting sorrows and despair
To momentary joys succeed.
- 4 But peace, eternal peace distil
Her dew upon the placid soul ;
And endless years, unstained with ill,
Shall o'er the virtuous bosom roll.
- 5 There, one eternal day of joy
Still varying pleasures shall impart ;
Delight shall beam from every eye,
And gladness dwell in every heart.

- 6 Oh ! take me, then, ye azure plains,
 Oh ! take me to your sacred rest !
 I long to flee from earthly pains,—
 My soul is panting to be blest.

559

P. M.

H. H. P.*

The seed may perish.

- 1 THE seed may perish in the earth,
 And never more be seen ;
 The germ springs forth in silent birth,
 And spreads in more abundant worth,
 Adorned in living green.
- 2 And man, in mortal form arrayed,
 Shall droop and die away ;
 But soon afresh, from death's dark shade
 A germ shall spring, no more to fade,
 Triumphant from decay.
- 3 The young, the lovely, and the great
 May wither in the tomb ;
 But forth once more, in nobler state,
 The young, the lovely, and the great,
 Shall open into bloom.
- 4 To heaven, serenely fair and bright,
 The happy choir ascend,—
 The young, more fair in radiant light,
 The great, more great in boundless might,
 The friend, a dearer friend.
- 5 Oh, blest the morning when these eyes
 Shall open on the sight ;
 And friend meet friend with sweet surprise,
 And souls renew their dearest ties
 In infinite delight !

560

P. M.

W. GASKELL.*

The christian's entrance into glory.

- 1 HAPPY, happy, happy day !
 See ! the death-clouds melt away ;
 Who are these stand smiling round ?
 Joy ! the lost again are found.

- 2 Happy, happy, happy day !
Pilgrim, welcome home, they say ;
See ! where shine yon mansions blest,
We will lead thee to thy rest.
- 3 Happy, happy, happy day !
Thou hast burst the bonds of clay :
Bid farewell to grief and sin,
Loved one, enter joyful in.
- 4 Happy, happy, happy day !
Thou hast done with dark decay ;
Here no shadows from the tomb,
E'er shall cross thy heart with gloom.
- 5 Happy, happy, happy day !
Thou shalt now be ours alway ;
Evermore our songs shall blend,
Life and love here know no end !

THE END



•

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ERRATA.

Hymn 25, for *Anon.* read Mrs. FOLLEN.

- „ 30, for *J. L.* read *I. L.*, and so wherever *J. L.* occur.
- „ 49, stanza 3, line 3, for *desires* read *disquiets*.
- „ 62, „ 2, „ 4, for *it* read *its*.
- „ 67, „ 4, „ 3, for *highest* read *higher*.
- „ 78, „ 4, „ 4, for *it* read *its*.
- „ 136, „ 1, „ 1, for *the* read *thy*.
- „ 150, „ 3, „ 6, for *one* read *on*.
- „ 158, „ 4, „ 4, for *lived* read *loved*.
- „ 162, „ 4, „ 3, for *spirt* read *spirit*.
- „ 200, „ 7, „ 4, for *as* read *has*.
- „ 208, „ 3, „ 4, insert *the* before '*pomp*.'
- „ 210, „ 1, „ 1, for *in* read *on*.
- „ 232, „ 5, „ 3, for (.) read (,)
- „ 254, „ 1, „ 1, for *pleasure* read *pleasure*.
- „ 284, „ 3, „ 2, for *men* read *man*.
- „ 288, „ 2, „ 4, for *plaintain* read *plantain*.
- „ 323, „ 1, „ 4, for *tusted* read *trusted*.
- „ 324, „ 4, „ 2, for *promised* read *promise*.
- „ 335, for *MIRIAM* read *MIRIAM**.
- „ 430, stanza 2, line 3, for *then* read *there*.
- „ 529, „ 1, „ 1, for *waters* read *water*.









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